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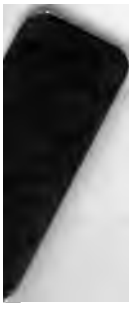

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CONTENTS.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. PAGE

THE DAWN OF ENGLISH LITERATURE 3

WILLIAM CAXTON.

THE INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING INTO ENGLAND . . . 31

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

THE STORY OF ITS TRANSLATION AND TRANSLATORS . . 53

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE AND ITS POETRY 75

FRANCIS BACON.

THE BEGINNING OF MODERN SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT . . 99

JOHN MILTON.

THE EPIC IN ENGLISH LITERATURE 147

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN ENGLISH LITERATURE . . 181

SWIFT AND ADDISON.

DIRECTNESS, EASE, AND GRACE IN ENGLISH PROSE . . 201

ALEXANDER POPE.

ART AND ARTIFICE IN ENGLISH POETRY 249

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

THE FIRST GREAT NOVELISTS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE . 277

WIT AND HUMOUR.

THE WITS AND HUMOURISTS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE . 297

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SIMPLICITY AND NATURALNESS IN PROSE AND POETRY . . 309

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

THE DAWN OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D.,

Sometime Professor of Literature, Catholic University of America.

No lover of literature, no student of history or sociology, doubts that Chaucer, one of the healthiest and most artistic of English poets, ought to be popular. If literature gives delight, if it broadens the mind, if it makes for culture, Chaucer is one of its chief factors in English. If knowledge of the past is valuable, if sympathy with the lives of the men who have preceded us on this earth and made our present civilisation possible is a good, Chaucer gives us the means of enjoying this good. If we revere Columbus and Washington we should revere Chaucer, for he gave us the strongest and finest of all modern languages. For us he did more than Dante did for the Italians; he arrested the disintegration of mongrel English dialects and crystallised a language. He wrote in the East Midland speech and made it the basis of our language, rejecting the devitalised Latin and the French of "Stratford-atte-Bowe." He had no doubt as to the value of the English language. In this he differed from the learned of his time. As to its permanence—in which

neither Gower nor, later, Sir Thomas More had much belief—he left that, as he left most things he did not understand, to God.

Notwithstanding the immense debt we owe him, his fine art, his love of the natural in life, his power for elevation, his graphic quality, his force of imagination, his intrinsic morality—in a phrase, his poetic genius—he is in great danger of becoming meat only for the linguists and the makers of German university theses. And yet his great worth for us is that he is a poet. But this fact is shadowed by the aspect his text presents to us, and by the cloud of obscurity which dims his light. He is represented as uncouth and unmusical, when he is of all poets most melodious; he is characterised as a religious and political reformer, when he was even less of a reformer and more purely a romantic story-teller than Sir Walter Scott himself; he is accused of lack of seriousness and labelled as a mere teller of ribald tales. The Puritans claimed him for what he was not, and the Cavaliers loved him for what he was not. Taken from the age in which he lived—judged by the standard of another age—he may seem tasteless and even immoral. But our standards are not the standards of the fourteenth century, and even the Roman Catholic of to-day—nearer than his contemporaries of the scholasticism of Chaucer—will find it difficult to put himself in the exact attitude of the poet to the ethical and moral tendencies of an era that knew certain laxities of church discipline impossible in our own time. As to the alleged immorality of Chaucer, permit me to quote, as an apology for what at worst is only coarseness, the words of the late Coventry Patmore:

"If we go back to those first ages of Christianity—which modern people, who know nothing about them, regard with such

Geoffrey Chaucer

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reverence—we shall find that the greatest and purest of the 'fathers of the church' were in the habit of addressing their flocks with an outspokenness which is not surpassed even by the ancient expounders of the Eleusinian and Bacchic mysteries, or, for that matter, by the Bible itself." [1]

However, if a version of Chaucer expurgated, to the horror of scholars, is wanted, permit me to recommend "The Riches of Chaucer," by Charles Cowden Clarke, in one volume, published in 1877 by Crosby, Lockwood & Co., London. In most of our high schools the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" is read, but the study of the great poet stops there, though, thanks to Professor Skeat and the Chaucer Society, ample means of following it are within easy reach. I cannot help agreeing with Professor Lounsbury, whose "Studies in Chaucer" is indispensable to the student, that the first of the great English poets will be more talked about than read until the spelling of his text is modernised.

We shall probably never know exactly how Chaucer pronounced his own verses, in spite of all research; but with the help of that vocal "e," so long looked on as silent, and the knowledge that the word-pronunciation, regardless of our conventions, must fit the musical flow of his rhythm, we have learned that he is a singing poet. There is no reason why the spelling of his various scribes should be retained, only in order that it might have in the eyes of young America—which badly needs poetic mind-broadening—the appearance of "pigeon English." On the other hand, the difficulties that hedge Chaucer from the popular view are like briers that yield readily to the intelligent touch. There are some words in Chaucer's works so archaic that only unlucky guesses can be made as to their meaning. Similarly, the guesses made at the exact pro-

[1] "Religio Poetæ," p. 102.

nunciation of Chaucer's time are ineffective so far as the reader who loves poetry is concerned. He will not give years to phonetic experiments in order to enjoy an author in his own language. There are two rules which will never fail him. These are, that the final " e " shall be vocalised, as it is in the Teutonic languages; that the syllables, slighted according to English usage, should be pronounced according to the French manner when the swing of the metre requires it. Chaucer's rules for pronunciation were, doubtless, Saxonised, but still were more French than Saxon. It must be remembered that it is as illogical to apply our modern English pronunciation, so variable and uncertain, to Chaucer, as it is to expect that he should have known or applied our modern rules of punctuation. Our "courage" was with Chaucer " *courage* " with the soft " g " and the equal accent. It must be remembered, too, that the final " e " in Chaucer's time was not merely the final breathed " e " of modern French song, but what remained of various terminations that were disappearing when Chaucer arrested the current of change. As to versification, Chaucer is the father of the English heroic form—that rhymed form of five accented syllables which Dryden and Pope brought to a higher degree of polish, but which they never improved in music or strength. The student of Chaucer may find much said about his being rhythmical rather than metrical, much that is obscure about his verses being musical phrases rather than fixed lines with a marked line ending. The question of the rhythmical phrase as used by poets does not concern us here, for this is certain: Chaucer cast aside the Anglo-Saxon head-rhyme; he partly disregarded the octosyllable metre of his predecessors; and practically created the five-syllable line, which with him often had an extra syllable. Here is a passage from the " Knight's

Tale "—the spelling modernised by Mr. Cowden Clarke—which exemplifies all that I have said:

"Thus passeth year by year and day by day,
Till it fell onés in a morrow of May
That Emily, that fairer was to seen
Than is the lily, upon his stalké green,
And fresher than the May with flourés new,
(For with the rosé-colour strove her hue;
I kn'ot which was the finer of them two)
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen and already dight;[1]
For May will have no sluggardry a-night;
The season pricketh[2] every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
And sayth, 'Arise, and do thine óbservance.'[3]
This maketh Emily have rémembrance
To do honóur to May, and for to rise;
Yclothéd was she fresh for to devise.
Her yellow hair was broided in a tress
Behind her back, a yardé long I guess:
And in the garden, at the sun uprist,[4]
She walketh up and down, and as her list
She gathereth flourés partly white and red,
To make a sotel[5] garland for her head;
And as an angel heavenly she sung.
The greaté tower that was so thick and strong,
Which of the castle was the chief dungeón,
(Where as these knightés weren in prisón,
Of which I toldé you and tellen shall),
Was even joinant to the garden wall,
There as this Emily had her playing.
Bright was the sun and clear that morrowning,[6]
And Palamon, this woful prisoner,
As was his won,[7] by leave of his gaolér,
Was risen, and roaméd in a chambre on high,
In which he all the noble city sigh,[8]

[1] Dressed. [2] Urges, excites. [3] Respect. [4] Rising.
[5] Well contrived. [6] Morning. [7] Wont. [8] Saw.

And eke the garden, full of branches green,
There as this fresh Emilia the sheen
Was in her walk, and roaméd up and down."

"The sorrowful prisoner" addresses himself to his companion, Arcite:

"And saidé: 'Cousin mine, what aileth thee,
Thou art so pale and deadly for to see?
Why criedst thou? who hath thee done offence?
For Goddés love take all in patience
Our prison, for it may none other be;
Fortune hath given us this adversity:
Some wicke [1] aspéct or dispositiòn
Of Saturn, by some constellatiòn,
Hath given us this, although we had it sworn;
So stood the heaven when that we were born:
We must endure; this is the short and plain.'
This Palamon answer'd, and said again,
'Cousin, forsooth of this opinión
Thou hast a vain imaginatiòn:—'"

It is evident that without the pronunciation of the "e," silent in modern English, and the accentuation of the Latin or French derivatives, such as "opinión," "imaginatiòn," Chaucer's lines are unmanageable as verse music. Many careful workers have gone deeply into the causes, grammatical and phonetic, of Chaucer's English since Professor Child [2] made one of the first and most important steps in that direction; but for our present purpose it is with the place of the poet, and not with the special research into his linguistics, that we are employed.

There is no doubt now—since 1873—that Geoffrey Chaucer was the son of John Chaucer, wine-seller, of London, and little doubt that his mother, Agnes, was a relative and heiress of Hamo de Compton, citizen, of London,

[1] Wicked. [2] "Observations on the Language of Chaucer."

by profession "a moneyer." In the last half of this century the date of Chaucer's birth has gradually been changed from 1328 to 1340, and the second date is now generally accepted. In 1386 Chaucer as a witness in a military court testified that he was of "the age of forty

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

years and more" (*del age de XL. et plus*), having borne arms for twenty-seven years. In 1873 Mr. Bond of the British Museum discovered some accounts of the household of Prince Lionel of Antwerp, in whose train Chaucer was probably a page. These accounts covered the period between 1356 and 1359. "If he were born in 1340," Pro-

fessor Lounsbury says, having quoted from Mr. Bond's article, in the *Fortnightly Review*, August, 1873, "this would make him in his seventeenth year when his connection with the court"—of Edward III.—"first becomes to us a matter of positive knowledge." 1340 now stands as at the very probable date. He died on October 25, 1400. His wife was Philippa, one of the maids of honour to the queen of England. On the death of the queen in 1369 she entered the service of the Spanish Lady Constance, second wife of John of Gaunt. She probably died in the year 1387. We know that Chaucer had a son—Lewis. Whether he had other children has not yet been discovered. Chaucer dedicated his treatise on the "Astrolabe" (1391) to this boy, who was about ten years of age. It is known that he was elected to parliament from the county of Kent in 1386; he was treated handsomely by Richard II., and constantly befriended by Henry of Lancaster; he was appointed to important positions which imply respect for those qualities of judgment and keen analysis which his literary works manifest; he was clerk of the king's works at Westminster, of various great manors and parks; he was respected as a diplomatic negotiator, and in 1394 he received a pension of £20 a year for life. This, according to a fair estimate, would have given him about $1,000 a year of our money. That he was high, even when young, in the estimation of the court is shown by the fact that when he was taken prisoner in France in the king's army Edward did not hesitate to contribute $800 toward Chaucer's ransom, who was then only about twenty years of age. Before 1388 he had received two pensions of 20 marks, for in that year there is a record of his transferring them to a certain John Scalby. That he was valet to the king—a position of dignity, since no unworthy hand could wait immediately on the sovereign—is

shown by authentic records. He was promoted to the more important post of royal squire, or *armiger*, after 1372. In 1374 he received—not as poet laureate but as the first of courtly poets—the grant of a daily allowance of wine from the king's butler. In 1378 he was given 20 marks a year for life in place of the wine. In 1370 he had gone on a diplomatic mission to the continent to arrange some business with Genoa and Florence. This journey was most important; it helped to change Chaucer's thought and manner. In the beginning he had been largely under the spell of the French trouvères; he later became Italian. Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, were now his masters; Italy, as far beyond England in 1377 as Athens in its great days was beyond the Italy of 1177, filled his soul with light and his ears with melody. In Italy he may have met Petrarch; there is no evidence of this. The words of the clerk of Oxford in the prelude to the story of the patient Griselda count as little as the so-called personal allusions in Shakespeare's sonnets, when the sonneteer throws himself into a dramatic position. Chaucer went to Flanders and to France and, in 1378, to Lombardy. He was, in 1374, controller of the customs, with other duties added in 1382. These offices were, no doubt, given to him because he was a keen man of business and an accomplished diplomatist. That in the estimation of his contemporaries he was learned there is no question. What part he had in carrying off the heiress, Cecelia Chaumpaigne, if she were carried off, nobody knows. That she released him from all the consequences of acts done against her is certain. Was this release merely a formal, technical, legal document? As to Chaucer's supposed love affair during his wife's life, it is founded on certain lines in "The Book of the Duchess." It is a misfortune that commentators are so seldom poets. If they were they would no doubt

allow much for dramatic feeling and not take other poets they annotate with such stupid literalness. In most cases they are like the Italian women who saw in Dante's crisped locks and beard evidence that he had been singed by the fires of hell.

CHAUCER AS A CANTERBURY PILGRIM.
From a manuscript copy of "Canterbury Tales."

Nobody who has profited by recent researches holds that Chaucer was a Wicliffite, or that he insulted and reviled the dogmas of the Church established in England. He disliked the friars and the monks; he was the advocate of the secular clergy; he laughed at the abuses of discipline that had crept into the temporal side of the Church; he did not hesitate in the story of the ribald wife of Bath to make coarse fun at the views of celibacy held by the

clergy; but all this was no attack on the dogmas of the Church, with which Chaucer seems to have been quite as much in sympathy as Tennyson was with the belief in God. The celibacy of the clergy is not and never was a dogma of the Catholic Church, though it is and was a measure of discipline. And a Catholic of to-day might dislike the religious orders as much as Chaucer disliked them, or have his own opinion about the expediency of the celibacy of the clergy, without ceasing to be in sympathy with the essential doctrine of the Catholic Church. The student of Chaucer must realise this in order to get a true historical view of the poet. "Jack Upland," "The Pilgrim's Tale," and "The Plowman's Tale," on which were founded the opinions of his hatred for the Roman Catholic Church, have been conclusively shown not to be his works. Chaucer was an observer, a realist, whose literary and artistic instincts were uppermost; who, like Shakespeare, cared only for facts when they served his purpose; but who was in love with human nature and passionately desired to depict it truthfully. He was as little of a politician as Goethe, and as indifferent a polemist as Shakespeare. "The first of a poet's gifts is to feel; the second is to express." Prof. Thomas Humphrey Ward says: "Chaucer possesses this second gift as abundantly as the first." And regarded from the literary point of view Chaucer yields his best. Professor Lounsbury's suggestion that Chaucer was a skeptic is principally founded on his assertion in the "Knight's Tale" that he cannot tell where Arcite's soul went after his death, which was reasonable enough, as he was "no divinister."

The most delightful of all Chaucer's works is the "Canterbury Tales." It is not only "a well of English undefiled," but one of the most important historical documents of its time. It is a vitascope of life in the fourteenth

century. The prejudices, the passions, the pathos, the wit, the humour, the superstitions, the deep religious feeling, of the time are reproduced by an artist who, while he felt the seriousness of life, believed that life was very much worth living. If women and the friars come in for some very hard knocks we are not to believe that all women and friars deserved them. Each epoch has its stock jokes. The mother-in-law, the Jew, and the ireful old man with heavy boots, have succeeded in our decade the overworked Vassar girl and the Connecticut Yankee. The "Canterbury Tales" must be read with humorous sympathy and not too gravely, for thus was the mood of the poet. The reader who has been repelled hitherto will be astonished at the "modernness" of this great genius who was for his own time, yet for all time. It is too much to expect that a man saturated with national prejudices should have dissented from the feeling in the story of the prioress. Though Chaucer is amazingly modern at times, he cannot be judged by the philanthropic standards of the twentieth century. Chaucer loved flowers and birds—above all, the little daisy and small "fowles"—but the feeling for nature as of value in itself without the human element is absent in his poems. That he borrowed his stories from the right and the left—from the trouvères (he delighted in France until he discovered the Italians), from Boccaccio, from Dante, from tales told in country inns, in farmhouses, by monks in their preaching—is evident. It is not hard to trace most of his stories to their sources. But he Englished them in more ways than one; he coloured them with the hues of art, and yet they remained nature's. The romantic side of things touched him—how he lingers on the picture of the old knight in the wonderful prologue, and how he loves adventure and the trappings of the soldier!

Chaucer. Wife of Bath. Parson. The Host. Pardoner. Lady Abbess. Knight. Squire.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

From the painting by William Blake.

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I regret that out of regard for some of the arguments of capable critics I must give up calling his the translation of "The Romaunt of the Rose." It ought to be Chaucer's; it is fine enough; but the authorship is doubtful. "The Court of Love" and the exquisite "Flower and the Leaf," probably written by a woman in 1450, must go, too. Mr. Furnivall, who deserves the respect of all the lovers of Chaucer, cuts the literary life of Chaucer into four parts—(1) to 1371, "The A B C of the Blessed Virgin," "The Complaint to Pity," "The Book of the Duchess," and "The Complaint of Mars"; (2) from 1372 to 1381, including the "Troylus and Crissyde," "Anelida," and "The Former Age"; (3) the great time from 1381 to 1389, including "The Parlement of Fowles," "The House of Fame," "The Legend of Good Women," and the best of the "Canterbury Tales"; (4) from 1390 to 1400, the latest "Canterbury Tales," the "Ballades," and reflective poems, Chaucer's prose pieces, the unfinished "Astrolabe," and the tales of "Melibœus and the Parson." These hardly deserve mention. Most poets write good prose; Chaucer did not. It is not certain that the prosy and prose "Testament of Love" was written by Chaucer.

One cannot help regretting that to many minds the name of Byron suggests only "Don Juan," and the name of Chaucer only such tales as that told by the Wife of Bath and read from a mistaken modern view. As Chaucer himself says, "If you do not like coarse stories told by coarse persons turn to other things." A little search among the twenty-six pieces which are undoubtedly his will reveal new visions of beauty, and his thought, impressions, and words will become the "master instruments" of higher culture. Professor Lounsbury is inclined, against the majority, to rank "The Romaunt of the Rose" as Chaucer's. The twenty-six titles on which all agree

are: "Canterbury Tales," "Troilus and Cressida," "The Legend of Good Women," "The Translation of Boethius," "The Dream of Chaucer," "My Master, When of Christ Our King," "The Assembly of Fowls," "How Pity Is Dead and Buried in a Gentle Heart," "Of Queen Anelida and the False Arcite," "The Conclusions of the Astrolabe," "The House of Fame," "The Complaint of Mars," "Of Venus," "Scogan Unto the Lords and Gentlemen of the King's House," "Sometime the World So Steadfast Was and Stable," "Good Counsel of Chaucer," "Fortune," "L'Envoye," "Chaucer Upon His Empty Purse," "Proverb Against Covetousness," "Proverb Against Negligence," "The Complaint of Pity," "Chaucer's Words Unto His Own Scrivener," "A B C Prayer to Our Lady," "Merciless Beauty," "The Former Age."

If in our colleges and higher schools Chaucer were seriously studied during at least two of the years now almost uselessly given up to the classics, the grasp of Americans on their own language would be surer. The rules of Chaucerian grammar are few and now easy of access. Every man of education should make it his duty to discover for himself whether—

[1] "The flower of eloquence"

deserves his fame or not.

[1] "Occleve": 1411.

SELECTED CRITICAL STUDIES

CHAUCER AND THE "CANTERBURY TALES."

BORN of the tradesman class, Chaucer was in every sense of the word one of our finest gentlemen—tender, graceful in thought, glad of heart, humorous and satirical without unkindness; sensitive to every change of feeling in himself and others, and therefore full of sympathy; brave in misfortune, even to mirth, and doing well and with careful honesty all he undertook. His first and great delight was in human nature, and he makes us love the noble characters in his poems and feel with kindliness toward the baser and ruder sort. He never sneers, for he had a wide charity, and we can always smile in his pages at the follies and forgive the sins of men. He had a quiet and true religion, much like that we conceive Shakespeare to have had; nor was he without a high philosophic strain. Both were kept in order by his imagination and his humour. He had a true and chivalrous regard for women of his own class, and his wife and he ought to have been very happy if they had fulfilled the ideal he had of marriage. He lived in aristocratic society, and yet he thought him the greatest gentleman who was the most courteous and the most virtuous. He was a keen observer of the nature he cared for, especially of

colour. He loved the streams, and the birds, and soft, grassy places, and green trees, and all sweet, ordered gardens and flowers. He could spend the whole day, he says, in gazing alone on the daisy, and though what he says is symbolic, yet we may trace through the phrase that lonely delight in natural scenery which is so special a mark of our later poets. He lived thus a double life—in and out of the world—but never a gloomy one.

Of his work it is not easy to speak briefly, because of its great variety. Enough has been said of it, with the exception of his most complete creation, the "Canterbury Tales." It will be seen from the dates that they were not written at one time. They are not and cannot be looked on as a whole. Many were written independently and then fitted into the framework of the prologue. Many which he intended to write in order to complete his scheme were never written. At intervals, from time to time, he added a tale; in fact, the whole was done much in the same way as Tennyson has written his "Idylls of the King." The manner in which he knitted them together was very simple and likely to please the English people. The holiday excursions of the time were the pilgrimages, and the most famous and the pleasantest pilgrimage to go, especially for Londoners, was the three or four days' journey to see the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. Persons of all ranks in life met and travelled together, starting from a London inn. Chaucer had probably made the pilgrimage to Canterbury in the spring of 1385 or 1387, and was led by this experience to the framework in which he set his pictures of life. He grouped around the jovial host of the Tabard Inn men and women of every class of society in England, set them on horseback to ride to Canterbury and home again, intending to make each of them tell tales. No one could hit

off a character better, and in his Prologue, and in the prologues to the several tales, a great part of the new, vigorous English society which had grown up since Edward I. is painted with astonishing vividness. The tales themselves take in the whole range of the poetry and the life

THE OLD TABARD INN IN SOUTHWARK.

of the middle ages—the legend of the saint, the romance of the knight, the wonderful fables of the traveller, the coarse tale of common life, the love story, the allegory, the animal fable, and the satirical lay. And they are pure tales. He is not in any sense a dramatic writer; he is our greatest story-teller in verse. All the best tales are told

easily, sincerely, with great grace, and yet with so much homeliness that a child would understand them. Sometimes his humour is broad, sometimes sly, sometimes gay, but it is also exquisite and affectionate. His pathos does not go into the far depths of sorrow and pain, but it is always natural. He can bring tears into your eyes and he can make us smile or be sad as he pleases.

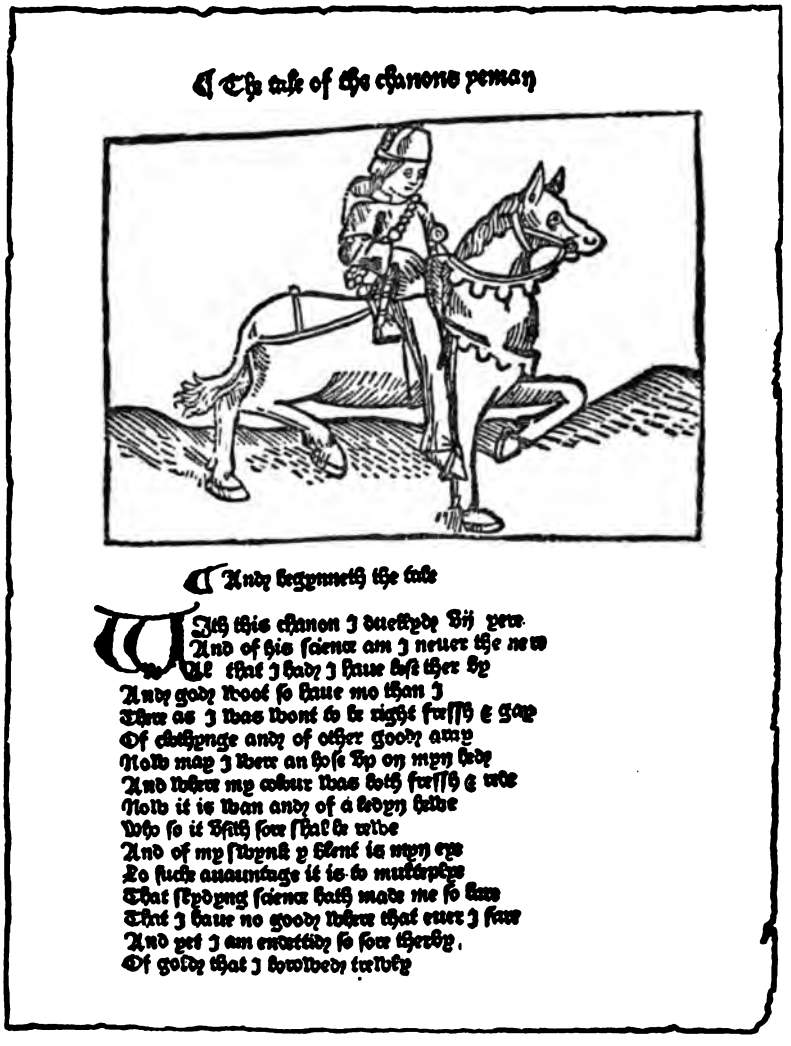
His eye for colour was superb and distinctive. He had a very fine ear for the music of verse, and the tale and the verse go together like voice and music. Indeed, so softly flowing and bright are they that to read them is like listening in a meadow full of sunshine to a clear stream rippling over its bed of pebbles. The English in which they are written is almost the English of our time; and it is literary English. Chaucer made our tongue into a true means of poetry. He did more—he welded together the French and English elements in our language and made them into one English tool for the use of literature, and all our prose writers and poets derive their tongue from the language of the "Canterbury Tales." Chaucer wrote because he was full of emotion and joy in his own thoughts, and thought that others would weep and be glad with him, and the only time he ever moralises is in the tales of "The Canon's Yeoman" and "The Manciple," written in his decay. He has, then, the best right to the poet's name. He is, within his own range, the clearest of English artists.

Finally, his position in the history of English poetry and toward his own time resembles that of Dante, whom he loved so well, in the history and poetry of Italy. Dante embodied all the past elements of the middle ages in his work, and he began the literature, the thoughts, and the power of a new age. He was the evening star of the mediæval day and the morning star of the renaissance,

Chaucer also represented mediævalism, though in a much more incomplete way than Dante; but he had, so far as poetry in England is concerned, more of the renaissance spirit than Dante. He is more humanistic than even Spenser. England needed to live more than a century to get up to the level of Chaucer. Lastly, both Dante and he made their own country's tongue the tongue of noble literature.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

THE LIVING AND BREATHING INDIVIDUALITY OF THE "CANTERBURY TALES."

Chaucer's tales cover the whole field of mediæval poetry —the legend of the priest, the knightly romance, the wonder-tale of the traveller, the broad humour of the fabliau, allegory, and apologue are all there. He finds a yet wider scope for his genius in the persons who tell these stories—the thirty pilgrims who start in the May morning from the Tabard in Southwark—thirty distinct figures, representatives of every class of English society from the noble to the plowman. We see the "verray perfit gentil knight" in cassock and coat of mail, with his curly-headed squire beside him, fresh as the May morning; and behind him the brown-faced yeoman in his coat and hood of green, with the good bow in his hand. A group of ecclesiastics light up for us the mediæval church—the brawny, hunt-loving monk, whose bridle jingles as loud and clear as the chapel-bell; the wanton friar, first among the beggars and harpers of the countryside; the poor parson, threadbare, learned, and devout ("Christ's lore and His apostles twelve he taught, and first he followed it himself"); the summoner with his fiery face; the pardoner with his wallet "bret-full of pardons come from Rome all hot"—the lively



¶ The tale of the chanons yeman

¶ Andy begynneth the tale

With this chanon I duellyd vij yere
And of his science am I neuer the nere
Al that I hadz I haue lest ther by
Andy godz woot so haue mo than I
There as I was wont to be right fressh & gay
Of clothynge andy of other goodz aray
Now may I were an hose vp on myn hedy
And where my colour was both fressh & rede
Now it is wan andy of a ledyn hewe
Who so it vsith sore shal be rewe
And of my swynk y blent is myn eye
Lo suche auauntage it is to multeplye
That slydyng science hath made me so lare
That I haue no goodz where that euer I fare
And yet I am endettidz so sore therby.
Of goldz that I borowedz trewly

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A PAGE FROM THE "CANTERBURY TALES."

(Printed by Caxton, second edition, 1484.)

prioress with her courtly French lisp, her soft little red mouth, and "Amor Vincit Omnia"[1] graven on her brooch. Learning is there in the portly person of the doctor of physic, rich with the profits of the pestilence; the busy sergeant-of-law, " that ever seemed busier than he was " ; the hollow-cheeked clerk of Oxford, with his love of books and short, sharp sentences that disguise a latent tenderness which breaks out at last in the story of Griselda. Around them crowd types of English industry—the merchant; the franklin, in whose house " it snowed of meat and drink " ; the sailor, fresh from frays in the channel; the buxom wife of Bath; the broad-shouldered miller; the haberdasher, carpenter, weaver, dyer, tapestry maker, each in the livery of his craft; and last, the honest plowman, who would dike and delve for the poor without hire. It is the first time in English poetry that we are brought face to face, not with characters or allegories or reminiscences of the past, but with living and breathing men—men distinct in temper and sentiment as in face or costume or mode of speech, and with this distinctness of each maintained throughout the story by a thousand shades of expression and action. It is the first time, too, that we meet with the dramatic power which not only creates each character but combines it with its fellows, which not only adjusts each tale or jest to the temper of the person who utters it but fuses all into a poetic unity. It is life in its largeness, its variety, its complexity, which surrounds us in the " Canterbury Tales."—JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

[1] " Love conquers all things."

READINGS FROM CHAUCER.

I. FROM "THE PROLOGUE" OF THE "CANTERBURY TALES."

THE KNIGHT AND THE SQUIER.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honoúr, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes *werre*, [*war*
And therto hadde he ridden, no man *ferre*, [*further*
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
This *ilke* worthy knight hadde ben also [*same*
Somtime with the lord of Palatie,
Agen another hethen in Turkie:
And evermore he hadde a sovereine *pris*. [*praise*
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no *manere wight*. [*kind of person*
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen you of his araie,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a *gipon*, [*a short cassock*
Alle *besmotred* with his habergeon. [*smutted*
For he was late ycome from his *viage*, [*voyage*
And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone a yongé SQUIER,
A lover, and a lusty bacheler,
With lockes *crull* as they were laide in presse. [*curled*
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.
Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly *deliver*, and grete of strengthe. [*nimble*
And he hadde be somtime in *chevache*, [*an expedition*
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede [*embroidered*
Alle ful of fresshe floures, white and rede.
Singing he was, or *floyting* alle the day, [*playing on the flute*
He was as fresshe as is the moneth of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves long and wide.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.
He coude songes make, and wel *endite*, [*relate*
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he loved, that by *nightertale* [*the night-time*
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.
Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And *carf* before his fader at the table. [*carved*

2. FROM "THE FLOUR AND THE LEFE."

AND at the last I cast mine eye aside,
And was ware of a lusty company
That came roming out of the field wide,
Hond in hond a knight and a lady;
The ladies all in *surcotes*, that richely [*kirtles*
Purfiled were with many a rich stone, [*worked on the edge*
And every knight of green ware mantles on.

Embrouded well so as the surcotes were,
And everich had a chapelet on her hed,
Which did right well upon the shining *here*, [*hair*
Made of goodly floures white and red,
The knightes eke, that they in honde led,
In *sute* of *hem* ware chapelets everichone, [*imitation—them*
And before hem went minstrels many one,

As harpes, pipes, lutes, and *sautry*. [*psaltery*
Alle in greene; and on their heades bare
Of divers floures made full craftely,
All in a sute *goodly* chapelets they ware;
And so dancing into the mede they *fare*, [*go*
In mid the which they found a tuft that was
All overspread with floures in compas.

Whereto they enclined everichone
With great reverence, and that full humbly;
And, at the last, there began, anone,
A lady *for* to sing right womanly,
A *bergaret* in praising the daisie; [*song*
For as me thought among her notes swete,
She said "*Si douce est la Margarete.*"

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

1. By what poet and in what work of the poet were the following lines written?

> "Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
> On fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be fyled."

What does "Dan" as here used mean?

2. A great English poet said of Chaucer, "How few there are who can read Chaucer so as to understand him perfectly!" and accordingly "translated" him. Who was this English poet? Which of Chaucer's works did he translate?

3. Chaucer, it is said, "had the rare fortune of coming in upon an unformed language and, so far as one man could, of forming it." A great Italian poet had a similar fortune. Who was this Italian poet?

4. Chaucer was much influenced by, and much indebted, both directly and indirectly, to, three great Italian poets. One of these poets is referred to in question 3 above. A second it is supposed Chaucer once met in Padua when he visited Italy.

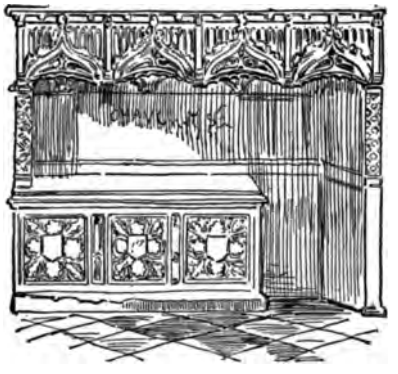
The third, though he is indebted to him for two of his greatest poems, and even, so it is thought, for the scheme or idea of his "Canterbury Tales," he did not know by name. Who were these three Italian poets?

5. A great English poet called Chaucer "the father of English poetry"—a name that has ever since been used of Chaucer. Who was this poet?

6. A modern and well-known English poet has thus referred to Chaucer's surroundings and to a passage in Chaucer's life:

> "The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green,
> While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey Chaucer's pen
> Moves over bills of lading."

Who is this modern English poet? What is the name of the poem in which these lines occur? To what passage in Chaucer's life do the lines refer?



CHAUCER'S TOMB.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

THE INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING INTO ENGLAND.

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M.A.

Early in 1476 Caxton appears to have taken leave of the city where he had resided for five and thirty years and to have returned to his native land, laden with a more precious freight than the most opulent merchant-adventurer ever dreamt of, to endow his country with a blessing greater than any other which had ever been bestowed, save only the introduction of Christianity. —Blades.

The above words from the pen of him to whom the world is almost wholly indebted for what it knows of Caxton's life and work—that is to say, for what it knows that is authentic—may be taken as the substance of the fundamental facts of that life and work. For our purpose they constitute a sort of text, the best we can have, upon which to base what we have to say; and what we shall do in this short paper is simply to expand and illustrate this text.

The city referred to is Bruges in Flanders, at that time in the possession of the dukes of Burgundy. Bruges was

the seat of government of the dukedom, and a great centre of trade and commerce; also of literature and bookmaking. The "blessing" referred to is, of course, the art of printing, which art Caxton had recently learned in Bruges.

The history of the invention and early practice of the art of printing is obscure and uncertain. At one time—not so very long ago—many myths and traditions clustered round the subject and were unquestioningly believed in. The researches of learned and painstaking scholars have in recent years disproved most of this traditionary and mythical lore; but unfortunately research has not yet been able to establish beyond controversy much positive knowledge in the matter.

The preponderance of opinion of bibliographers seems to be that for the invention of movable types in printing, and for the first use of the invention, Holland must have the honour; and Haarlem, in Holland, is the city to which the honour is usually ascribed. But the processes of the early printers of Holland were crude and unprogressive. Accordingly they attracted but little attention. The place where printing was first practised with success, the place that first acquired a reputation as a seat of the art, the place from which principally the art spread to other cities in Europe, was Mayence, on the Rhine, in Germany, and John Gutenberg of Mayence is generally thought to be the world's first great printer. Closely associated with Gutenberg in the early days of the art were two other citizens of Mayence, Fust and Schoeffer.

The earliest printed document that has come down to modern times—that is, the earliest with a date affixed to it—is an "indulgence" printed in 1454. This piece of printing is supposed to have issued from the press of Gutenberg. The first printed book, with date, place of

printing, and name of printer all affixed to it, is a Psalter, issued in 1457, from the press of Fust and Schoeffer. Unfortunately, no production bearing the name of Gutenberg printed upon it is known to exist.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the art of printing had been established in Mayence twenty years before the date when, according to our text, Caxton left Bruges for his native country. During these twenty years the art had spread from Mayence far and wide. It had been established in Cologne, Rome, Venice, Paris, and, in fact, in most of the cities of Europe.

Caxton learned the art of printing in Bruges from Colard Mansion, a famous calligraphist, or manuscript-writer, of Bruges. The date at which Mansion first set up his press is unknown, but it is supposed to have been about 1472 or 1473. Mansion's knowledge of the art was not obtained from Mayence, or from any of the Mayence school of printers. His art was cruder and more individual than that of the Mayence printers, and is supposed to have been acquired in some way from the original Dutch printers. It is very possible, as we shall see later on, that Mansion was first directed toward the employment of the art by Caxton, and that Caxton aided him in the expenses necessary for the setting up of his first press, and the casting of his first font of type.

We must now stop to inquire what were Caxton's circumstances at the time, and what were the reasons that induced him to take an interest in the art of printing—an interest so great that because of it he provided the money wherewith Mansion set up his press; so great that he afterward had types cast for himself and brought them to England.

To do this we must go back a little and see who Caxton was and how he got to Bruges at all.

PRINTING PRESS OF 1520.

"I was born and lerned myn engliosh in Kente in the weeld ["weald," that is, "forest," or "wooded country"], where I doubte not is spoken as brode and rude engliosh as is in ony place of englond."

Upon which Mr. Blades remarks: "Thus briefly does William Caxton record the place of his birth and early years, and, notwithstanding prolonged and careful research, nothing more precise has been ascertained."

From this it might be inferred that Caxton's family was obscure, and his childhood a life of poverty and hardship. But, although nothing is positively certain, still it is reasonably certain that Caxton belonged to a family of substantial position, and that he received the education common to youths of his class and time.

The date of his birth is unknown, but Mr. Blades fixes it at about 1422. The only certain date of his early life is the year of his entrance upon his apprenticeship. This was 1438. In that year he was taken into the household of Robert Large, a rich and influential merchant of London, who had been sheriff, and in time became lord mayor.

The great merchants of those days were nearly all of them members of chartered companies or "guilds," such as the Mercers' (then, as now, the strongest and most influential of all the guilds), the Grocers', the Drapers', the Fishmongers', the Goldsmiths', etc. Among other characteristics, these guilds were very exclusive and select in their acceptance of apprentices. Large was "a mercer and the son of a mercer," and the fact that Caxton was received into his house, and became a member of his household, shows that he was a lad of good social position. A fellow-apprentice, bound upon the same day as Caxton himself was bound, was Large's own son.

In 1441 Large died, and in that same year (probably) Caxton went abroad and settled in Bruges. He was not freed from his apprenticeship by his master's death, but the particulars of his service as an apprentice abroad, as well as of much of his subsequent life, are unknown. It is known, however, that in Bruges he became an influen-

tial and trusted representative of English commerce. English trade in foreign parts was in those days principally carried on by a chartered company known as the "Merchant Adventurers." Of the "Merchant Adventurers" the mercers were the principal constituents. Caxton, who soon received the freedom of the Mercers' Guild, in time became the head of those "Merchant Adventurers" that were doing business in Bruges, or, as it was styled, the "governor of the English nation." In this capacity he seems to have been much honoured and much trusted. He had to act as magistrate in the settlement of all disputes arising between his fellow-countrymen. He even represented the "Merchant Adventurers" and the king in effecting treaties with the dukes of Burgundy. This was, perhaps, as honourable a public service as a man of Caxton's social standing could possibly obtain, for the commercial interests of England in Flanders were at that time her chief foreign interests.

In June, 1468, the Princess Margaret, sister of Edward IV. of England, was married to Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy. The marriage took place at Bruges. Caxton, as "governor of the English nation," no doubt was present. He seems to have won the good will and interest of the duchess, inasmuch as two years later he entered her service. Why he did so, and left his honourable public service, is unknown; nor is it known what the nature of his service to the duchess was. It is probable that he had become a little weary of the cares of business life, and the responsibilities of his official position, and that he thought that in the easier service of the duchess he would be able to indulge his taste for literary pursuits. It is possible that his employment under the duchess consisted principally in advising her as to her commercial undertakings; for the duchess, like other princesses of her day, was not

From an Engraving.

William Caxton

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above trying to make money by commercial ventures. The trade between England and Flanders being a brisk one, she had good opportunity for making such ventures, provided she had some one to advise her.

In March, 1469, a few months after the marriage of the duchess, while he was still "governor of the English nation" at Bruges, Caxton began a work which, though it was undertaken only as a labour of love by him, was destined to prove an epoch-making event in the development of English thought and the world's civilisation—the translation into English of the "Histories of Troy." These "Histories of Troy" were romantic legends, which a few years before had been gathered together and translated out of Latin into French by a Raoul Le Fevre, chaplain to a late duke of Burgundy. Caxton in his prologue to his translation has set forth the object he had in view in making the translation. We present his words in full. They are interesting, not only in themselves as a specimen of English composition four centuries and a half old, but also as giving the thoughts of a man who, because of the purpose which they implied, was about to take a step of momentous consequence in the history of the world:

"Whan I remembre that euery man is bounden by the comandement of counceyll of the wyse man to eschewe slouthe and ydelness whyche is moder and nourysshar of vyces and ought to put myself vnto vertuous occupacion and besynesse, Than I hauynge no grete charge of occupacion folowynge the sayd counceyll, toke a frenche boke and redde therein many strange and meruayllous historyes wherein I had grete pleasyr and delyte, as well for the nouelte of the same as for the fayr langage of frenshe, whyche was in prose so well and compendiously sette and wreton, whiche me thought I understood the sentence and substance of euery mater, And for so moche as this booke was newe and late maad and drawen into frenshe, and neuer had seen hit in oure engliosh tongue, I thought in myself hit shold be a good besy-

nes to translate hyt into oure engliosh, to thende that hyt myght be had as well in the royame of Englond as in other landes, and also for to passe therwyth the tyme, and thus concluded in myself to begynne this sayd worke."

Caxton did not at once complete the translation of the "Histories of Troy" which he had begun in March, 1469. It is probable that his duties as English "governor" at Bruges were too onerous to permit him to go on with a work that required time and composure of mind. But in a year or two later, when he was in the leisurely service of the duchess of Burgundy, circumstances were different. In March, 1471, he began his translation again, and he finished it in September of that year. When it was completed he presented a copy of it to the duchess. The duchess was much pleased with it and rewarded him handsomely for it.

We are now able to trace clearly the sequence of events that led Caxton to take an interest in printing, and finally to introduce the art into England. When he had finished his book, the "Histories," he found there was a demand for it. French was still the language of the English court, and the preëminent language of the literature read by Englishmen. But English had come to be not merely the language of the common people but of the people generally. Hitherto such reading matter as the "Histories of Troy" was unknown in English. It was a great and a welcome novelty to meet with it in the language which everybody spoke. Caxton seems soon to have had more commissions for his book than he could well execute. His hand grew "wery and not stedfast." His eyes became "dimed with overmoch lokyng on the whit paper." He then had recourse to Colard Mansion.

Bruges, as before remarked, was at that time a great

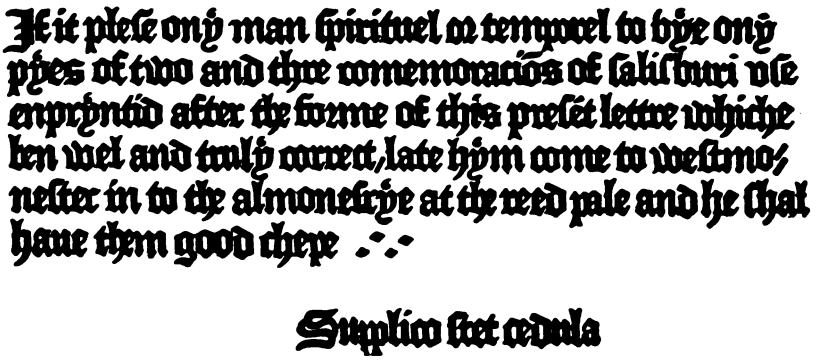
centre of literature and bookmaking. The dukes of Burgundy had for several generations been liberal patrons of literature. Philip the Good, who was duke from 1419 to 1467, had been, perhaps, the most liberal patron of litera-

FRONTISPIECE TO CAXTON'S "FABLES OF ÆSOP."

ture Europe had ever known. "At Bruges, where he kept his court, he gave continual employment to a crowd of authors, translators, copyists, and illuminators, who enriched his library with their best productions." The following description is by a contemporary:

"This renowned and virtuous prince has been accustomed for many years past to have ancient histories read to him daily.

His library surpasses all others, for from his youth he has had in his service numerous translators, scholars, historians, and scribes in various countries, all diligently working, so that now there is not a prince in all Christendom who has so varied and so rich a library."



CAXTON'S ADVERTISEMENT.

(Facsimile of an original in the Bodleian Library.)

In an authentic account of this library it is said that it possessed "nearly 2,000 works, the greater part being magnificent folios on vellum beautifully illuminated, and bound in velvet, satin, or damask studded with gems, and closed by gold clasps jewelled and chased." And what is more remarkable, several of the nobles of Burgundy were patrons of literature and of the bookmaking art almost equally munificent with their sovereign. The library of one of these nobles—Louis of Bruges—was "in the large size of the volumes, the beauty of the vellum, the elegance of the writing, the artistic merit of the illuminations and ornaments, and the luxury displayed in the bindings, scarcely inferior" to that of Philip the Good.

The artists and artisans connected with the work of

book-writing and bookmaking in Bruges were, therefore, both skilful and numerous. Division of labour, as in modern industries, was carried to its fullest extent. The leading members of the various contributory arts and crafts were united into a corporation, or "guild," called the "Guild of St. John the Evangelist." Of this guild in the years 1471-73 Colard Mansion was the "dean." We see, then, that Caxton lived in a literary and book-loving community. Our particular interest in Colard Mansion will appear presently.

When in 1471 or 1472 Caxton found his hand growing "wery and not stedfast," because of the labour of transcribing copies of his "Histories of Troy," he seems to have betaken himself to Colard Mansion. Mansion was a calligrapher, or professional manuscript writer, and judging from the fact that he was much employed by Philip the Good, and by Louis of Bruges, he must have been a particularly skilful one. But Caxton, with his keen commercial sense, wanted not manuscripts but printing. (There is no direct evidence as to this point, but the facts seem to point this way.) Mansion knew something of the art of printing as it was practised in Haarlem. Caxton supplied the money, Mansion the technical knowledge—what there was of it. Where the types were obtained is not known; but, from the resemblance of the printed page in the first books the co-workers produced to known specimens of Mansion's manuscript work, it is evident that the forms of their types were exactly modelled upon Mansion's own script. The probability is that Mansion designed and cut the punches to form the necessary matrices, and cast the types, himself. But whatever may have been the origin of the types, or whatever may be the settlement of the question whether Mansion first suggested printing to Caxton or Caxton first suggested it to Mansion, in

1474 (?) the results of their joint efforts appeared in the shape of printed copies of Caxton's popular book, the "Histories of Troy," the first book in which the English language ever appeared in print.

In one of his prologues to the "Histories," Caxton says (the spelling being modernised):

CAXTON'S HOUSE IN ALMONRY, WESTMINSTER.

"Forasmuch as age creepeth on me daily and feebleth all the body, and also because I have promised divers gentlemen and to my friends to address to them, as hastily as I might, this said book, therefore I have practised and learned at my great charge and dispense to ordain this said book in print, after the manner and form as ye may here see, and is not written with pen and ink as other books been, to the end that all men may have them at once, for all the books of this story named 'The Recuyell of the Histories of Troy,' thus imprinted as ye here see, were begun in one day and finished in one day."

It was thus evident what was the impelling motive with Caxton. He felt that he had not strength or time enough

to produce manuscript copies of his book as fast as the demand for them required. It is also evident what was the principal wonder to Caxton in the new process of production. All the copies were begun at one time, and all were finished at one time!

In the next year (1475) Caxton translated out of French into English a book entitled "The Game and Play of the Chesse, Moralised." So popular was this work that Caxton said of it that it was "at once despatched and sold."

Two results followed from the popularity of these first ventures of the Mansion-Caxton press—ventures, it will be remembered, undertaken wholly at Caxton's expense.

1. Mansion went on with printing on his own account. But the poor man lacked the commercial instinct which Caxton possessed so fully. Like so many other great printers of that developing age, he was more of an artist than a business man. He produced a splendid work—Ovid's "Metamorphoses," a "magnificent folio of 386 leaves, full of woodcuts printed in separately from the text"; but it proved his ruin. He had to leave Bruges, and was never heard of again.

2. Caxton determined to return to England and bring his newly acquired art home with him. It would afford him a means of livelihood in his old age. It would also enable him still further to gratify those literary tastes which he possessed so strongly. He would translate popular books into English, print, and sell them.

Accordingly, in 1476 (it is supposed), with a font of new types modelled and cast by Mansion, and with all other necessary material, Caxton returned to England. He had been absent thirty-five years. But he had kept in touch with the commercial instincts of the great metropolis. He was still a member of the Guild of the Mercers,

and still familiar with all the interests of the Company of Merchant Adventurers.

But it is hardly probable that Caxton was a wealthy man. His work abroad, his position as "governor of the English nation" at Bruges, had brought him honour rather than money. He tells us himself that he took up the business of printing to provide himself with a livelihood in his old age.

Caxton set up his press "in Westminster." What the phrase "in Westminster" meant has been the subject of a good deal of discussion. It was for a long time supposed that it meant within the Abbey itself—in one of the very chambers of the Abbey, the "scriptorium." But modern research has satisfactorily established the fact that Caxton's printing office was located simply within the precincts of the Abbey; that is to say, in a tenement of the Abbey, situated in the "almonry," to the west-southwest of the Abbey front. His house was known as the "Red Pale"; and it is supposed that (in harmony with the custom of the age) he adopted a shield, with a red band or "pale" running down the centre, as his sign.

Caxton's first book in England—the first book ever printed on English soil, the third book printed in the English tongue—is supposed to be the one entitled "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers." This book was finished November 18, 1477. It is notable as being the first book printed by Caxton which bears on its face the plain statement of the place and time and circumstances of its execution. The work was written by Earl Rivers, brother-in-law to the king (Edward IV.). It was a translation from a work which the earl had met with in France and had been much delighted with there. It had taken him some years to translate; and when he intrusted it to Caxton to print he asked Caxton "to oversee" his trans-

Here begynneth nexte the Ascensyon of our lorde.

The ascensyon of oure lorde Jhesu crystewas to fourty day after hys resurrecyon. For whyche too declare: seuen thynges ben to be consydered. Fyrst theñe he ascended. Secondly why he ascended anone after hys Resurrecyon Thirdly how he ascēded Fourthly what compa ny ascended wyth hym. Fyfthly by what merite he ascended Syxtly whe re he ascended. And seuently wherfore he ascended. As too the fyrst he ascended fro the mount of oly uete by bethanye The whyche mountayn after a no ter relacyon/is sayd the mountayne of thre lyghtes. For by nyghte oon the syde of the weste it is ly ghtedde of the fyree / that brennethe in the tem ple. whyche neuer is put out nequenched. On the morynge it is lyght of thorynt / for the hathe fyrste the rayes of the sonne/ before it shyneth in the cytee. And also it hathe grete haboundaunce of oyle that norysheth the lyghte. and therfore it is sayde the hil

Li

Part of a Page from "The Golden Legend."

(Printed at Westminster by Notary in 1503.)

lation before going on with it—a pretty fair testimony to Caxton's literary ability. In the chapter "towching wymmen" Caxton, at the earl's request, added a prologue. This prologue is humorous and a little sarcastic.

For a long time it was believed, on the strength of this prologue "towching wymmen," that Caxton was a bachelor. But documentary evidence has lately been discovered to show that Caxton was married before he left Bruges. Perhaps one of the reasons why he gave up his "governorship" at Bruges was his desire to marry, for by the rules appertaining to the position of "governor" he could not marry so long as he remained "governor."

Although it is generally supposed that "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers" was Caxton's first book printed in England, it is not positively certain that this is so. There is some reason for believing that a book entitled "The History of Jason" was earlier than the "Dictes."

Caxton during his career as printer in England produced nearly one hundred books. Of these twenty-three were translations made by himself. Most of the translations were from the French, but one—"Reynart the Fox"—was from the Flemish, and one—"The Golden Legend"—was from the Latin. "The Golden Legend" was Caxton's *magnum opus*—"the most laborious as well as the most extensive of all his literary and typographical labours." The use of woodcuts in it made it extremely expensive and troublesome to produce. He confesses that he was frequently "half desperate to have left it."

Caxton's works published in England alone run up to more than 18,000 printed pages, nearly all of folio size (type page 5 by 7⅜ inches), of which more than 4,500

printed pages were his own translations. This is a marvellous production for a man who was probably fifty-five years of age before he began the work at all.

Caxton has sometimes been censured for not having devoted his art more freely to the production of works of scholarship—to editions of the classics, or erudite his-

CAXTON'S PRINTERS' MARK.
(Reduced facsimile.)

tories, or versions of the Bible. Gibbon, the historian, is one who has uttered a complaint of this sort. It was Caxton's commercial instinct that saved him from the ruin which such a course would have brought upon him—a ruin which overtook nearly all his great European fellow-labourers in the new art. It was necessary for him, if his business were to be profitable, to cater to the wants of his age.

"The demand in England," says Mr. Blades, "in the fifteenth century, was not for Bibles in the vernacular, nor for Horace, nor for Homer, whose writings very few could read in the original texts; but the clergy wanted service books, and Caxton accordingly provided them with psalters, commemorations, and directories; the preachers wanted sermons, and were supplied with the 'Golden Legend' and other similar books; the 'prynces, lordes, barons, knyghtes, and gentilmen' were craving for 'joyous and pleysaunt historyes' of chivalry, and the press at the 'Red Pale' produced a fresh romance nearly every year."

The date of Caxton's death, like that of his birth, is uncertain. But it is supposed to have been about the end of 1491. Almost up to the last day of his life, as we know from Wynken de Worde, he was engaged in his work of printing and translating. The following is Wynken de Worde's colophon (or end note) to Caxton's last translated work, "Vitæ Patrum" ("The Lives of the Fathers"), published after his death:

"Thus endyth the moost vertuouse hystorye of the deuoute and right renowned lyves of holy faders lyuynge in deserte, worthy of remembrance to all wel dysposed persones, which hath ben translated oute of Frenche into Englisshe by William Caxton of Westmynstre, late deed, and fynysshed at the laste daye of hys lyff."

Wynken de Worde succeeded to Caxton's stock in trade, and for a time carried on the business that Caxton had begun, under Caxton's name. In 1493 he began to use his own name. He had come originally from Flanders, and it is supposed entered Caxton's service when quite young.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

[The great authority as to Caxton is William Blades. Mr. Blades was a printer of London, the son of a well-known printer, Joseph Blades. He was born at Clapham in 1824 and received his education in the Clapham grammar school. But at sixteen he entered the printing office of his father, and ever afterward was engaged in business; and all his literary and bibliographical pursuits were carried on in moments snatched from an exceedingly busy business life. Caxton's life and work were almost unknown until Mr. Blades began to study the "incunabula," as they are called, of Caxton's press. He personally examined over 400 of Caxton's books. His investigations were entirely scientific in spirit and object; and were, indeed, the first instances of the application of the new scientific method to bibliographical researches. It would be difficult to give to those unversed in the subject an idea of the minuteness of Mr. Blades' Caxtonian knowledge; but it may be sufficient to state that he was able to assign any book printed by Caxton to its true place in Caxton's typographic history by merely looking at its printed pages. Mr. Blades' monumental work was "The Life and Typography of William Caxton," published in 1861-63. In 1877, on the occasion of the fourth centenary of the introduction of printing into England, he prepared a smaller and less expensive work on the same subject, entitled "The Biography and Typography of William Caxton." He also contributed many papers on cognate topics to bibliographical and antiquarian journals. Of these the most noted and most generally interesting are a series of papers upon the origin of the printing art. He died April 28, 1890.]

1. Why were Caxton's books printed without title-pages? From the fact that Wynken de Worde used title-pages immediately after Caxton's death what inferences may be drawn?

2. What great work of a great English poet did Caxton print?

What were Caxton's reasons for printing a second edition of this work? What information as to Caxton's character do these reasons afford us?

3. After the invention of printing what was the next event in the history of the world of corresponding importance? What was the next after this?

4. What great Englishman was it (not Chaucer) whose life and work antedated Caxton's by about 100 years?

5. How were commas formed in Caxton's time?

6. What is understood by Caxton's "great device"? When and where did he use it? What did it mean?

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

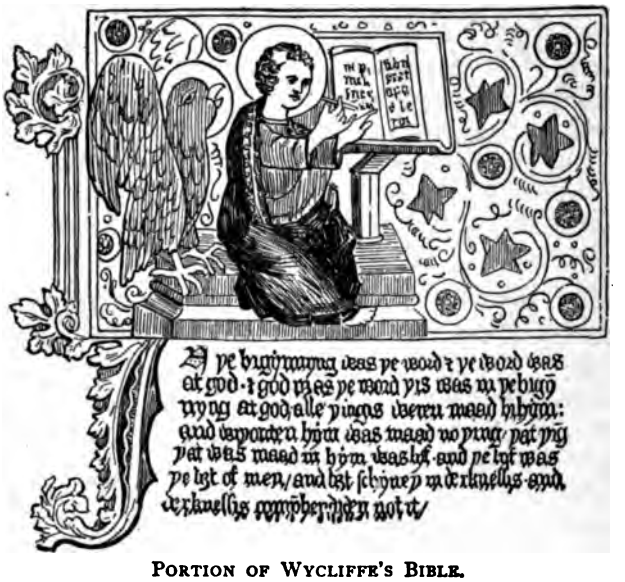
THE STORY OF ITS TRANSLATION AND TRANSLATORS.

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M.A.

The story of the translation of the English Bible covers a period of five hundred years and is not without complexity. Tyndale's first translation of the New Testament was published in 1525. His translation of the Pentateuch, or first five books of the Old Testament, was published in 1530. His second, or revised translation, of the New Testament was published in 1534. His third and final revision of the New Testament was published in 1535. These are the cardinal dates in our story. They take us back over three and three-quarter centuries. Henry VIII. was king of England then. It was the time of the Reformation. On Friday, October 6, 1536, Tyndale suffered martrydom for his faith and work.

But our story does not begin with Tyndale. Before Tyndale could undertake his work, before the time was ripe for his work to be done at all, a century or a century and a quarter of preparation was necessary. Our story begins with John Wycliffe. Wycliffe's one object in translating the Bible was the good of the people. It was

a dark and miserable age. The poor lived in wretchedness. Pestilence and famine were rife everywhere. Class was fighting against class. War was the normal condition of things. Organized society seemed to be breaking up. People thought that the end of the world was at



PORTION OF WYCLIFFE'S BIBLE.

hand. Wycliffe's heart ached because of these things. He saw clearly enough that what was needed was not so much outward reforms as an inward change—a spiritual awakening—among people of all ranks.

We must remember that printing was not yet invented, and that, though on the continent scholarship was general, it was by no means so in England. The only version of the sacred Scriptures in use, or, indeed, accessible, was the Vulgate. This was in Latin, and itself a translation,

From an Old Print.

Wycliffe

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and few could read it, even of the clergy. And because of errors in transcription, correct copies of the Vulgate were unattainable.

Wycliffe began with translating the Apocalypse, as being a fitting lesson for the times. He then took up the Gospels, that "with God's grace poor Christian men might therein know the meek and pure and charitable living of

FACSIMILE OF EARLY ENGLISH MANUSCRIPT BIBLES.

Christ and His apostles, to sue [follow] them in virtues and bliss." By 1380 he had completed the New Testament. By 1382, with the help of some friends, principally Nicholas of Hereford, he had completed the whole of the Scriptures. This, then, is a date to be remembered, the date when for the first time the whole of the Bible was accessible to Englishmen in "their own mother tongue."

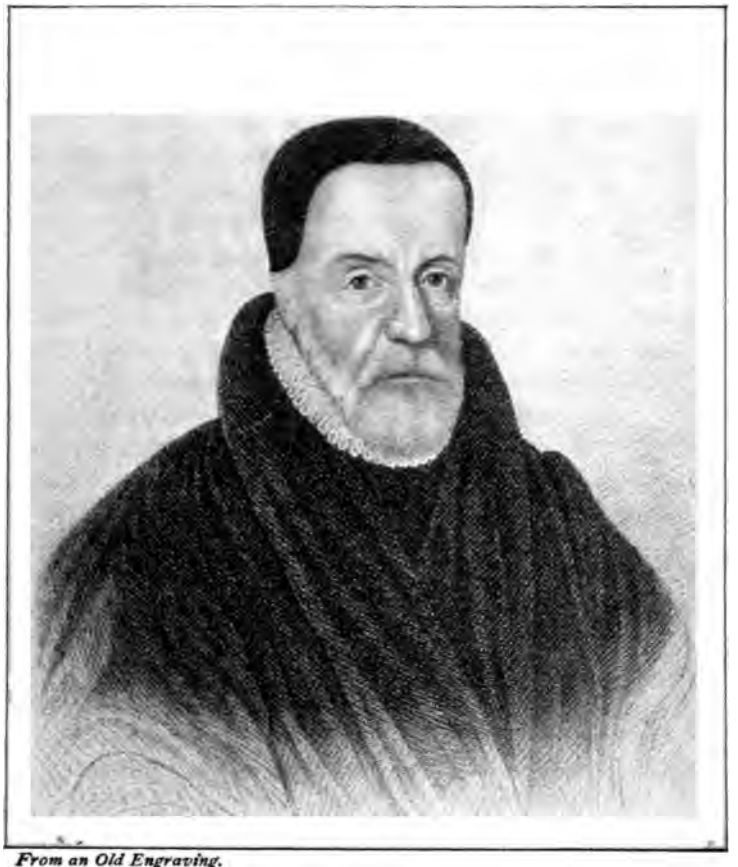
It is worthy of note that the translation by Wycliffe of the Bible into English was the earliest translation by about

a hundred years of the Bible into any modern language. Heretofore the Scriptures had been known only in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; and in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, except in England, they still remained for a hundred years or more.

This early translation of the Bible into English by Wycliffe was of great national moment, apart from its influence upon religious life and character. Because of its clearness, its simplicity, and the homely familiarity of its phraseology it became at once a standard of literary style. Whatever prose writings were written in English subsequent to it were more or less modelled upon it. It was, in fact, the first great prose masterpiece of our language, and Wycliffe, because of it, is deservedly called "the father of modern English prose."

Wycliffe died in 1384, two years after his translation of the Bible was completed. Up until his death he was engaged in a revision of his work. This revision he was not able to finish. It was finished for him by his friend and assistant, John Purvey, and Purvey's translation, completed in 1388, is often confounded with Wycliffe's. It was Wycliffe's, indeed, but with such improvements as greater experience brings to every new undertaking. These mother-tongue Scriptures of Wycliffe's at once became popular, so far, at least, as popularity was possible in a day when books could be reproduced only in manuscript. We may judge of their circulation from the fact that 170 copies of them (in whole or in part) are extant even at this day.

Printing had been invented on the continent some time about the middle of the fifteenth century. The first Bible to be printed in any language and, so far as known, the first book (of importance) printed, was the (so-called)



From an Old Engraving.

Tyndale

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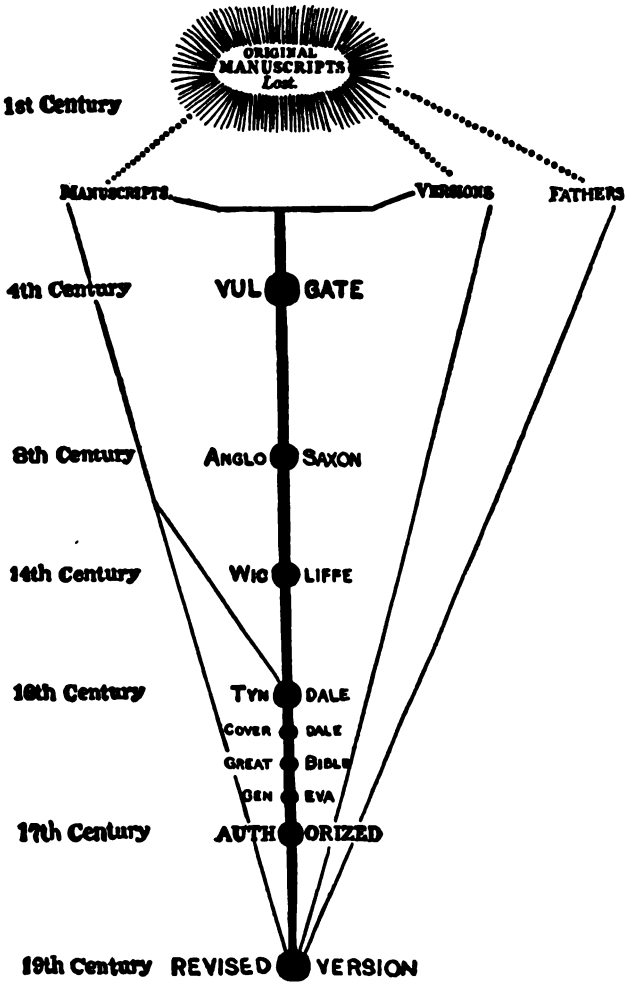
Mazarin Bible, a Latin version, issued from the press of Fust in Mayence (Germany) somewhere between 1450 and 1455. And before the close of the century Bibles were printed in Spanish, Italian, Dutch, French, German, and Bohemian. For the most part these early Bibles were

JOHN WYCLIFFE'S CHAIR.

translations from the current Latin Vulgate versions of the day. Scholarship as yet had not begun to bear upon biblical translation.

In England there was even more backwardness. The art of printing, introduced by Caxton in 1477, for many years did nothing for the circulation of the Scriptures,



TABULAR HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.
(By J. Paterson Smith, LL.B., B.D.)

either in the English tongue, or in Latin, or in the original tongues of Scripture. (To this general statement an exception must be made. In "The Golden Legend," a collection of stories from Latin and French originals, printed by Caxton in 1483, Caxton had introduced a number of Bible stories.)

The next prominent name associated with the translation of the Bible into English is that of William Tyndale. Dr. Collier, in his history of English literature, gives the following brief sketch of Tyndale's career:

"William Tyndale is celebrated among our writers as the translator of the New Testament into English. What Wycliffe had done for his countrymen in the fourteenth century Tyndale undertook during the troubled reign of the eighth Henry. Wycliffe's Bible had become, in the changes which more than one hundred stirring years had brought upon the English language, a book unreadable except by a learned few. Disappointed in his attempt to secure the protection of Tonstal, the learned bishop of London, Tyndale found a refuge in the house of Alderman Humphrey Monmouth, a rich London merchant, whose heart was in the good work. This honest man, keeping the poor scholar in his house for six months, would gladly have seen his friend fare better than on sodden meat and small single beer. But Tyndale would, if given his own way, take nothing else. The kindness of Monmouth did not stop here, for he made Tyndale an allowance of £10 a year, which enabled him to set in earnest about his grand design. Travelling into Germany, Tyndale saw and talked with Luther, and settled finally at Antwerp. There he finished his 'Translation of the New Testament.' The first edition, printed probably at Wittenberg, was published in 1525 or 1526. An improved and altered version appeared in 1534. The run upon the book, both on the continent and in England, was very great. Copies poured by hundreds from the foreign presses into England. In vain the terrors of the church were threatened and inflicted upon the sellers and owners of Tyndale's Testament."

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

Tyndale's work was original and independent. "I had no man to counterfeit," he said, "neither was holpen with English of any that had interpreted the same or such like thing in the Scripture beforetime." It was also scholarly. Wycliffe, perforce, had made his translation from the Vulgate. But before Tyndale began his work the general extension of the art of printing had placed the Scriptures in the original tongues within the reach of any such as understood these tongues. The Old Testament in Hebrew, the New Testament in Greek, had been printed with all the care that the scholarship of that day permitted. Tyndale made use of these original texts. He was well qualified to do so. This is attested not only by the internal evidence which his work affords but also by the evidence of those who knew him. "He was so complete a master of seven languages," said a German scholar, "Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, French, that you would fancy that whichever one he spoke in was his mother tongue."

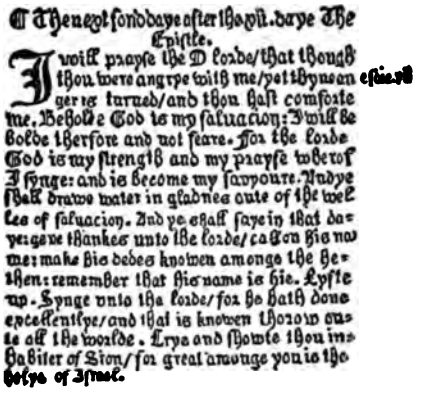
Our story subsequent to Tyndale's time must be told very briefly. Indeed, we can give it only in outline.

1. Tyndale had not published a translation of the whole of the Old Testament—only of the Pentateuch and the book of Jonah. In 1535 Miles Coverdale published a translation of the Bible complete—the first complete printed English Bible ever produced.

2. In 1537 John Rogers, supposed to be that John Rogers who was the first to suffer for his faith in the persecutions of Queen Mary's reign, produced a translation known as "Matthew's Bible," from the fact that Rogers used the name of Matthew when he published it. This Bible is noteworthy as being the first "authorised" Eng-

lish Bible. It bore on its title-page these words: "Set forth with the Kinges most gracyous lycence."

3. In 1539 the "Great Bible" appeared. This Bible was prepared mainly by Coverdale. It was produced under the authority of King Henry VIII., through the in-


¶ Theuext sonddaye after thaxii. daye The Epistle.

I will prayse the O lorde/ that though thou were angrye with me/ yet thyne anger is turned/ and thou hast comforte me. Beholde God is my saluacion: I will be bolde therfore and not feare. For the lorde God is my strength and my prayse wherof I synge: and is become my sauyoure. Andye shall drawe water in gladnes oute of the welles of saluacion. And ye shall saye in that daye: gene thankes unto the lorde/ call on his name: make his dedes knowen amonge the hethen: remember that his name is hie. Lyfte up. Synge unto the lorde/ for he hath done excellentlye/ and that is knowen thorow oute all the worlde. Crye and showte thou inhabiter of Sion/ for great amonge you is the holye of Israel.

FACSIMILE OF ISAIAH, CHAPTER XII., FROM TYNDALE'S EDITION OF 1534.

(Note.—In his New Testament of 1534, Tyndale put at the end of the book translations of all the epistles and gospels of the "Sarum Use" which were taken from the Old Testament and the apocryphal books, thus making his work a sort of church-service book. "These minor translations of Tyndale's are rarely thought of in speaking of his influence on biblical translations.")

fluence of Cromwell, Henry's powerful vicegerent. For a time the friends of a free Bible were in favour in high places. The "Great Bible," being produced by royal authority, was also an "authorised version," and it held the privilege of being the only "authorised version" for about thirty years. Like all previous English Bibles, the "Great Bible" was printed on the continent. English printers were not supposed to be competent to turn out

Thomas Cantuar

THOMAS CRANMER.

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so fine a piece of workmanship as the "Great Bible" was intended to be. Nevertheless, several editions and translations of the Bible had already been produced in England, and the ten or fifteen years subsequent to the publication of the "Great Bible" were marked by great activity in Bible production. Sometimes the "Great Bible" is known as "Cranmer's" Bible, from the fact that in 1540 Cranmer, the archbishop of Canterbury, supplied a preface for it.

4. In 1568—that is to say, in the tenth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign—appeared the "Bishops' Bible," a translation of great, though unequal, merit, that Parker, the archbishop of Canterbury, was responsible for. The "Bishops' Bible," from the fact that it was published by episcopal influence, now became the "authorised Bible" in church services; though, unlike the "Great Bible," it was not issued under royal authority.

5. In 1611 appeared the translation that for nearly three hundred years has been the version of the Bible accepted by English-speaking people generally as "The Bible," the translation that, though it has never been formally authorised by king or queen, or by the Church, is nevertheless universally styled the "authorised version." As is well known, the translation was made through the influence and at the command of King James I.

6. In 1881 appeared what is known as the "Revised New Testament," and in 1885 appeared the "Revised Old Testament," the whole being the result of labours begun in 1870 of committees of distinguished scholars, both English and American.

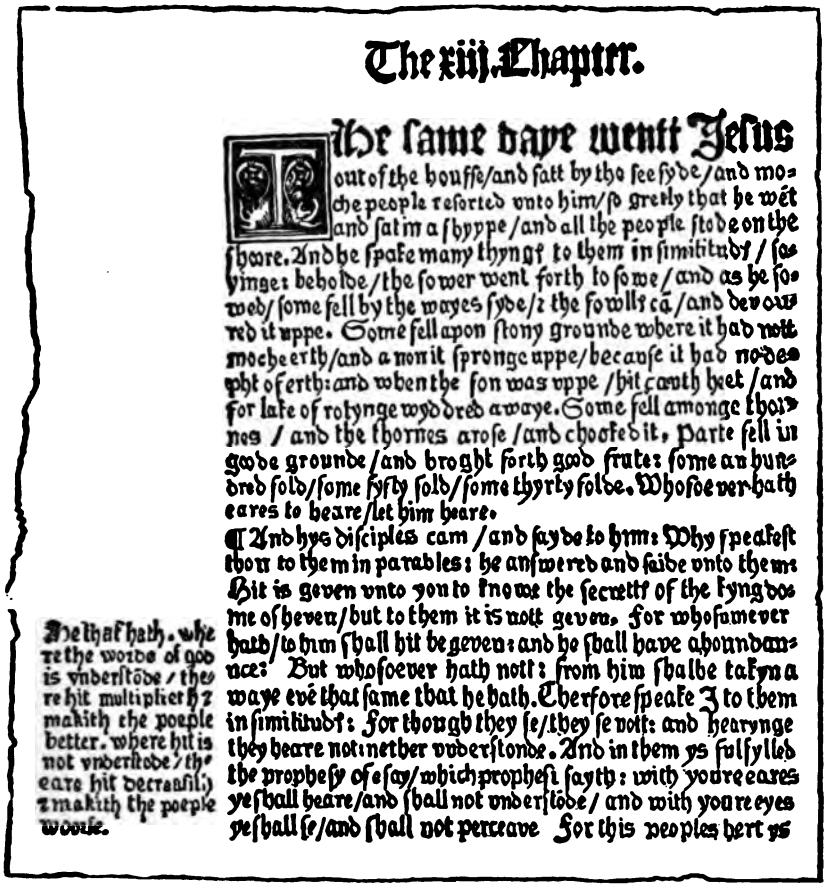
As each of the translations described in the foregoing list was essentially a revision of the translations immediately preceding it, and as Coverdale's translation was essentially a revision of Tyndale's, we see that our present

Bible (the "revised" version) is the seventh Bible in a direct line of descent that began with the Bible originally translated by William Tyndale. In other words, our present Bible (the "revised" version) is a revision six times repeated.

Two other famous translations must be mentioned in our outline. These are (1) the Genevan Bible of 1560, the work of a band of English (Puritan) exiles settled at Geneva, in Switzerland, in the last years of Mary's reign and the first years of Elizabeth's; and (2) the "Rheims New Testament," published at Rheims, in France, in 1582, the work principally of three scholars, members of the English Catholic College of Douai, in Flanders. These two translations had both of them very important influences upon the translation of 1611 (the "authorised version"). The Douai Old Testament was not published until 1609-10, and, therefore, had but little influence upon our authorised version.

We will now add a few notes upon the principal of the above-named translations. It must be remembered that the Bible of Tyndale is our starting point, and that the "authorised version" of 1611 is our objective point, for the "revised" version of 1881-85 and the "authorised" version of 1611 are practically the same, the former differing from the latter mainly only in such greater accuracy as is the natural result of modern scholarship.

In making his translation Miles Coverdale, like Tyndale, went to such earlier versions of the Scriptures as were accessible to him. These, however, in his case, were mainly Latin and German versions. The German translation of Luther, the Swiss-German version of Zwingli



The xiij. Chapter.

The same daye wentt Jesus out of the houffe/and satt by the see syde/and moche people resorted vnto him/so gretly that he wēt and sat in a shyppe/and all the people stode on the shoore. And he spake many thyngs to them in similitudes/ sayinge: beholde/the sower went forth to sowe/and as he sowed/some fell by the wayes syde/ & the fowlls cā/and devoured it uppe. Some fell apon stony grounde where it had nott moche erth/and a non it spronge uppe/because it had no depht of erth: and when the son was uppe/hit cauth heet/and for lake of rotynge wyddred awaye. Some fell amonge thornes/and the thornes arose/and chooked it. Parte fell in goode grounde/and broght forth good frute: some an hundred fold/some fyfty fold/some thyrty folde. Whosoever hath eares to heare/let him heare.

¶ And hys disciples cam/and sayde to him: Why speakest thou to them in parables: he answered and saide vnto them: Hit is geven vnto you to knowe the secretts of the kyngdome of heven/but to them it is nott geven. For whosumever hath/to him shall hit be geven: and he shall have aboundaunce: But whosoever hath nott: from him shalbe takyn awaye evē that same that he hath. Therfore speake I to them in similitudes: For though they se/they se nott: and hearynge they heare not: nether vnderstonde. And in them ys fulfylled the prophesy of esay/which prophesi sayth: with youre eares ye shall heare/and shall not vnderstōde/and with youre eyes ye shall se/and shall not perceave For this peoples hert ys

He that hath. where the worde of god is vnderstōde/there hit multiplieth & makith the poeple better. where hit is not vnderstode/the eare hit decrassith & makith the poeple woorse.

FACSIMILE FROM TYNDALE'S FIRST NEW TESTAMENT, 1525.

(But one copy is now in existence.)

known as the "Zurich Bible" (1524-29), and the version of the Vulgate then current, were the principal originals of his translation. And as far as Tyndale had translated the Bible (that is, in the Pentateuch, Jonah, and the New Testament) Coverdale's translation closely followed that of Tyndale.

In "Matthew's Bible" of 1537 it is pretty generally admitted that Tyndale's translation was used as a basis to the end of the book of Chronicles. (From Joshua to Chronicles it is supposed that a manuscript translation of Tyndale's was used, a translation that he did not live to publish.) Thenceforward to the end of the Old Testament Coverdale's translation was the basis. In the New Testament Tyndale's translation was wholly the basis. The translator, whoever he was, subjected the whole of the matter he used to a judicious, critical, and scholarly revision.

Of the "Great Bible" of 1539 we have only space to remark that it differs from the "Matthew's Bible," on which it was based principally, in the fact that it was a careful revision of the latter made by Coverdale, with the help of a Hebrew-Latin version of the Old Testament and of Erasmus' Greek New Testament—advantages that in his previous labours were not available to him.

The "Great Bible" remained the principal Bible in use both in the Church and with the people for about thirty years. With the people, however, it never became really popular, principally because of its price (about $30 of modern money). Smaller and cheaper editions of the Bible were made and sold. In Edward VI.'s reign (1547-1553) Bible-making flourished. In Mary's reign (1553-1558), however, Bible-making ceased, and even the public use of the Bible was strictly forbidden. Many reformers fled the country; and it is to a band of these exiles in

Geneva that the celebrated "Genevan Bible" (1560) is due. This was the Bible that thenceforward for many years was most accepted by the people. It is said that one hundred and thirty editions of it were published. It was, in fact, the household Bible of its age, the Bible of all private study. As an evidence of its enduring popularity it may be mentioned that it was essentially the Bible that

MILES COVERDALE.

Oliver Cromwell's soldiers used fifty years after the publication of the "authorised version."

When James I. came to the throne (1603) there were three Bibles in more or less general use. These were (1) the "Great Bible" of Henry VIII.'s time (1539), that had been published by royal authority and was still the Bible that country churches used; (2) the "Bishops' Bible," the Bible that the ecclesiastical authorities favoured, though it had never received royal sanction; and (3) the "Genevan Bible," the favourite Bible of the people. In a great Church conference held at Hampton Court in 1664 Dr.

Reynolds, the leader of the Puritans, suggested that there should be a new translation of the Bible, because those that had previously been allowed "were corrupt and not answerable to the truth of the original." (It must be remembered that most of the Bibles we have mentioned were accompanied by notes and comments of a more or less controversial character. It was, no doubt, in these notes and comments, rather than in the mere translations, that most objection lay.) Dr. Reynolds' suggestion was not cordially received, at least by the prelates. The bishop of London, for example, said: "If every man's humour should be followed there would be no end of translating." But the king favoured the idea. He made pretensions to scholarship and he said "he could never yet see a Bible well translated in English." He therefore proposed that a new translation should be undertaken

> "by the best learned in both the universities, after them to be reviewed by the bishops and the chief learned of the Church; from them to be presented to the privy council; and lastly to be ratified by royal authority; and so the whole Church to be bound unto it and none other."

Fifty-four translators were appointed to the work. Forty-seven acted. They were, perhaps, the best men obtainable in the kingdom for the purpose. Some facetious descriptions of them have come down to us. Of one it was said that "he might have acted as interpreter-general at Babel"; of another, that he was "one of the best linguists in the world"; of another, that he "had Hebrew at his fingers' ends"; and of another, that he "was composed of Greek and industry."

The translators began their work in 1607. They were divided into six companies; two worked at Westminster

¶ The Byble in
Englyshe, that is to saye the con-
tent of all the holy scripture, both
of ye olde and newe testament truly
translated after the verye of the
Hebrue and Greke textes, by ye dy-
ligent studye of diuerse excellent
learned men expert in the forsayde
tongues.

¶ Prynted by Rychard Grafton &
Edward Whytchurch.

Cum priuilegio ad imprimen-
dum solum.
1539.

Facsimile (Reduced) of Title-Page of the "Great Bible."

(London), two at Oxford, two at Cambridge. A select committee of six that met in London revised the work of the whole. The task took two years and three-quarters. It is said that the king, notwithstanding his apparent interest in the work, bore no part of the expense. The Archbishop of Canterbury bore part of it. A portion was borne by Barker, the printer who first printed the translation. It is probable that a number, if not all, of the translators were rewarded for their work by Church preferment.

Notwithstanding the king's proposition, the version of 1611 was never formally "authorised" by the king, nor was it ever formally sanctioned by privy council or by convocation or by parliament. It won its way into public favour slowly. Indeed, at first it met with very considerable opposition.

SELECTED CRITICAL STUDIES.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE ON THE FORMATION OF ENGLISH PROSE STYLE.

THE King James version is the Bible of which ninety-five per cent. and over is original English, and which, as far as the vernacular itself is concerned, still remains unequalled. It is more than a specimen of the king's English. It is the people's English. Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the fact, as bearing on our present purpose, that the Bible is an example, on its secular side, of English prose, and enters as an essential element into this formative work. Viewed as a version or translation purely in its human aspect, as an example of English speech, it undoubtedly stands all through English literary history, and more especially in this era, as the leading agency of all others. It did then for English prose what no other production could possibly have done. It gave that true direction and character to English prose style which is now an elemental part of it. English prose is biblical.—PROF. T. W. HUNT.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE IN FIXING THE SPEECH OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

The bigotry, the avarice, and the violent controversy of the Reformation killed for a time the new learning, but

the Reformation did a vast work for English literature and prepared the language for the Elizabethan writers by its version of the Bible. William Tyndale's "Translation of the New Testament" (1525) fixed our standard English once for all, and brought it finally into every English home. Tyndale held fast to pure English. In his two volumes of political tracts "there are only twelve Teutonic words which are now obsolete—a strong proof of the influence his translation of the Bible has had in preserving the old speech of England." Of the 6,000 words of the "authorised version," still in a great part his translation, only 250 are not now in common use.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

THE INTEREST OF THE PEOPLE IN THE EARLY TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

Beginning among the upper stratum of society, the new learning had worked downward until it touched the people. But the changes wrought by direct contact with the English Bible, if slower, were even more vital and more extended. The Bible became the literature of the people, telling the poorest and plainest of the essential things of life in words which all could understand. If we find a typical picture in the crowd of London shopkeepers and prentices crowding the pit of the Fortune or the Globe, we find one no less typical in the eager throngs gathered about the reader of the Bible in the nave of St. Paul's.—HENRY S. PANCOAST.

EDMUND SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE AND ITS POETRY.

By John Millar, M.A.,

Deputy Minister of Education, Ontario, Canada.

On the 16th of January of 1899 there was celebrated by the English-speaking race the tercentenary anniversary of the death of the great poet who gave the world the "Faerie Queene." What a marvellous period does the age of Edmund Spenser call to mind, and how the events of 1898 show the historical importance of that great conflict which reached its turning point a little more than three hundred years ago! To-day Spain finds herself deprived, as a result of her misgovernment, of all her colonial possessions in the western hemisphere; and her forced withdrawal from the Philippine Islands almost confines her power to the native soil from which once poured forth some of the most daring and cruel bands of explorers that ever attempted the work of discovery and colonisation. The surrender of Cuba and the peace of Paris are the last results of that contest for race supremacy which was virtually decided by the defeat of the "Invincible Armada." Like every great period in the

history of literature, the Elizabethan age owes to political movements those forces which gave rise to its importance. The contest between the Latin and Teutonic nations is scarcely yet over, but there is little doubt that Quebec in 1759, Waterloo in 1815, and Sedan in 1871, as well as the events of our own time in America, Asia, and Africa, show to whom destiny has given the mastery. The Anglo-Saxon—or, what it may now be more appropriately termed, the Anglo-American—race has had a long series of triumphs. The struggle between England and Spain for the control of the seas is well known to students of history. The late war between the United States and Spain has created a new interest in English history. It has made every American prize more than ever those principles of liberty which would have been trampled under foot had Philip of Spain been able to accomplish his purposes. The reign of Elizabeth marks not only one of the most brilliant periods of the world's literature, but it also decided what ideals of government should dominate the politics of the future. It is true that democracy has had to fight its way step by step for three hundred years, but as soon as the English monarchs looked for support to the English people, instead of to continental potentates, the triumph of the Anglo-Saxon ideals of self-government was assured.

The age was characterised by a spirit of restlessness and curiosity. It was a period of discovery. The discoveries of Copernicus had been brought home to the general intelligence of mankind. By the realisation of a new world enlarged views were given to the human race. The passion for navigation and travel brought face to face nations hitherto unknown to one another. The defeat of the Spanish Armada gave England control of the seas.

The time was critical in England's intellectual development. For more than a century the English people had lagged behind the other nations of Europe in literature. France, Germany, and Italy had gained prominence in learning, while the Wars of the Roses had absorbed the attention of England. Peace and increased prosperity had their effect on the national life. Increased wealth brought that increased refinement and culture which

AUTOGRAPH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

characterised the reign of Elizabeth. That general quickening of the intelligence which marked the renascence on the continent at length reached the British people. The new learning had already done as much for England in political and ecclesiastical matters as it had done for any European country. It was now to do more for literary results in England than elsewhere. The greatness of the people in national contests was now recognised. Distinction in literature was soon to follow.

Classical learning had almost perished at the universities in the early storms of the Reformation. The influences of the renascence had their effect. The intellectual soil only awaited cultivation. The poetry of the court, though

at first exotic and imitative, promised a new life for English verse. The love of travel quickened the temper of the wealthy, and the growth of grammar schools gave the middle classes opportunities for an acquaintance with the masters of Greece and Rome. Translations of the more famous classical works popularised the study of Greek and Roman literature. The study of classical literature, and especially the substitution of the philosophy of Plato for that of Aristotle, had everywhere given strength and activity to the national intellect. A tour on the continent became the education of a gentleman, and translations of Tasso and Ariosto were signs of the influence which the literature of Italy exerted on the English mind. The immediate effects of these novelties on the literature of the country were the enrichment of the language by a great variety of words from the classic tongues and from those of southern Europe. Greater freedom was allowed to the fancy and powers of observation in the exercise of literary composition. The invention of printing had enabled the Greek and Roman writings, as well as those of France and modern Italy, where letters experienced an earlier revival, to be liberally diffused after being translated by the scholars of the day. A taste for elegant reading was thus excited among lower branches of society than had at any previous period felt the genial influence of letters. The circulation of the Scriptures in English not only greatly affected the language and religious ideas of the people, but it also gave new direction to the thoughts of literary men. The numberless incidents, images, and sentiments which the Bible presented were new to people whose attention had previously been directed to other questions. During the middle ages the world had been without any clear vision of the past. The revival of learning dispersed the clouds which for centuries hid

from view the treasures of the older civilisations. History as a department of learning was no longer pure narrative, but had to do with investigation and reconstruction. The historical manuscripts which were rescued from the wreck of the monastic libraries created a new school of investigation. A new interest was attached to the bygone world, and henceforth there arose a philosophy of history which was no longer confined to merely national bounds.

Partly through travel and partly through its poetry and romances Italy exerted during the Elizabethan era a powerful influence on the manners and taste of the time. The language, the dress, and the manners of the Italians became objects of passionate imitation. This imitation was often unwise and even ridiculous. It became for a while the aim of poets and dramatists to set aside the tradition of English style, and to adopt a style modelled after that of Italy. The far-fetched phrases, the pedantry, the affectation, and the meaningless monotony of expression, which marked the new fashion, were exposed to the pitiless caricature of Shakespeare. Apart, however, from its extravagance the effect was not without its advantages. It revealed new resources of thought and language. Even its affectation disclosed a new sense of literary beauty. In delicacy or grandeur of expression, and in the structure and arrangement of sentences, it became apparent there was an atmosphere of words out of which style was itself to spring. For a time "Euphuism," as the new fashion had been named, had it all its own way. The fashion eventually passed away, but the "Arcadia" of Sidney shows the great advance which prose had made under its influence. Indeed, this darling of the court and of the camp possessed the learning and the genius that made him the centre of the literary world which was springing into birth on English soil. At the same time it is impossible to

study the author's beautiful pastoral medley, and to compare its form with his "Defence of Poetry," without recognising the marked influence on English prose of the attention given to Italian models. The quickness and vivacity of English prose were first developed in a school of Italian imitators. The origin of English fiction is to be found in the tales and romances for which Greene and Nash found their models in the Italian novels. In the lightness, facility, and vivacity displayed we have the beginning of popular literature.

THE BELLE SAVAGE INN.

(A famous literary rendezvous of Elizabeth's reign.)

Among other circumstances favourable to literature must be reckoned the encouragement given to it by Queen Elizabeth, who was herself learned and who attempted poetical compositions. She had the art of filling her court with men qualified to shine in almost every department of intellectual exertion. In her personal character, as well as in her policy, there was something which proved favourable to literature. The study of belles-lettres was in some respects identified with the courtly and arbitrary principles of the time. Perhaps the desire to oppose the Puritans and other malcontents, who de-

spised some departments of elegant literature, gave certain impulses to learning. There can be no doubt that the drama owed much of the encouragement which it received under Elizabeth and her successors to a spirit of hostility to the Puritans, who, not without reason, repudiated it for its immorality. It must be allowed at the same time that almost all the poets and many of the other writers were either courtiers themselves or under the protection of courtiers. It was no small advantage in that age to experience constantly the smiles, not to speak of the solid benefactions, of royalty. No doubt many writings showed much crudeness as the result of being the productions of a soil for the first time broken up, when, according to a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "all indigenous plants spring up at once with a rank and irrepressible fertility and display whatever is peculiar and excellent in their nature on a scale the most conspicuous and magnificent." It appeared as if the ability to write was just created, and that the whole world of character, imagery, sentiment, and information became ready for the use of men of genius and research. The critical taste of a later period condemned many of the productions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to obscurity, but the age of Elizabeth, after every fastidious objection has been made, is now universally recognised as the mightiest in the history of English literature, or, indeed, in the development of human intellect and capacity. In point of real force and originality of genius neither the age of Pericles nor that of Augustus can come into comparison. No lustre that attaches to the time of Leo X. or to that of Louis XIV. equals in brilliancy the period embracing the closing part of the reign of Elizabeth and the beginning of the reign of her successor. The scholars and writers of the time were not merely men of great talents

and accomplishments but of vast compass and clearness of understanding. They had minds truly creative and original. They made vast and substantial additions to the fund of knowledge, and enlarged to an incredible and un-

EDMUND SPENSER.

paralleled extent the resources of the human faculties. The names of Shakespeare and Bacon and Sidney and Spenser are alone sufficient to call up all those characteristics for which English literature and English learning are distinguished. It is the object of the writer in the

present paper to give some account of the life and works of the last of these four brilliant authors who added so much lustre to the Elizabethan age.

Little is known of the childhood of Edmund Spenser, the "Prince of Poets." His father was related to that family of Spensers from which the victor of Blenheim was descended. East Smithfield in London is pointed out as the birthplace of the poet, and the year 1552 is mentioned as the date. He was educated at the Merchant Tailors' School, from which, with some recognised ability for verse, he was admitted at the age of sixteen as a sizar at Pembroke College, Cambridge. Poverty and ill health marked his university career, and had it not been for the generosity of a friend of education the "poure scholler" would have been unable to finish his course. He took his B.A. in 1573, and his M.A. in 1576. If tradition speaks correctly, he planted the mulberry tree which still survives in the garden of his college. A friendship formed at college with Gabriel Harvey, of Trinity Hall, had considerable influence upon the poet's fortunes. On leaving Cambridge he went to the north of England, and amid obscure poverty spent some years as a tutor. He had, no doubt, long been wooing the muses by the classic banks of Cam, but now the time had come when his genius was to shine out in richer lustre. It was during this time that he met that personality whose attractiveness dominated his poetic genius. Rosalind, who cannot be dissolved as a myth, made a plaything of his heart, and when tired of her sport cast it aside. Though she little knew the worth of the jewel she had thrown away, her influence remained. Love gave an impulse to his powers, and a colour to his thoughts, which may be seen in the most

beautiful and characteristic creations of his imaginative genius. The scorn of the "fair Rosalind" drove him again southward. "The sad mechanic exercise" of verse was balm to the wounded poet, and his friend told him that life was too serious a thing to be spent in vain regret for the object of his unreciprocated affection. Indeed,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

more than advice was given, for, it seems, his friend introduced him to Sir Philip Sidney, and thus opened to him—an important matter in those days—the avenue along which preferment eventually came. The noble and beautiful character of Sidney was strongly impressed upon the mind of the poet. He was naturally brought under the influence of Leicester, Sidney's uncle, by whose inter-

est he became secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, the newly appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

In 1580 the poet was in love again, and writes to Harvey of "another little Rosalind," who, however, soon disappears. About the same time his first important venture, the "Shepherd's Calendar," is given to the world. The greater part of the poem was written while a tutor in the north. It consists of twelve parts, and while in the form of a pastoral, it is such only in an allegorical sense. The shepherds are the pastors of the Church, and their sheep are the people committed to their care. It is evident the poem was founded on the model of Virgil and Theocritus. One of the pastors was intended for the archbishop of Canterbury and another for the bishop of London. The tone of the poem is Puritan, but not of an extreme kind. By this production the author was recognised among the first poets of the day. It was different from what the age had hitherto known. It was always a favourite with Spenser, who desired to be known by the name of Colin Clout, as a later poem of his specially testifies. It would be difficult, without reading the poem, for the student to get a proper impression of its character. From the couplets of the "Oak and the Briar" a fair indication may be gathered of Spenser's early powers of pictorial description and narration. The oak was aged. It had been "a goodly oak"; but now "his bared boughs were beaten with storms" and "his branches sere." By his side there "grew a bragging briar," which finds fault with the oak for its lack of use or beauty. The poor old oak had to endure the "harmful hatchet" of the husbandman, but the "briar" soon felt the loss of what gave it support.

It is said that some allusions in the "Shepherd's Calendar" to Archbishop Grindal and to Bishop Aylmer gave offence to Lord Burleigh. It is quite possible that

the patronage of Leicester and Essex may have caused the great statesmen to look with distaste on the new poet. As a dependent on Leicester, and a suitor for court favour, Spenser is supposed to have experienced many reverses. In "Mother Hubbard's Tale," which belongs to this period, Spenser gives up his opinion of the difficulties of the suitor at court. He knew the craving for advancement, the envy of others by which many were distinguished, and the unworthy means by which they sought to gain advancement. Sometimes, in gentle satire, or even humour, he condemns the vices of the age. At other times he uses great seriousness; but in all instances there may be recognised the deep moral and religious motive by which he was continually actuated. The uncertainty of court favour was brought home to Spenser. It is said that Queen Elizabeth on being presented with his poems was so greatly affected that she commanded Lord Burleigh to give the author a hundred pounds. To this the treasurer demurred. "Then," said the queen, "give him what is reason." The matter was forgotten or intentionally neglected, and some time passed without Spenser receiving anything. At length Spenser complained of her orders not being carried out, and Elizabeth demanded that her commands should not be overlooked by her minister. The picture of the misery of the suitor at court is given in some lines of "Mother Hubbard's Tale":

> "Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
> What hell it is in suing long to bide;
> To lose good days that might be better spent;
> To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
> To spend to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
> To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
> To have the Prince's grace, yet want her peer's;
> To have thy asking, yet wait many years."

After 1580 the greater part of Spenser's life was spent in Ireland. As secretary for the lord-lieutenant he had the duty of writing much in defence of the policy of the government. His services were rewarded in 1586 by a grant from Elizabeth of 3,000 acres in the County of Cork. This land formed the estate of Kilcolman, and was part of the forfeited lands of the rebel Desmonds. This generosity is ascribed to the good offices of Grey and Leicester, but it is probable that the cool and cautious Burleigh was anxious to thin the ranks of his magnificent rival by consigning to an honourable exile an adherent of Leicester's. Smitten in 1586 with a great grief on account of the bloody death of Sidney, the poet hurried across to his estate, which he was compelled to cultivate in terms of the grant. The castle of Kilcolman stood by a beautiful lake in the midst of an extensive plain surrounded with mountain ranges. Dearly he loved the wooded banks of the gentle Mulla, which ran by his home, and, doubtless, by its waters many a sweet line of his great poem was composed. He was visited here by Raleigh, who seems to have quarrelled with Essex, and to have been "chased from court" by the hot-headed favourite of royalty. With the warm friend, who now took the place of Sidney, he crossed the sea, and the first three books of the "Faerie Queene" were published. The voyage is poetically described in the pastoral of "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," where Raleigh figures as the "Shepherd of the Ocean." He received for his success as a poet a pension of fifty pounds from Elizabeth, and returned to Ireland to till his beautiful barren acres and "pipe his oaten quill." As sheriff of Cork, to which office he was subsequently appointed, he came much into collision with the Irish people, whom it was the policy to keep down with an iron hand. Indeed, in the process of governing

the unhappy country during the three hundred years that have since elapsed, history has often repeated itself. Ireland has had its own share of the policy of "thorough" and "coercion," and the peasantry has had much to endure as a result of unjust laws and traitorous agitators.

The chief events of the rest of Spenser's life were his marriage and the publication of the second three books of the "Faerie Queene" and a series of eighty-eight sonnets. The lady whom he wedded was Elizabeth Boyle, and it was in honour of the marriage that he wrote his great "Epithalamion," one of the finest of his poetical creations. After his return from England, so laurelled and rejoicing, he had, to all appearances, a long vista of happy years, bright with the love of a tender wife and blooming children, stretching out before him. In those days life was perilous in Ireland. Scarcely was he settled in his home when a rebellion arose. Hordes of "long-coated peasants" gathered around Kilcolman. The poet and his wife escaped with difficulty. It is said a new-born child, having been left behind, perished in the flames when the rebels sacked the castle. Three months later Spenser breathed his last at Westminster, at the early age of forty-seven. His is a common tale of life—bright hopes—a crushing blow—a broken heart—an early death.

In Spenser's letter to Raleigh he speaks of his masterpiece as "a continued allegory or dark conceit." The "Faerie Queene," by whom the knightly adventurers were sent forth, indicated Glory in general, but more particularly "the most excellent and glorious person of Queen Elizabeth." Twelve virtues are represented by twelve knights, who were sent forth from the court of the

Glorious Queen of Fairyland. Each of the six finished books is divided into twelve cantos. They give the legends of Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy. The ordinary reader need not feel that he should grasp the whole allegory. The high moral and religious aim of the writer will not be missed. There is no doubt many of the leading personages of Spenser's time are represented. Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Leicester, etc., are represented by Gloriana, Duessa, Prince Arthur, etc. The object of the poet was, following the example of Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, and Tasso, to write a book, coloured with historical fiction, which should " fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle disposition." Of the twelve books planned we have only six. The six form a descending scale of merit. The first two have the fresh bloom of genius upon them. The third contains some exquisite pictures of womanhood; but in the last three the divine fire is seen only in fitful and uncertain flashes. In attempting to suggest for the reader specimens of Spenser's poetry the task is embarrassing, on account of the many familiar passages so dear to students of literature. Perhaps a first acquaintance might be made by reading from the " Faerie Queene " such passages as that relating to the Red Cross Knight and Una, at the beginning of Book I.; or that of Belphœbe, Book II.; or that on the Bower of Bliss, Book II. The passage on the Ministry of Angels in Book II., and perhaps parts of the " Epithalamion," should also be read.

Spenser wrote the " Faerie Queene " after having his head full of romantic poets of Italy. The melody of their heroic metre—the *ottava rima*—had fallen on his ear. To

this metre he added a grace of his own, the ninth line—an Alexandrine—to close the cadence. The stanza in which the great poem is written, and which bears the poet's name, has been compared to the swelling wave of a summer sea, which sweeps on until it breaks upon the pebbly shore in long and measured flow. The power of the grand Spenserian stanza has been proved by Thomson, Campbell, and Byron.

The music of Spenser's finer poems has been likened to recurrent chimes. In many passages there is a beautiful harmony, combined with perfection of phrase. Monotony is seldom found, and the modulation is made bold by a happy variety of pauses. The language is rich rather than intense. Alliteration is sometimes tempted to excess, but generally much adroitness is used in this respect.

Spenser was the first poet who might challenge comparison with Chaucer. The "new poet" became the recognised title of the author of the "Faerie Queene." His power of invention was extraordinary. All the past was displayed to view with its imagery, illusion, and glory. The passion of conflict, the grossness of sin, and the tarnish of sordid motives were superseded by what was graceful, noble, and true. Next to Dante among the Italians, next to Homer and Virgil among the ancients, Spenser must be ranked. He is surpassed only by Shakespeare, and, perhaps, Milton in English literature. Of all our poets he is most truly sensuous, but of so chaste and ardent a nature that in his paintings sentiment, passion, or material loveliness becomes something higher than is generally seen on earth. By his ideal method of treatment he greatly influenced the style and language of later poets. He had many imitators among third-rate poets. The masters of style have studied his productions. Milton called him "our sage" and Dryden claimed him

Edmund Spenser

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for a master. Wordsworth and Shelley show traces of his influence, and the originality of his genius, as well as the high moral tone of his sentiments, has become a standing protest against what is low, pedantic, and commonplace.

READING FROM SPENSER.

FROM "THE FAERIE QUEENE."

THE OPENING STANZAS OF THE FIRST CANTO.

A GENTLE Knight was *pricking* on the plaine, [*riding*
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was *ydrad.* [*feared*

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious Queene of Faery lond,)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:

And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her, in a line, a milke-white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal Feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearièd with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;

Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommer's pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seems; so in they entred ar.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of forests all;
The aspine good for staves; the cypresse funerall;

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;
The eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The birch for shaftes; the sallow for the mill;
The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull olive; and the platane round;
The carver holme; the maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That, which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;

Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave,
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

1. "Spenser was the earliest of our great modern writers in verse, as ——— was the earliest of our great modern writers in prose."—DEAN CHURCH. Who was our "first great modern writer in prose" as indicated here? What was the name of his greatest work? What is the epithet usually applied to this great man when his name is mentioned?

2. Three great men of the Elizabethan age were, one after another, Spenser's friends and patrons. In them he thought he "saw realised his conception of human excellence and nobleness." These three great men were the prototypes of several of the principal personages of his great allegory. A fourth great man of that age was also in part a prototype of a personage in the allegory. Who were these great men? Who are the personages in the allegory of which they were the prototypes?

3. "Master Gridley lifted his eyebrows very slightly, remembering that some had called Spenser the poets' poet." In what well-known novel of a foremost American writer is this remark to be found? What is the point of the remark?

4. What was Macaulay's celebrated animadversion upon the "Faerie Queene"? Where is it to be found?

FRANCIS BACON.

FRANCIS BACON.

THE BEGINNING OF MODERN SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M.A.

Bacon, in the universal opinion of scholars and critics, possessed one of the greatest intellects the world has ever produced. By every one he is reckoned to have been, next to Shakespeare, the greatest literary personage in the Elizabethan age; and by many he is reckoned to be, next to Shakespeare, the greatest literary personage in the whole history of English thought. He was the first great writer of English prose, and from his own day to the present he has always been judged to be one of the greatest masters of prose in the English language. He has been called the "father of modern science," the inventor and first great user of the modern system of inductive reasoning or logic, the first great apostle of the study of nature, and the first great prophet and exponent of the principles of modern civilisation—the civilisation which results from the general application of the arts derived from the study of the laws of nature to the comfort and well-being of the masses of mankind. In great measure all these claims

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for him are well based. He was the most wonderful man of his age. He seems to have been familiar with the whole realm of knowledge, as then explored, except the province of mathematics. He was equally great and masterful in whatever he undertook, whether in literature,

SIR FRANCIS BACON.

in philosophy, or in practical affairs. As a politician his counsel was always of the shrewdest, his policy the wisest and best adapted to reach what it aimed at. As a lawyer, in an age fertile in great lawyers, he had only one rival—the celebrated Edward Coke, and Coke was superior to him only in his knowledge of minute details. As a

pleader at the bar and the handler of difficult legal cases he had no rival whatever. As an adviser of his queen or king the opinion of all subsequent times is that his counsels were always the most prudent that could possibly have been given. As an officer of government his policy was always astute and practicable. His industry—his capacity for work and for getting through work—both in his public duties and in his private pursuits, was nothing short of marvellous. He rose to the very highest positions in the state that it was possible for a subject to occupy. He was employed by his king in the gravest matters. He was acknowledged to be the most powerful orator, the most convincing debater, the shrewdest counsellor, in parliament. Among contemporary scholars and critics, not merely in his own country but in all Europe, he enjoyed the reputation of being the wisest and ablest man of his age. And yet, despite all this contemporary reputation, and all this posthumous fame, Bacon was neither popular nor highly honoured while living, nor has he been the secure possessor of unsullied glory in his death. His greatness was wholly intellectual and impersonal. It derived no part of its worth from his character as a man. While in no sense a bad or a weak man, yet in the world of action about him, in the great struggle for place and position, in which nearly all his life he was actively engaged, he ever showed that he was not wholly a good or a strong man. As it was with the ancient Greeks so it was with him—his intellectual endowments were superior to the strength and toughness of his moral fibre. His whole life, therefore, presents the sad spectacle of one who, knowing the right, often, not so much chose the wrong path, as showed his readiness to enter it if the doing so would promote his advancement toward station, wealth, and power. Despite his intellectual greatness he

rarely rose to the height of moral greatness. His fall, therefore, when it came, was all the more awful and melancholy, for until then only those who knew him intimately knew how weak and invertebrate his moral character was.

Francis Bacon, afterward Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, was born at York house, in the Strand, London, January 22, 1561, the third year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His father was Sir Nicholas Bacon, who then and for the remainder of his life was lord keeper, or head of the Court of Chancery—the court that Francis Bacon, first as lord keeper and later as lord chancellor, was afterward to preside over with such momentous consequences to himself. His mother was the sister of the wife of that William Cecil (Lord Burghley) who for so many years was Elizabeth's most trusted minister, and whose son (afterward Lord Salisbury, ancestor of the Lord Salisbury who was one time prime minister of England) was in turn the most trusted minister of both Elizabeth and her successor, James. Bacon's mother was a woman of the greatest learning and intellectual accomplishments in an age when many women were both learned and accomplished. Bacon, therefore, in his youth enjoyed every advantage which high station, intimate association with the court, and free intercourse with learned and noble people, could give him. His abilities showed themselves early. The queen delighted to converse with him and used to call him "her young lord keeper." At sixteen he formed a part, though of course a minor one, of the queen's embassy to France. His father, who was both kind and discerning, had recognised his abilities and had determined to provide him with a competence, so that he might be independent of court patronage (in those days almost the only means of getting on that was available to a young man) and thus be able to pursue whatever course

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in life his genius called him to. But unfortunately for Bacon's well-being, unfortunately, no doubt, for the general well-being of all coming ages, Sir Nicholas Bacon died before he had time to make legally secure the provision he had intended for his gifted son. Francis Bacon, therefore, at the age of eighteen (1579), found himself a comparatively poor youth, with neither profession nor expectations of patrimony to fall back upon. He at once, however, began the study of law. He pursued this study, as he did every other in which he engaged during his long life, with the utmost diligence, and the utmost determination to excel. He was called to the bar in 1582, and he was soon known to be an able lawyer and a good pleader. But even in those early days Bacon had set before him, not success as a lawyer, nor even success in politics, as a main object in life. His chief wish was to use his abilities (for he accurately perceived their scope and range) toward the amelioration of the world's condition by extending the bounds of its knowledge of nature, and by obtaining for it the comforts and blessings which a true knowledge of nature and of the laws of nature undoubtedly supplies. However, he made the fatal mistake of trying to obtain this position of affluent leisure, not as a result of success gained in law, or in literature, or in eminent public service gradually worked up to, but as an immediate gift from court. He became, therefore, a supplicant for court favours, and, as time went on, an importunate, sycophantic supplicant, whose assiduity of solicitation no coldness of reception, no disdain, no rebuff, no disappointment or postponement of his hopes, could ever for a moment check or repress. From the very beginning of his career to the very end of it, even when he had every reason to believe that the queen, or king, and all the court, considered his importunities as little better than a beggar's, Bacon was

the most persistent, the most shameless, the most irrepressible, of patronage seekers.

There is the excuse to be offered for Bacon at the beginning of his career that he had every reason for believing that his suits at court would be favourably received. His family connections were of the highest standing. His father for years had been an honoured servant of the queen. His uncle and his cousin were, as has been said, the queen's highest ministers of state and her most trusted advisers. He was conscious of his own ability and of his power to be of service, and there can be little doubt that the queen and all her court were conscious of this also. Of his zealous loyalty, too, there could be no doubt. And whenever an opportunity was afforded him to evince his zeal or his ability in the queen's service, he not only embraced it with ardour but acquitted himself in regard to it to the queen's most perfect satisfaction. But whether it was that he was overzealous, or that his powerful relations at court were jealous of his ability, and so, purposely, kept the queen's regard aloof from him, or whether it was that both the queen and her advisers recognised in him a pliancy of conduct which, in consideration of his professed high-minded devotion to philosophy and the philanthropic betterment of the world through the extension of knowledge, gave them something of disgust—whatever it was, he certainly received no substantial preferment during the queen's whole reign, and he was forty-two years of age when she died.

It can scarcely be doubted, however, that Bacon's faults of character—even some perhaps that we now can scarcely appreciate—were well known to his contemporaries, and that these helped greatly to thwart his preferment. He had a caustic tongue and its wit was rarely spared. He thus made few friends among the persons of his own class

with whom he most associated. (His dependents, however, spoke invariably of his kindness and condescension.) Again, his pretensions to knowledge—to nothing less than universal knowledge—and his unrestrained contempt for much of what the world then held to be knowledge, but which he, correctly enough, saw to be error and prejudice, reasonable as it all seems to us now, must have seemed to his contemporaries so preposterous that they can scarcely be blamed if they deemed him self-sufficient and conceited. Even his uncle Burghley, when Bacon wrote to him that "he had taken all knowledge to be his province," could not endure his self-complacency and rebuked him sharply for it. But worse for him, perhaps, than anything else, was the general conviction that, for all his apparent high-mindedness, he was in reality, as regards that sense of honour which Englishmen in all ages have most revered—the honour which implies loyalty and devotion to one's friend—no more than common clay. Bacon's one friend in all his life—the one man alone outside of the circle of professed scholars and recluses—who stood up for him and tried to forward his interests, was Essex, that young and gifted earl whose life, although he had been her dearest favourite, Elizabeth, by her frowardness and caprice, irretrievably ruined. Essex had discerned Bacon's ability and recognised his genius, and in his days of good fortune had striven hard to get him appointed—first as attorney-general, and when that project failed—to the lower but still very honourable and lucrative position of solicitor-general; and when failure met this project also he had consoled his friend, who was in debt (unfortunately Bacon was always in debt), by making him a handsome present in land—in fact, by endowing him with a considerable estate. And yet afterward, when Essex was on trial for his life, Bacon, simply because the

queen had asked him to do so, took a leading part in the conduct of the case against his former benefactor, and by his skill undoubtedly became the chief means of bringing it to the conclusion that the queen and court desired. It must be said that Bacon in this matter did nothing which, in strict justice as between himself and his country, he, as a queen's counsel, ought not to have done, for Essex had undoubtedly been guilty of treason. But if his finer feelings as a man had not been overridden by his ambition to win the queen's favour, and thus promote his own advancement, Bacon would never have taken a part in the trial at all. As it was he gained some reputation as a lawyer, and won for the moment the queen's approval, but he also gained, in the judgment both of contemporaries and of all posterity, the character of one whose heart was cold and calculating, and whose actions were circumscribed always by what he conceived to be his interest.

In James's reign royal favour came more freely to Bacon; but even then for a long time it was slow and hesitating in its descent upon him. He was made a knight of James's accession (1603)—not as he would have wished it, alone and individually, but along with three hundred others. In 1607, however, at the age of forty-six, he was made solicitor-general. In 1613, at the age of fifty-two, he was made attorney-general. In these offices, by consummate zeal and industry, as well as by his transcendent ability, he soon showed, both to the court and to the people, that his own estimate of himself had been a right one, and that he should have been promoted to exalted public service much earlier in his career. But Bacon's inveterate passion to stand well with the court was destined to be a fatal one. James was now controlled by that most powerful of English royal favourites, the duke

of Buckingham, and Bacon became Buckingham's warmest admirer; and had it not been for his native adroitness he would have become Buckingham's most facile tool. As it was he managed to win, and for some time to hold, Buckingham's favour without much loss of honour; but what loss of honour he did suffer was fatal to him. By Buckingham's influence he was promoted (May, 1617) to the high office of lord keeper, the office that once had been his father's. In January of the next year he was made lord chancellor. In July, 1618, he became a peer, with the title of Baron Verulam; in January, 1621, he was made Viscount St. Albans. He was now the highest subject in the realm. He was the possessor of the most honourable post in the kingdom. He was the principal adviser of the king, the head of the king's government, and the chief judge in the greatest, the most honourable, the most powerful court in the kingdom. And he was, too, so far as the world could judge, the most exemplary judge that ever sat in that court. In three months after his appointment he had, by unparalleled industry, worked off every case in the court. He had just published (October, 1620) his "Novum Organum," the first installment of his great design, his "Instauratio Magna" or "Great Restoration." No man's place could seem higher or more glorious. The world of literature, of philosophy, of science, lay at his feet. So, also, seemed to lie the world of power, of kingly honour, of popular regard and esteem. But in a little while, in a few months, everything was changed. Parliament met. Inquiries were set on foot into governmental abuses and official delinquencies. Buckingham's influence over the king was regarded as an evil that must be immediately checked. Committees were appointed to examine into the extent of the influence. It was found that he had been getting the lord chancellor

SIR FRANCIS BACON.

(Redrawn from an old print.)

(Bacon) to expedite matters in the Court of Chancery to favour his friends. Other inquiries were then set on foot, with the chancellor's misdoings as their object. Bacon had many enemies and few friends. Coke, in the lower house, who had long been Bacon's successful rival, but whom lately, in the plenitude of his power, Bacon had deprived of his chief-justiceship, was his inveterate enemy. Suffolk, in the upper house, whom he had helped to imprisonment because of his part with Essex, was also his inveterate enemy. It was found that the lord chancellor had in his court accepted gifts, presents, even bribes! He was formally accused. He saw that his ruin was complete, that his enemies would not spare him any humiliation, and he at once made as complete and as particular a confession of his wrongdoing as could well be. He was fined £40,000. He was condemned to imprisonment in the Tower during the king's pleasure. He was declared to be incapable in future of holding any place or office in the gift of king or people. And he was forbidden ever again to sit in parliament, or to come within the precincts of the court. The fine was remitted. The imprisonment was shortened to a few days. But Bacon's ruin was complete. The parliamentary condemnation was never removed. And, though he persisted in petitioning for office or employment from the king, almost to the day of his death, neither the king nor Buckingham lifted a hand in his favour. He was at once too good and not good enough for courtly work in those times. Had he been a vile man, a forceful, unscrupulous, downright wicked and revengeful man, he might have held his own. But Bacon was neither vile nor unscrupulous nor revengeful. He was on the whole a good man. Yet gifted as he was beyond all other men, industrious and energetic as he was beyond all other men, he was still too pliant and inver-

tebrate to suit anybody's taste; and so king, court, and parliament, all alike, abandoned him.

It must be said in extenuation of Bacon's wrongdoing that, though he confessed to accepting gifts in his high office of chancellor, he did not confess to perverting justice. Nay, more, he claimed that he had been the justest judge in that office "in the four changes that had been" since his father's time. Nor, indeed, has it ever been proved, nor can any claim be made out in support of proof, that he ever did pervert justice, even in the slightest degree. Bacon's clear conception of what—in respect of purity and freedom from suspicion—a high court of justice should be, impelled him to acknowledge guilt at once; whereas a man of less clearness of vision, but of greater self-respect, or "more backbone," as the phrase is, would have fought for his character, and would have shown easily enough that what wrong he had done was nothing other than what many of his predecessors had done, and what other judges in other high courts were also doing, all the time.

Bacon from his first entrance upon public affairs had lived a double life. To the general eye he was the industrious and brilliant lawyer, or the able and shrewd crown officer or judge, and also, alas! all the while the sycophantic, self-seeking courtier. But Bacon lived another and an entirely different existence. In the privacy of his own study he was a superior being. He was there filled with the ardour of a great and noble purpose; a purpose as great and noble as it is possible for the mind of man to conceive. And any labour or pains that he took as a lawyer or judge was as nothing compared with the infinitely patient industry which he lavished upon his philosophic and scientific pursuits. These were his perpetual solace, his unfailing resource in every disappoint-

ment and rebuff of fortune, just as they were also his main delight when everything went well with him. And when the greatest blow of all came upon him—when it

BURIAL-PLACE OF BACON.

Bacon is buried in the yard of the little Church of St. Michael, within the ruins of the ancient Roman city of Verulam, near St. Albans, England. Bacon was Baron of Verulam and Viscount of St. Albans. Within a niche on the side of the chancel is his effigy in marble.

seemed as if from such a wreck nothing could be saved—even then Bacon turned to the pursuits of his inner and higher life with the calm, untroubled passion of a being from another world. But he was now past sixty and his

best working days were over. Besides, he could not even then refrain from perpetually pursuing the *ignis fatuus* of court employment and kingly favour. His industry in his private studies, however, never abated, and his zeal to add to the world's knowledge was as fervid as ever. And his end came to him, perhaps, as he would have wished it. One day, in going a journey, he bethought himself of making an experiment to try what effect cold would have in arresting putrefaction. He stopped his coach, bought a fowl from a woman by the way, and stuffed it with snow. In doing so, however, he took a chill, and in a few days he died—April 9, 1626, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and in the fifth after his great fall.

TEN-MINUTE TALK.

By Theodore W. Hunt, Ph.D.,

Sometime Professor of Literature, Princeton University.

THE GENIUS OF BACON AND THE GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE COMPARED.

Definition is a very difficult matter, in that it assumes a thorough understanding of the term to be defined, and of its relations to all other terms with which it might be confounded. Such words as law, idea, force, virtue, art, and literature are thus hard to reduce to an exact and a satisfactory definition, and are, even yet, open to greater or less criticism. Such a word is genius, almost as many explanations of it existing as there are philosophic and literary critics. What is its nature, what its province, what its relation to instinct, to talent, to personal effort and industry, to environment? These are questions that divide the critics.

According to Schlegel, the great German critic, it is "the almost unconscious choice of the highest degree of excellence." "To believe your own thought," said Emerson, "to believe that what is true for you is true for all men," is real genius. Cousin, the brilliant French writer, speaks of it as "the rapid and vivid perception of

the proportion in which the ideal and the real should be united." Dr. Samuel Johnson, the notable English essayist, expressed it in significant language and in concrete form when he said: "A genius is a mind of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular direction." Thus the definitions and descriptions go on, having certain common characteristics and yet strangely differing, the particular personality of the individual under discussion largely determining both the quality and scope of his ability. Thus we speak of the genius of Dante, of Homer, of Cervantes, of Tasso, of Goethe, of Milton, and of Poe. There is a scientific order of genius, as in Agassiz and Joseph Henry; and, at the other extreme, a commercial order, as seen in the great capitalists and financiers of history; a genius of the civic or political type, as in Machiavelli; of the linguistic type, as in Max Müller; of the military type, as in Napoleon; of the artistic, as in Ruskin; and of the philosophic, as in Aristotle. So, there is a distinctive genius in authorship as seen in what Mr. Eric Robertson calls "the great writers" of any age and nation. Here belong Bacon and Shakespeare, each of them found within the specific province of literature, and each of them living and working in the same notable era of English civilisation and letters, in the golden age of Queen Elizabeth; the one born in London, 1561; the other, in Stratford, 1564; the one, the first great modern English prose writer; the other, the first great modern English dramatist; Bacon, a graduate of Cambridge; and Shakespeare, a self-taught man and author; the one, dying at Highgate, in 1626, at the age of sixty-five; the other, at Stratford, in 1616, at the early age of fifty-two; while their names are still strangely connected in modern criticisms by the discussion that is urged as to the possible Baconian authorship of the Shakespearean

plays. The study before us as to their relative genius is an important one in its bearings on this mooted question of the authorship of the plays.

That each of these two great writers was a genius there can be no question. The very theme we are discussing assumes this; the history of English literary criticism emphasises it, and a candid examination of the works of each author more and more clearly confirms it. If we inquire, more particularly, as to the precise character, province, and expression of their genius, respectively, it is well to note, first of all, one accepted characteristic of genius which they possessed in common.

Each of them was a man and an author, as Dr. Johnson would express it, "of large general powers," capable of taking a comprehensive view of truth and of the world in which he lived. Such comprehensiveness is essential to the very existence of genius, and is second to no other in its character and value. It includes, in its last analysis, insight and outlook—a profound and, at the same time, a far-reaching view of truth and fact, of man and the world. No one can read the prose of Bacon and the poetry of Shakespeare without feeling that he is dealing, in each case, with an order of mind that is both acute and expansive, and ever striving, in Baconian phrase, to widen the bounds of human knowledge. Sprague writes of Shakespeare "that he looked creation through." The same may be said of Bacon. In this sense their minds were catholic and cosmopolitan; free from all narrowness and the usual limitations incident to the finite understanding. As Shakespeare writes of the poet, so may it be said of both of them, that they "glanced from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," scanning at will the spacious realm of being and of truth. Hence, the affluence of their minds and the versatility of their writings. Though Bacon

wrote in prose and Shakespeare in verse, there is a sense in which each of them traversed the whole area of human knowledge, quite irrespective of any conventional limits; and though, in prose itself, Bacon confined his work to certain forms, as Shakespeare did in verse, such apparent restriction was apparent only; so that in whatever sphere of authorship they expressed their gifts the gifts were seen to be those of genius in the sense of capaciousness of insight and outlook.

Just here we must note the difference and the ground of the difference between Bacon and Shakespeare and the other authors of the Elizabethan age, even the greatest, such as Spenser, and Marlowe, and Hooker, and Ben Jonson, in that no one of these contemporaries was thus deep-minded and wide-minded, "looking ahead into universality." It is at this point, once again, that the question of the authorship of the plays as Baconian finds some plausible basis in the conceded comprehensiveness of the great chancellor's mind in common with that of his illustrious contemporary.

If it be asked which of these two masters had the more comprehensive genius, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to give an intelligent answer.

While general criticism has answered the question in favour of Shakespeare, and while, if forced to an opinion, we ourselves should give the benefit of the doubt to him, the problem is so complex that it were better to accord to each the possession of intellectual breadth, without insisting on close distinction as to their comparative comprehensiveness.

There are, however, elements of difference to which the attention of the reader may be called.

Conceding that the mental range of the one was equal to that of the other, we may note some contrasts by saying

SELECTED CRITICAL STUDIES.

BACON'S GREAT SERVICE TO THE WORLD.

It was not as an experimenter, investigator, or technical teacher, but as a thinker and writer, that Bacon rendered his great service to the world. This consisted essentially in the contribution of two magnificent ideas to the common stock of thought: the idea of the utility of science, as able to subjugate the forces of nature to the use of man; and the idea of continued and boundless progress in the comfort and happiness of the individual life and in the order and dignity of human society. From early manhood he was inspired by the conception of infinite resources in the material world, for the discovery and employment of which the human mind is adapted. He never wearied of pointing out the imperfection and fruitlessness of the methods of inquiry and of invention hitherto in use, and the splendid results which could be rapidly attained if a combined and systematic effort were made to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. This led him directly to the conception of an improved and advancing civilisation; to the utterance, in a thousand varied, impressive, and fascinating forms, of that idea of human progress which is the inspiration, the characteristic, and the hope of the modern world. Bacon was the first of men to grasp these

ideas in all their comprehensiveness as feasible purposes, as practical aims; to teach the development of them as the supreme duty and ambition of his contemporaries, and to look forward instead of behind him for the golden age. Enforcing and applying these thoughts with a wealth of learning, a keenness of wit, a soundness of judgment, and a suggestiveness of illustration, unequalled by any writer before him, he became the greatest literary power of modern times to stimulate minds in every department of life to their noblest efforts and their worthiest achievements. —CHARLTON T. LEWIS, *in Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature."*

BACON'S APPRECIATION OF THE SUBSTANCE RATHER THAN THE OUTER ADORNING.

Literature has a twofold aspect: its ideal is pure truth, which is the noblest thought embodied in perfect beauty of form. It is the union of science and art—the final wedding in which are merged the knowledge worthy to be known and the highest imagination presenting it. There is a school calling itself that of pure art, to which substance is nothing and form is everything. Its measure of merit is applied to the manner only, and the meanest of subjects, the most trivial and even the most degraded of ideas or facts, is welcomed to its high places if clothed in a satisfying garb. But this school, though arrogant in the other arts of expression, has not yet been welcomed to the judgment seat in literature, where, indeed, it is passing even now to contempt and oblivion. Bacon's instinct was for substance. His strongest passion was for utility. The artistic side of his nature was receptive rather than creative. Splendid passages in the "Ad-

vancement" and the "De Augmentis" show his profound appreciation of all the arts of expression, but show likewise his inability to glorify them above that which they express. In his mind, language is subordinate to thought, and the painting to the picture, just as the frame is to the painting or the binding to the book. He writes always in the grand style. He reminds us of "the large utterance of the early gods." His sentences are weighted with thought, as suggestive as Plato, as condensed as Thucydides. Full of wit, keen in discerning analogies, rich in intellectual ornament, he is yet too concentrated in his attention to the idea to care for the melody of language. He decorates with fruits, not with flowers. For metrical movement, for rhythmic harmony, he has no ear nor sense. Inconceivable as it is that Shakespeare could have written one aphorism of the "Novum Organum," it would be far more absurd to imagine Bacon writing a line of the sonnets. With the loftiest imagination, the liveliest fancy, the keenest sense of precision and appropriateness in words, he lacks the special gift of poetic form, the faculty divine which finds new inspiration in the very limitations of measured language, and whose natural expression is music alike to the ear and to the mind. His powers were cramped by the fetters of metre, and his attempts to versify even rich thought and deep feeling were puerile. But his prose is by far the weightiest, the most lucid, effective, and pleasing of his day. The poet Sprat justly says:

> "He was a man of strong, clear, and powerful imaginations; his genius was searching and inimitable; and of this I need give no other proof than his style itself, which, as for the most part it describes men's minds as well as pictures do their bodies, so it did his above all men living."

And Ben Jonson, who knew him well, describes his

From an Old Engraving.

Sir Francis Bacon

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eloquence in terms which are confirmed by all we know of his parliamentary career:

"One though he be excellent and the chief, is not to be imitated alone: for no imitator ever grew up to his author—likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (when he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more rightly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded when he spoke and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end."—CHARLTON T. LEWIS.

BACON'S "ESSAYS."

It is by the "Essays" that Bacon is best known to the multitude. The "Novum Organum" and the "De Augmentis" are much talked of but little read. They have produced, indeed, a vast effect on the opinions of mankind, but they have produced it through the operation of intermediate agents. They have moved the intellects which have moved the world. It is in the "Essays" alone that the mind of Bacon is brought into immediate contact with the minds of ordinary readers. There he opens an exoteric school, and talks to plain men, in language which everybody understands, about things in which everybody is interested. He has thus enabled those who must otherwise have taken his merits on trust to judge for themselves, and the great body of readers have, during several generations, acknowledged that the man who has treated with such consummate ability questions with which they are familiar, may well be supposed to deserve all the praise

bestowed on him by those who have sat in his inner school.—LORD MACAULAY.

BACON'S "NOVUM ORGANUM."

Without any disparagement to the admirable treatise "De Augmentis," we must say that in our judgment Bacon's greatest performance is the first book of the "Novum Organum." All the peculiarities of his extraordinary mind are found there in the highest perfection. Many of the aphorisms, but particularly those in which he gives examples of the influence of the "idola," show a nicety of observation that has never been surpassed. Every part of the book blazes with wit, but with wit which is employed only to illustrate and decorate truth. No book ever made so great a revolution in the mode of thinking, overthrew so many prejudices, introduced so many new opinions. Yet no book was ever written in a less contentious spirit. It truly conquers with chalk and not with steel. Proposition after proposition enters into the mind, is received not as an invader but as a welcome friend, and, though previously unknown, becomes at once domesticated. But what we most admire is the vast capacity of that intellect which, without effort, takes in at once all the domains of science, all the past, the present, and the future, all the errors of two thousand years, all the encouraging signs of the passing times, all the bright hopes of the coming age. Cowley, who was among the most ardent and not among the least discerning followers of the new philosophy, has in one of his finest poems compared Bacon to Moses standing on Mount Pisgah. It is to Bacon, we think, as he appears in the first book of the "Novum Organum," that the comparison applies with peculiar felicity. There we see the great lawgiver looking

round from his lonely elevation on an infinite expanse; behind him a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters in which successive generations have sojourned, always moving, yet never advancing, reaping no harvest and building no abiding city; before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey. While the multitude below saw only the flat, sterile desert in which they had so long wandered, bounded on every side by a near horizon, or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, he was gazing from a far higher stand on a far lovelier country, following with his eye the long course of fertilising rivers, through ample pastures, and under the bridges of great capitals, measuring the distances of marts and havens, and portioning out all those wealthy regions from Dan to Beersheba.—LORD MACAULAY.

BACON'S PHILOSOPHY AND BACON'S ACTUAL LIFE CONTRASTED.

It is painful to turn back from contemplating Bacon's philosophy to contemplate his life. Yet without so turning back it is impossible fairly to estimate his powers. He left the university at an earlier age than that at which most people repair thither. While yet a boy he was plunged into the midst of diplomatic business. Thence he passed to the study of a vast technical system of law and worked his way up through a succession of laborious offices to the highest post in his profession. In the meantime he took an active part in every parliament; he was an adviser of the crown; he paid court with the greatest assiduity and address to all whose favour was likely to be of use to him; he lived much in society; he noted the slightest peculiarities of character and the slightest changes of fashion. Scarcely any man has led a more

stirring life than that which Bacon led from sixteen to sixty. Scarcely any man has been better entitled to be called a thorough man of the world. The founding of a new philosophy, the imparting of a new direction to the minds of speculators, this was the amusement of his leisure, the work of hours occasionally stolen from the Woolsack and the Council Board. This consideration, while it increases the admiration with which we regard his intellect, increases also our regret that such an intellect should so often have been unworthily employed. He well knew the better course, and had, at one time, resolved to pursue it. "I confess," said he in a letter written when he was still young, "that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends." Had his civil ends continued to be moderate he would have been not only the Moses but the Joshua of philosophy. He would have fulfilled a large part of his own magnificent predictions. He would have led his followers not only to the verge but into the heart of the promised land. He would not merely have pointed out but would have divided the spoil. Above all, he would have left not only a great but a spotless name. Mankind would then have been able to esteem their illustrious benefactor. We should not then be compelled to regard his character with mingled contempt and admiration, with mingled aversion and gratitude. We should not then regret that there should be so many proofs of the narrowness and selfishness of a heart the benevolence of which was yet large enough to take in all races and all ages. We should not then have to blush for the disingenuousness of the most devoted worshipper of speculative truth, for the servility of the boldest champion of intellectual freedom. We should not then have seen the same man at one time far in the van and at another time far in the rear of his generation. We should

not then be forced to own that he who first treated legislation as a science was among the last Englishmen who used the rack, that he who first summoned philosophers to the great work of interpreting nature was among the last Englishmen who sold justice. And we should conclude our survey of a life placidly, honourably, beneficently passed, "in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries," with feelings very different from those with which we now turn away from the checkered spectacle of so much glory and so much shame.—LORD MACAULAY.

READINGS FROM BACON.

I. FROM "THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING."

THE USE OF REASON IN RELIGION.

THE use of human reason in religion is of two sorts: the former, in the conception and apprehension of the mysteries of God to us revealed; the other, in the inferring and deriving of doctrine and direction thereupon. The former extendeth to the mysteries themselves; but how? by way of illustration, and not by way of argument. The latter consisteth indeed of probation and argument. In the former we see God vouchsafeth to descend to our capacity, in the expressing of his mysteries in sort as may be sensible unto us; and doth grift his revelations and holy doctrine upon the notions of our reason, and applieth his inspirations to open our understanding, as the form of the key to the ward of the lock. For the latter, there is allowed us an use of reason and argument, secondary and respective, although not original and absolute. For after the articles and principles of religion are placed and exempted from examination of reason, it is then permitted unto us to make derivations and inferences from and according to the analogy of them, for our better direction. In nature this holdeth not; for both the principles are

examinable by induction, though not by a medium or syllogism; and besides, those principles or first positions have no discordance with that reason which draweth down and deduceth the inferior positions. But yet it holdeth not in religion alone, but in many knowledges, both of greater and smaller nature, namely, wherein there are not only *posita* but *placita;* for in such there can be no use of absolute reason. We see it familiarly in games of wit, as chess, or the like. The draughts and first laws of the game are positive, but how? merely *ad placitum*, and not examinable by reason; but then how to direct our play thereupon with best advantage to win the game, is artificial and rational. So in human laws there be many grounds and maxims which are *placita juris*, positive upon authority, and not upon reason, and therefore not to be disputed: but what is most just, not absolutely but relatively, and according to those maxims, that affordeth a long field of disputation. Such therefore is that secondary reason, which hath place in divinity, which is grounded upon the *placets* of God.

2. FROM "THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING."

POESY.

POESY is a part of learning in measure of words for the most part restrained, but in all other points extremely licensed, and doth truly refer to the imagination; which, being not tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which nature hath severed, and sever that which nature hath joined; and so make unlawful matches and divorces of things; *Pictoribus atque poetis, &c.* It is taken in two senses in respect of words or matter. In the first sense it is but a character of style, and belongeth to arts

of speech, and is not pertinent for the present. In the latter it is (as hath been said) one of the principal portions of learning, and is nothing else but feigned history, which may be styled as well in prose as in verse.

The use of this feigned history hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul; by reason whereof there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical. Because true history propoundeth the successes and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore poesy feigns them more just in retribution, and more according to revealed providence. Because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary and less interchanged, therefore poesy endueth them with more rareness, and more unexpected and alternative variations. So as it appeareth that poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation. And therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things. And we see that by these insinuations and congruities with man's nature and pleasure, joined also with the agreement and consort it hath with music, it hath had access and estimation in rude times and barbarous regions, where other learning stood excluded.

The division of poesy which is aptest in the propriety thereof (besides those divisions which are common unto it

with history, as feigned chronicles, feigned lives, and the appendices of history, as feigned epistles, feigned orations, and the rest) is into poesy narrative, representative, and allusive. The narrative is a mere imitation of history, with the excesses before remembered; choosing for subject commonly wars and love, rarely state, and sometimes pleasure or mirth. Representative is as a visible history; and is an image of actions as if they were present, as history is of actions in nature as they are, (that is) past. Allusive or parabolical is a narration applied only to express some special purpose or conceit. Which latter kind of parabolical wisdom was much more in use in the ancient times, as by the fables of Æsop, and the brief sentences of the Seven, and the use of hieroglyphics may appear. And the cause was, for that it was then of necessity to express any point of reason which was more sharp or subtle than the vulgar in that manner, because men in those times wanted both variety of examples and subtilty of conceit. And as hieroglyphics were before letters, so parables were before arguments: and nevertheless now and at all times they do retain much life and vigour, because reason cannot be so sensible, nor example so fit.

3. FROM "THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING."

THE DELIGHTS OF LEARNING.

Scilicet ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros;[1]

IT taketh away the wildness and barbarism and fierceness of men's minds: but indeed the accent had need be

[1] "To have learned faithfully the liberal arts, softens manners, and prevents them from being rude" (literally translated).

upon *fideliter:* [it must be a *true* proficiency:] for a little superficial learning doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity, and insolency, by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the mind, and to accept of nothing but examined and tried. It taketh away vain admiration of any thing, which is the root of all weakness. For all things are admired, either because they are new, or because they are great. For novelty, no man that wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but will find that printed in his heart *Nil novi super terram.*[1] Neither can any man marvel at the play of puppets, that goeth behind the curtain and adviseth well of the motion. And for magnitude, as Alexander the Great after that he was used to great armies and the great conquests of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece of some fights and services there, which were commonly for a passage or a fort or some walled town at the most, he said, *It seemed to him that he was advertised of the battles of the frogs and the mice, that the old tales went of:* so certainly if a man meditate much upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it (the divineness of souls except) will not seem much other than an ant-hill, whereas some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust. It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death or adverse fortune; which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue and imperfections of manners. For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken,

[1] "There is nothing new under the sun."

and went forth the next day and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead; and thereupon said, *Heri vidi fragilem frangi, hodie vidi mortalem mori.* . . .[1]

It were too long to go over the particular remedies which learning doth minister to all the diseases of the mind; sometimes purging the ill humours, sometimes opening the obstructions, sometimes helping digestion, sometimes increasing appetite, sometimes healing the wounds and exulcerations thereof, and the like; and therefore I will conclude with that which hath *rationem totius;* which is, that it disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of growth and reformation. For the unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself or to call himself to account, nor the pleasure of that *suavissima vita, in dies sentire se fieri meliorem.* The good parts he hath he will learn to shew to the full and use them dexterously, but not much to increase them: the faults he hath he will learn how to hide and colour them, but not much to amend them; like an ill mower, that mows on still and never whets his scythe: whereas with the learned man it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof. Nay further, in general and in sum, certain it is that *veritas* and *bonitas* differ but as the seal and the print; for truth prints goodness, and they be the clouds of error which descend in the storms of passions and perturbations.

From moral virtue let us pass on to matter of power and commandment, and consider whether in right reason there be any comparable with that wherewith knowledge investeth and crowneth man's nature. We see the dignity of the commandment is according to the dignity

[1] "Yesterday I saw the brittle breaking; to-day I have seen the mortal die."

of the commanded: to have commandment over beasts, as herdsmen have, is a thing contemptible; to have commandment over children, as schoolmasters have, is a matter of small honour; to have commandment over galley-slaves is a disparagement rather than an honour. Neither is the commandment of tyrants much better, over people which have put off the generosity of their minds: and therefore it was ever holden that honours in free monarchies and commonwealths had a sweetness more than in tyrannies; because the commandment extendeth more over the wills of men, and not only over their deeds and services. . . . But yet the commandment of knowledge is yet higher than the commandment over the will; for it is a commandment over the reason, belief, and understanding of man, which is the highest part of the mind, and giveth law to the will itself. For there is no power on earth which setteth up a throne or chair of estate in the spirits and souls of men, and in their cogitations, imaginations, opinions, and beliefs, but knowledge and learning. And therefore we see the detestable and extreme pleasure that arch-heretics and false prophets and impostors are transported with, when they once find in themselves that they have a superiority in the faith and conscience of men; so great, that if they have once tasted of it, it is seldom seen that any torture or persecution can make them relinquish or abandon it. But as this is that which the author of the Revelation calleth the depth or profoundness of Satan; so by argument of contraries, the just and lawful sovereignty over men's understanding, by force of truth rightly interpreted, is that which approacheth nearest to the similitude of the divine rule. . . .

Again, for the pleasure and delight of knowledge and learning, it far surpasseth all other in nature: for shall the pleasures of the affections so exceed the senses, as much

as the obtaining of desire or victory exceedeth a song or a dinner; and must not of consequence the pleasures of the intellect or understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections? We see in all other pleasures there is satiety, and after they be used, their verdure departeth; which sheweth well they be but deceits of pleasure, and not pleasures; and that it was the novelty which pleased, and not the quality. And therefore we see that voluptuous men turn friars, and ambitious princes turn melancholy. But of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable; and therefore appeareth to be good in itself simply, without fallacy or accident.

4. FROM THE "ESSAYS."

OF ADVERSITY.

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), *that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished; but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired. Bona rerum secundarum optabilia; adversarum mirabilia.* Certainly if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen), *It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a God. Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.* This would have done better in poesy, where transcendences are more allowed. And the poets indeed have been busy with it; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian; that *Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus* (by whom human nature is represented),

sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher; lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean. The virtue of Prosperity is temperance, the virtue of Adversity is fortitude; which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; Adversity is the blessing of the New; which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and Adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed: for Prosperity doth best discover vice, but Adversity doth best discover virtue.

5. FROM THE "ESSAYS."

OF SUPERSTITION.

It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him. For the one is unbelief, the other is contumely: and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose: *Surely* (saith he) *I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch,*

than that they should say that there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born; as the poets speak of Saturn. And as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation; all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore atheism did never perturb states; for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no further: and we see the times inclined to atheism (as the time of Augustus Cæsar) were civil times. But superstition hath been the confusion of many states, and bringeth in a new *primum mobile*, that ravisheth all the spheres of government. The master of superstition is the people; and in all superstition wise men follow fools; and arguments are fitted to practice, in a reversed order. It was gravely said by some of the prelates in the council of Trent, where the doctrine of the schoolmen bare great sway, *that the schoolmen were like astronomers, which did feign eccentrics and epicycles, and such engines of orbs, to save the phænomena; though they knew there were no such things;* and in like manner, that the schoolmen had framed a number of subtle and intricate axioms and theorems, to save the practice of the church. The causes of superstition are, pleasing and sensual rites and ceremonies; excess of outward and pharisaical holiness; over-great reverence of traditions, which cannot but load the church; the stratagems of prelates for their own ambition and lucre; the favouring too much of good intentions, which openeth the gate to conceits and novelties; the taking an aim at divine matters by human, which cannot but breed mixture of imaginations: and, lastly, barbarous times, especially joined with calamities and disasters. Super-

stition, without a veil, is a deformed thing; for as it addeth deformity to an ape to be so like a man, so the similitude of superstition to religion makes it the more deformed. And as wholesome meat corrupteth to little worms, so good forms and orders corrupt into a number of petty observances. There is a superstition in avoiding superstition, when men think to do best if they go furthest from the superstition formerly received: therefore care would be had that, as it fareth in ill purgings, the good be not taken away with the bad, which commonly is done when the people is the reformer.

6. FROM THE "ESSAYS"

OF STUDIES.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and con-

fute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores* [1]; nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head and the like. So, if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *Cymini sectores*.[2] If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

[1] "Studies increase to habits."

[2] "Splitters of cummin-seeds"; that is, "hair-splitters."

7. FROM "THE HISTORY OF KING HENRY THE SEVENTH."

THE CHARACTER OF KING HENRY.

THIS King (to speak of him in terms equal to his deserving) was one of the best sort of wonders; a wonder for wise men. He had parts (both in his virtues and his fortune) not so fit for a common-place as for observation. Certainly he was religious, both in his affection and observance. But as he could see clear (for those times) through superstition; so he would be blinded now and then by human policy. He advanced church-men. He was tender in privilege of the sanctuaries, though they wrought him much mischief. He built and endowed many religious foundations, besides his memorable hospital of the Savoy: and yet was he a great alms-giver in secret; which shewed that his works in public were dedicated rather to God's glory than his own. He professed always to love and seek peace; and it was his usual preface in his treaties, that when Christ came into the world peace was sung, and when he went out of the world peace was bequeathed. And this virtue could not proceed out of fear or softness, for he was valiant and active; and therefore no doubt it was truly Christian and moral. . . . As for the disposition of his subjects in general towards him, it stood thus with him; that of the three affections which naturally tie the hearts of the subjects to their sovereign,—love, fear, and reverence,—he had the last in height; the second in good measure; and so little of the first, as he was beholding to the other two.

He was a Prince, sad, serious, and full of thoughts and secret observations; and full of notes and memorials of

his own hand, especially touching persons; as whom to employ, whom to reward, whom to inquire of, whom to beware of, what were the dependencies, what were the factions, and the like; keeping (as it were) a journal of his thoughts. There is to this day a merry tale; that his monkey (set on as it was thought by one of his chamber) tore his principal notebook all to pieces, when by chance it lay forth: whereat the court which liked not those pensive accounts was almost tickled with sport.

He was indeed full of apprehensions and suspicions. But as he did easily take them, so he did easily check them and master them; whereby they were not dangerous, but troubled himself more than others. It is true, his thoughts were so many, as they could not well always stand together; but that which did good one way, did hurt another.

For his pleasures, there is no news of them. . . . He did by pleasures as great Princes do by banquets, come and look a little upon them, and turn away. For never Prince was more wholly given to his affairs, nor in them more of himself: insomuch as in triumphs of jousts and tourneys and balls and masks (which they then called disguises) he was rather a princely and gentle spectator than seemed much to be delighted.

No doubt, in him as in all men (and most of all in kings) his fortune wrought upon his nature, and his nature upon his fortune. He attained to the crown, not only from a private fortune, which might endow him with moderation; but also from the fortune of an exiled man, which had quickened in him all seeds of observation and industry. And his times being rather prosperous, than calm, had raised his confidence by success, but almost marred his nature by troubles. His wisdom, by often evading from perils, was turned rather into a dex-

terity to deliver himself from dangers, when they pressed him, than into a providence to prevent and remove them afar off. And even in nature, the sight of his mind was like some sights of eyes; rather strong at hand, than to carry afar off. For his wit increased upon the occasion; and so much the more, if the occasion were sharpened by danger. Again, whether it were the shortness of his foresight, or the strength of his will, or the dazzling of his suspicions, or what it was; certain it is, that the perpetual troubles of his fortunes (there being no more matter out of which they grew) could not have been without some great defects, and many errors in his nature, customs, and proceedings, which he had enough to do to save and help, with a thousand little industries and watches. But those do best appear in the story itself.

He was a comely personage, a little above just stature, well and straight limbed, but slender. His countenance was reverend, and a little like a churchman: and as it was not strange or dark, so neither was it winning or pleasing, but as the face of one well disposed. But it was to the disadvantage of the painter; for it was best when he spake.

His worth may bear a tale or two, that may put upon him somewhat that may seem divine.

One day when King Henry the Sixth (whose innocence gave him holiness) was washing his hands at a great feast, and cast his eye upon King Henry, then a young youth, he said, This is the lad, that shall possess quietly that, that we now strive for. But that that was truly divine in him, was that he had the fortune of a true Christian, as well as of a great King, in living exercised, and dying repentant. So as he had an happy warfare in both conflicts, both of sin, and the cross.

He was born at Pembroke Castle, and lieth buried at Westminster, in one of the stateliest and daintiest monu-

ments of Europe, both for the chapel, and for the sepulchre. So that he dwelleth more richly dead, in the monument of his tomb, than he did alive in Richmond, or any of his palaces. I could wish he did the like, in this monument of his fame.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDENTS.

It is impossible to portray within the limits of a single article the wonderfully complex character of Bacon, or to give an adequate idea of his place in the history of English literature, and especially of his place in the history of English thought. But when the "biographical study" has been carefully read, and when the "ten-minute talk" and the "critical estimates" have been studied, the student who wishes to pursue the study of Bacon further may proceed as indicated in the following notes:

1. The work which above all others should be read is Dean Church's "Life," in the "English Men of Letters" series. (New York: Harper & Brothers.) This is an admirable work in every way: scholarly, interesting, and scrupulously fair and just in its estimate of Bacon's character.

2. The true worthiness of Bacon's character and his true position in the world of letters have been perhaps the most difficult points to settle in the whole history of English literature; and to-day the questions are as much debated as ever they were. But all data for the passing of judgment as to his character are given in his "Works," as edited by Messrs. Ellis, Heath, and Spedding. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Spedding's "Life," which accompanies this edition, is indeed a monumental work, the work of a lifetime, and is described by some critics as the "best biography ever written."

3. The most popular account of Bacon and of Bacon's works is that given by Lord Macaulay in his famous brilliant "Essay," written in 1837, when he was thirty-seven years old, in the very height of his fame and power as a writer. This essay is accessible to every one, and ought to be read by every one who wishes to

obtain a good conception of Bacon and his life and work. But it must not be forgotten that in this essay Macaulay is very severe upon Bacon, and, in the opinion of many (Mr. Spedding, for example), very unjust to him.

4. Little of Bacon is now read (except by professed students of his philosophy) except his "Essays." His essays, however, are as good and interesting reading to-day as when they were first written. The essay on "Studies" is one of the most famous. The essay on "Truth" is equally famous. Others that will well repay early reading are: "Friendship," "Travel," "Death," "Gardens." His "History of Henry VII.," a very short and quite readable work, is said by Professor Minto to be "probably the very best history of its kind."

5. Bacon occupies a commanding position in our literature as its first great prose writer and one of its greatest masters of style. An excellent examination of Bacon's style and of its influence in English literature will be found in Prof. T. W. Hunt's "Representative English Prose Writers," pp. 211-230. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON.

THE EPIC IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M.A.

Milton is England's greatest epic poet. Next to Shakespeare he is indeed the greatest of all poets in the English language. Moreover, he ranks with Homer, Virgil, Dante, Goethe, and, perhaps, one or two more, as being one of the very greatest poets that the whole world has ever produced. Great as he is, however, he is now not nearly so generally read as are other poets of less renown. This is not because the world is changing its estimate of him. It is partly because his treatment of his themes is so fine and scholarly that only those of cultivated tastes and somewhat advanced education can thoroughly enjoy it. It is also partly because the themes themselves have not the same universal interest they once had. In writing "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," Milton supposed he had chosen themes of universal and eternal interest. But the religious and scientific views of people have changed much since Milton's day, and the theory of the creation of the world, of the part that angels and demons play in the divine government of it, of the advent of man upon it, of the origin of sin, of the punishment of evil, of

the blessing that waits upon the good, as held by most people nowadays, especially the scholarly and thoughtful, is very different from that which Milton held. The result is that to enjoy Milton one must either believe wholly what he believed—which nowadays is almost impossible —or else have sufficient imaginative power to put one's self in his place, and for the time being see the scheme of the world's creation, and of man's redemption from evil, as he saw it. As few people have this imaginative power, or, having it, care to take the trouble to exercise it, Milton's grand poems are to-day admired rather than read, and Milton himself must be considered great rather than popular.

John Milton was born in London, December 9, 1608. His birth, therefore, took place eight years before the death of Shakespeare, when Shakespeare was in the very acme of his career as poet and playwright. It took place also just when the great Bacon was beginning to get on in the world, for in the year before (1607) Bacon had been made solicitor-general. The lives, therefore, of these three intellectual prodigies of the English-speaking world had a common period of existence; but even when Bacon died Milton was only a boy of eighteen. Milton's father was also a John Milton. He was what at the time was known as a "scrivener"—a sort of conveyancer and notary public. John Milton the elder was a man of refined and scholarly tastes, an excellent musician, and to some degree a poet. From him John Milton the younger inherited fine and scholarly tastes also, which showed themselves, not only in his capacity for poetry (that, indeed, was scarcely inherited), but in his love for music, for polite literature, for art, for the drama, for flowers, for natural scenery—in short, for everything that was beautiful, inspiring, and refined. In spite of Milton's Puritan

creed, and in spite, also, of the restrained and secluded life he chose to lead (especially after his earlier years), he was as fond as any cavalier of his age of everything beautiful

JOHN MILTON AT TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.
(From Vertue's engraving, 1731, of a picture then in the possession of Speaker Onslow.)

that art or nature could produce. His own person, especially in his younger days, was almost a perfect realisation in flesh and blood of a poet's dream. His oval face, with

its intellectual forehead; his pink-and-white complexion, delicate as any girl's; his hair, flaxen and silky, that fell in equal and rich abundance upon his shapely shoulders; his graceful figure, tall but not too tall; and above all the radiancy and poetic dreaminess of his eyes—gave, it has been said, to his appearance a suggestion of femininity. But, when once engaged in conversation, the strength and masculine profundity of his thought, and the vigorous and effective way in which he was able to express it, easily served to correct any impression of weakness which the delicacy and beauty of his face and figure might produce. It is true that at college he was for some time known as "the lady of Christ's," but this facetious sobriquet was as much a tribute to the purity of conduct as to his personal attractiveness. Milton, in youth and age, was of stainless character and irreproachable conduct and behaviour.

Milton's life divides itself into three parts, each characteristic in itself, and each distinct from the other two. The first part was a period of almost ideal happiness; it was also one of almost ideal fitness for the development and exercise of his faculties as a poet. His father, though not a man of wealth, was still what was in those days called a man of "plentiful fortune." He was able, therefore, to give his gifted son the best education the times afforded. Milton was sent to St. Paul's School, one of the best in London, and he had also the advantage of an excellent private tutor at home. At the age of seventeen he went to Cambridge, where he remained till he was twenty-four. It had been intended by his father that he should enter some profession—either the church or law—but Milton even in his early days felt that he was called to a higher destiny as poet, and that still further time and preparation were needed before he could enter upon it. His father had in the meantime retired from business and

had settled in Horton, a little village in Buckinghamshire, about seventeen miles from London. Here, therefore, for six years, amid beautiful surroundings, and favoured by the genial companionship of his father, Milton remained—communing with nature, reading instructive courses in books, studying, meditating, and writing. His purpose was settled. He felt that the poet's mission was a divine one, and that the poet was always divinely called thereto. He felt, too, that the call had come to him, but that the call must not be answered too hastily. "The poet's thought," he said, "is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all knowledge and utterance, and sends out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the life of whom He pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly, generous acts and affairs." He was now by prayer, by study, and by "industrious and select reading" making the first part of what he considered the necessary preparation for what he called his "great emprise."

But while at Horton, Milton, though not venturing to attempt the great work to which he felt he was divinely called, still made definite and helpful preparation for it in other ways besides meditation, reading, and study. He engaged in poetic composition of, as he considered, a minor sort, and thus produced works which fail in being among the very greatest which have been embodied in the English language only because he himself has produced greater ones. "L'Allegro" ("The Cheerful Man") and "Il Penseroso" ("The Thoughtful Man"), two lyrical odes composed by Milton while living at Horton, are masterpieces of the poetic art such as few other poets have equalled, and none have surpassed.

"Comus," a masque, a sort of play, written also at this time, shows Milton's appreciation of a form of entertainment which many of his fellow-Puritans abhorred, but which he, with more catholic tastes and higher judgment, saw was improper only when it was degraded from its proper use. "Lycidas," a fourth work belonging to this period, a sort of "In Memoriam" in honour of a young college friend drowned at sea, is by the common verdict of critics reckoned to be one of the very finest poems ever written by any poet in any age of the world. That it is wholly unmatched by any English poet, and that it was never again matched by Milton himself, is an opinion equally strongly held by some critics, though not so generally. These poems, however, with others that Milton composed during his life at Horton, together with his famous ode on "The Morning of Christ's Nativity," composed at college when he was in his twenty-first year, were not given to the world till 1645, when the poet was in his thirty-seventh year—a fact which shows what restraint Milton put upon himself. Patiently biding his time till he should be fully prepared to enter upon his crowning work, he was somewhat indifferent to obtaining any fame for himself by any less achievement than the greatest.

Milton's "Lycidas" was produced in 1637, when the poet was twenty-nine years of age. He was still resident at his father's house at Horton, and he remained there one year longer. He was then enabled, such was his father's generosity and kindness, to make a prolonged tour abroad. The expense was considerable, but it was not begrudged, for the elder Milton by this time had become a sharer in the young man's conviction that in time he would produce some great work worthy of English genius and learning. No doubt the poems already produced—"Comus," the two odes, and "Lycidas"—had more than

A Youthful Portrait by Kramer.

John Milton

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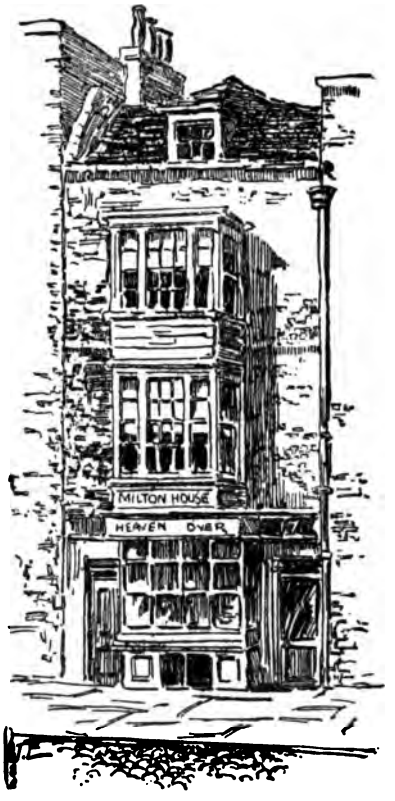
convinced the elder man that his son was worthy of all encouragement. So for a year and a half (1638-39) Mil-



MILTON'S HOUSE, BARBICAN.

(Known as Milton's Private Academy for Young Gentlemen. Here his first child was born and here his father died at the age of eighty-four. When the illustration was made, in 1864, the house was occupied by a dyer by the name of "Heaven." The house has since been demolished.)

ton journeyed through the continent—visiting and making long stays at Paris, Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice,

and Geneva, meeting the most distinguished men in letters and science then living, and everywhere received with the attention and courtesy due to his character and his talent. This tour marks the end of the first period of Milton's life—the careful preparative period, the period of parental love shielding him from all misadventures with the outer world, the period of growing fame and honour among his friends as a scholar and a poet. This tour also was the occasion of Milton's one romance, for while he was at Florence he met a fair daughter of Bologna—of "love-darting dark brow"—whose graces of form, face, and character were the inspiration of his "Italian Sonnets." When he returned to England (August, 1639) it was to take up the work of supporting himself as a tutor or schoolmaster. In 1643 he married. But the marriage was a hasty and ill-advised one. For a time his wife (who at her marriage was only a girl of seventeen, while he was a mature man of thirty-five) refused to live with him; but afterward she repented of her decision and begged her husband to receive her again. This he did, and they lived together till her death in 1652, at the age of twenty-six. She was the mother of Milton's three children—the three daughters whose undutifulness to their father has been the occasion of so much speculation. It must be confessed, however, that for all his tenderness of heart and purity of character, his learning and his genius, Milton was scarcely an exemplary ruler in his household. His daughters grew up without education or instruction of any sort, and it is not to be wondered at if they turned out somewhat badly. In 1657 Milton married again—this time more fortunately—but his second wife was spared to him only fifteen months. In February, 1663, he married a third time. His third wife seems to have been a good housekeeper, and one who loved and hon-

oured her husband and was very careful of his comforts, but the general opinion is that she proved a harsh stepmother to his children.

Milton's great purpose was to write a poem that possibly might rank with the world's masterpieces. For this he was willing to spend his life, and to forego wealth, honour, present distinction, and every other personal advantage. But there was one other passion in his heart quite as strong as his devotion to poetry—this was the freeing of his country from what he conceived to be the errors of an impure religion, and the freeing her, also, from all fetters upon her liberty. In his zeal for liberty—the utmost liberty of thought and action consistent with what he considered a due respect for religion—he was willing even to forget the claims of poetry. And forget them he did. For twenty years after he returned from Italy—that is, from 1639 to about 1659—his poetic faculty was allowed to lie unused. England was then going through such a crisis as she never went through before or since. In the name of liberty she was making that momentous struggle with royalty which ended at first in royalty's total overthrow, but which also ended later on in royalty's triumphant return to power and privilege. Milton threw himself with all his might and main on the side of the so-called party of liberty. He had no insight into statesmanship. He had no experience as a politician. He had no practical acquaintance with the concerns of government or of legislation. But he had principles which he conceived to be heaven-based; and for ten years (1639-49) he forgot poetry and gave himself up to pamphleteering. For ten other years (1649-59) he still further forgot poetry and served the "Commonwealth" as Latin secretary or correspondent to the committee that had charge of foreign affairs. During these ten years, also, he employed him-

self much in writing pamphlets, some at the instance of the government, some on his own account—all, however, intensely partisan and bitter. Great as Milton's mind was, large as were his views of civil and religious polity, as a pamphleteer he shared the manners of his age, and was too often personal and scurrilous. In fact, despite all that has been said of the greatness of Milton's prose, had he not subsequently won undying fame as the author of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," his prose would now be little heard of.

Milton's eyesight was always weak. When he was about thirty-two it began to fail him for purposes of study. Ten years later, when he was forty-two, the sight of the left eye failed him entirely. In the early part of 1652, when he was only just past forty-three years of age, the sight of both eyes was totally gone. Thenceforward for reading, study, and writing he was forced to have recourse to the services of an assistant. As long as he was in the employ of the government his assistant was provided at the government's expense. But in 1660 a great change came to Milton's affairs. The great Oliver had died. The "Commonwealth" had fallen to pieces. And with the restoration of the monarchy under Charles II. every man whose part in the work of the past eleven years had been as prominent as Milton's had been was in danger of his life. Milton escaped with his life, but he lost most of his property, and in the great fire of 1666 he unfortunately lost a good portion of the little that remained to him. But it was in these days of deepest distress that Milton rose to the height of his greatest grandeur. Alone in the world (his second wife had died in 1658; he was not married a third time till 1663); his daughters ill-behaved and undutiful; his nephews, upon whose education he had spent much pains, gone entirely

over to practices and opinions that he abhorred; his eyesight gone; his bodily health also largely gone; his property gone; the cause for which he had sacrificed the best years of his life and strength also gone hopelessly gone—

MILTON'S HOUSE AT CHALFONT, ST. GILES.
(Where Milton took refuge during the Great Plague.)

still, despite all this, he then turned in upon himself and with his inward sight saw such visions of spiritual splendour and glory and of the world's beatification as no other man has ever seen, and portrayed them in words of such graphic picturesqueness and vividness of representation as no other man has ever had power to use. He was able to indite his poems partly by the assistance of his daughters, of whom the youngest one at least (Deborah) was not wholly undutiful, and partly by the assistance of kindly volunteering friends. "Paradise Lost," begun in 1658,

was completed by 1663, though, perhaps, little was done to it in those years of anxiety and dismay, 1659 and 1660. It was not published till 1667. "Paradise Regained," the theme of which was part of Milton's original conception of what his first great epic should be, was begun in the summer of 1665—the year of the Great Plague, when Milton was in refuge in the country. It and his last great poem, "Samson Agonistes," were published in 1671.

Milton gained but little contemporary popularity or reputation from the publication of his immortal works. The party to which he had belonged, and for which during so many years he had so strenuously fought, was now almost proscribed, and he himself had been but tolerated to live. Moreover, the religious ideas of which he had been so long the ardent expositor and the strong defender, and which determine the author's point of view in the epics, were then also in disesteem. For "Paradise Lost" he received but £10; and, although its sale during his lifetime must, when all things were considered, have seemed to him gratifyingly large, its readers were almost wholly confined to that dejected and dismayed part of the public which sympathised with his political and religious opinions. It was not until another age—until, indeed, the discriminating Addison had espoused the merits of Milton's poetry—that the epics that are now thought to be among the chief glories of English thought began to be appreciated generally by the English-reading public. This, however, proved to be of little concern to Milton. Sure as he had been from the beginning that it had been laid upon him by divine command to produce a poem that should rank among the world's masterpieces, so now when his task was done he was equally sure of what the world's final verdict upon it would be. As to contemporary applause and present personal honour he was

wholly indifferent. And in this self-respect and self-confidence he lived out his remaining years. The scholar's tastes and the scholar's habits he retained to the last; but he produced no more great works. He died November 8, 1674, having just completed his sixty-sixth year. Four days later his body was placed in the chancel of St. Giles' Church, near Cripplegate, London—where, indeed, he wished it to be—beside the body of his kind and much-loved father.

TEN-MINUTE TALK.

By John Millar, M.A.,

Deputy Minister of Education, Ontario, Canada.

THE THEOLOGY OF MILTON'S POETRY—ITS CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE.

Milton is essentially a religious poet. His writings, like those of every great poet, reflect the spirit of the age in which he lived. Great periods in history have been especially marked by religious movements. No people have acquired greatness who have not been influenced by thoughts of the unseen. The records of the nations of the world show that religion has been an impelling force in the formation of those characteristics which have marked mankind in all ages. It is the religion of the Hellenic race that gives grandeur to the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." The greatness of the Greeks cannot be understood apart from Homer. In the writings of Virgil may be seen the conspicuous part which the belief of the Romans had in shaping the destiny of the Latin people. Chaucer and Dante, as well as Shakespeare and Spenser, were products of the religious movements. Cowper,

Wordsworth, Longfellow, Browning, Whittier, and especially Tennyson, mark that development of theological views which is apparent even in our own day.

The great upheaval of the Reformation was not yet fully comprehended when the English sceptre passed to the house of the Stuarts. The struggle which it marks was mainly religious. It was more. The relations of church

OLIVER CROMWELL.

and state were imperfectly understood when the divine right of kings was defended by the friends of Charles I. It required a bitter contest before the rule of the people was established. Cromwell, whatever may have been his faults, takes a front rank among English men of action. He fought for the rights of the people, and the cause for which he contended, even though retarded by the Restoration, eventually triumphed. His followers may have been enthusiasts, or even, in many instances, fanatics, but they were influenced by a love of justice and a hatred of op-

pression. They believed in a theology that was the friend of liberty, and they trusted a God who leads His people in the paths of righteousness. They studied their Bibles, and though their lives may have presented inconsistencies it cannot be said that their aspirations were in the direction of what was low or degrading. In politics as well as in religion the period of the Commonwealth produced great men. As a poet and as a scholar Milton had no peer during the time in which he lived.

He who hopes to write good poetry "ought," to use Milton's own words, "himself to be a true poem." If truth and love, adherence to duty and self-sacrifice, are to be embodied in verse, their beauty will be of the noblest character when they are expressed in the life of the author. Trust in God was the anchor of Milton's life. When only fifteen years of age he wrote his first poem, and the confidence he ever had in Divine power is thus expressed:

> "Let us with a gladsome mind
> Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
> For His mercies aye endure,
> Ever faithful, ever sure."

Early in life Milton felt that God had given him gifts by which he was capable of becoming a great poet. He had faith in himself and neglected no opportunity of preparing for his great achievements. The early dawn of that Christmas morning of 1629 which called forth from Milton his "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" revealed the genius of a master mind. The author is conscious of his inability to produce verse worthy of such a lofty theme. The best Christians feel their own weaknesses. Living so near their Master they recognise their own helplessness. In this respect Milton was not unlike

Paul, who claimed that when he was weak then was he strong. Dependence on the Almighty was a leading doctrine of the great poet.

In Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" we see the wide soul of the complete man. The true man has sympathy with all that is true and pure, whether gay or grave, in the whole of life. He would turn aside not only from the "vain deluding joys" of folly and sin, but from the "loathed melancholy" of dark unbelief and despair. Cheerfulness and thoughtfulness must have their respective functions. Milton believed that seriousness and gayety of heart had a very close connection. The extreme views of the Puritans he did not entertain. They condemned the masque as a vain amusement. It is only necessary to read "Comus" to see how Milton could, with the poetry, music, dancing, and all the gay effects and graceful charms of the masque, weave in the deepest thoughtfulness, as well as the most earnest religious purpose and the purest feeling. There is exhibited in this poem an exquisite grace and bright fancy, a sweet delicacy of feeling, together with a strong, earnest, moral purpose. Indeed, the purpose of life Milton never failed to keep in mind. In his "Lycidas" he recognises that we are all living under the pure eyes of God. Duty and not selfishness should be our motto. For his greatest work all his life was but a preparation. Space will allow only a few thoughts on his masterpiece.

Long before "Paradise Lost" was undertaken Milton had fixed on the grandest subject that it is possible for the mind of man to work upon—"to assert eternal Providence and justify the ways of God to men." There have been many guesses at the riddle of existence and the attempts to explain God's dealings with mankind have been numerous. "What ye know not now ye shall know hereafter"

was the expression of a greater than Milton. The author of "Paradise Lost" felt that God knows all about our sorrow and our suffering, and that we may perfectly trust that all He does is right. Obedience to the laws of God was in his estimation the foundation of a true and happy life.

In spite of man's "first disobedience" the love of God still remains. The restoration through obedience to Christ is always kept in view. The continued love of God to man is the "great argument" by which he "justifies the ways of God to man." The invocation by which Milton begins his poem is like that used by the great classic writers. To him it is no mere form. It shows the sense of his own feebleness in comparison with the greatness of his subject. It would be impossible to give in any short outline the substance of what is to be found in the great epic poem. There is a grandeur in the language of the author which will prevent the poorly educated from appreciating the beauty of his verse. To him the glory of heaven is its love and obedience to God, and the horror of hell is its revolt against the Author of all good. It is true that the theological views of to-day are considerably different from those of two centuries ago, and yet when Milton shows that the misery of the fallen spirits is the result of their own choice he takes a position which accords with the doctrine of man's free will. The hope of paradise regained is set before our first parents in the promise of forgiveness and help through the incarnation of the Son of God. Through the gloom and sorrow of earthly life they have left to them love which shines forth stronger and deeper than the innocent love of paradise. The victory of Christ over Satan is complete. "Paradise Regained" is not a sequel or a completion of "Paradise Lost," but rather an addition. The victory

which it portrays is the triumph of perfect trust, love, and obedience, under tests of the severest kind. The temptations of Christ include the temptations common to man. The faith of Milton is that of the strong man, and in his last great poem, "Samson Agonistes," he was able to meet the special doubts and trials of faith which at the time beset the great Puritan party. Even though Puritanism may perish, like Samson, Milton is able to look beyond his party and maintain that God still lives and shapes to His good purposes all the affairs of men.

SELECTED CRITICAL STUDIES.

MILTON'S STYLE IN "PARADISE LOST."

THE style [of "Paradise Lost"] is always great. On the whole it is the greatest in the whole range of English poetry, so great that, when once we have come to know and honour and love it, it so subdues the judgment that the judgment can with difficulty do its work with temperance. It lifts the low, gives life to the commonplace, dignifies even the vulgar, and makes us endure that which is heavy and dull. We catch ourselves admiring things not altogether worthy of admiration, because the robe they wear is so royal. No style, when one has lived in it, is so spacious and so majestic a place to walk in. It is like the fig-tree he describes, which—

> "In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms,
> Branching so broad and long that in the ground
> The bending twigs take root, and daughters grow
> About the mother tree, a pillared shade
> High overarcht, and echoing walks between."

Fulness of sound, weight of march, compactness of finish, fitness of words to things, fitness of pauses to thought, a strong grasp of the main idea while other ideas play round it, power of digression without loss of the power

to return, equality of power over vast spaces of imagination, sustained splendour when he soars—

> "With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft,"

a majesty in the conduct of thought and a music in the majesty which fills it with solemn beauty, belong one and all to the style; and it gains its highest influence on us and fulfils the ultimate need of a grand style in being the easy and necessary expression of the very character and nature of the man. It reveals Milton as much, sometimes even more, than his thought.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

MILTON AS A PAINTER OF NATURE.

The "Penseroso" and the "Allegro," notwithstanding that each piece is the antithesis of the other, are complementary rather than contrary, and may be, in a sense, regarded as one poem, whose theme is the praise of the reasonable life. It resembles one of those pictures in which the effect is gained by contrasted masses of light and shade, but each is more nicely mellowed and interfused with the qualities of the other than it lies within the resources of pictorial skill to effect. Mirth has an undertone of gravity, and melancholy of cheerfulness. There is no antagonism between the states of mind depicted; and no rational lover, whether of contemplation or of recreation, would find any difficulty in combining the two. The limpidity of the diction is even more striking than its beauty. Never were ideas of such dignity embodied in verse so easy and familiar, and with such apparent absence of effort. The landscape painting is that of the seventeenth century, absolutely true in broad effects, sometimes ill defined and

even inaccurate in minute details. Some of these blemishes are terrible in twentieth-century eyes, accustomed to the photography of our Brownings and Patmores. Milton would probably have made light of them, and perhaps we owe him some thanks for thus practically refuting the heresy that inspiration implies infallibility. Yet the poetry of his blindness abounds with proof that he had made excellent use of his eyes while he had them, and no part of his poetry wants instances of subtle and delicate observation worthy of the most scrutinising modern.—DR. RICHARD GARNETT.

THE INTEREST IN MILTON'S THEME NOT PERPETUAL.

But if, as a treasury of poetic speech, "Paradise Lost" has gained by time, it has lost far more as a storehouse of divine truth. We at this day are better able than ever to appreciate its force of expression, its grace of phrase, its harmony of rhythmical movement; but it is losing its hold over our imagination. Strange to say, this failure of vital power in the constitution of the poem is due to the very selection of subject by which Milton sought to secure perpetuity. Not content with being the poet of men and with describing human passions and ordinary events, he aspired to present the destiny of the whole race of mankind, to tell the story of creation, and to reveal the councils of heaven and hell. And he would raise this structure upon no unstable base, but upon the sure foundation of the Written Word. It would have been a thing incredible to Milton that the hold of the Jewish Scriptures over the imagination of English men and women could ever be weakened. This process, however, has already commenced. The demonology of the poem has already,

with educated readers, passed from the region of fact into that of fiction. Not so universally, but with a large number of readers, the angelology can be no more than what the critics call machinery. And it requires a violent effort from any of our day to accommodate their conceptions to the anthropomorphic theology of "Paradise Lost." Were the sapping process to continue at the same rate for two centuries the possibility of epic illusion would be lost to the whole scheme and economy of the poem. Milton has taken a scheme of life for life itself. Had he, in the choice of subject, remembered the principle of the Aristotelean Poetic (which he otherwise highly prized) that men in action are the poet's proper theme, he would have raised his imaginative fabric on a more permanent foundation; upon the appetites, passions, and emotions of men, their vices and virtues, their aims and ambitions, which are a far more constant quantity than any theological system.—MARK PATTISON.

MILTON IN HIS OLD AGE.

It is to the painter Richardson, a mere child at that time, but the collector afterward of all the information he could obtain about Milton at first hand, that we owe the most vivid picture of Milton in those years. "I have heard many years since," says Richardson, "that he used to sit in a gray coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields without Moorgate, in warm, sunny weather to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts, as well as quality." Such receptions at the door of the house might simplify procedure in most cases, but would not suit in all weathers or when the visitors were of a select

sort. We hear, accordingly, of little musical parties, sometimes in the chief room, when Milton would pay a gallant compliment to some lady on her singing, or of rarer small supper parties, when he would be "delightful company," the most urbane of hosts, and, though "no joker," full of cheerful and affable talk, often or generally with a flavour of the sarcastic. On such occasions he was much more abstemious than he required his guests to be from the liquors that were on the table, reserving himself for the invariable pipe of tobacco and glass of water with which he closed the day at nine o'clock after visitors were gone. We have a glimpse or two of these small hospitalities, musical or other, in the house in Artillery Walk even before 1670, while the three daughters were still in the house to share in them; but they seem to have been more frequent after 1670, when the daughters had been boarded out, "to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold and silver," and Milton and his careful wife were left peacefully together. The occasional hospitalities and receptions within doors, however, were without prejudice, it is to be understood, to the chances which Milton's admirers and acquaintances had of meeting him in his out-of-door walks in the vicinity of Bunhill, or even further inwards in the London streets. Then the vision we have of him is that of a blind, fresh-complexioned and lightish-haired man, of middle stature or somewhat less, and of slender figure, dressed still usually in a gray suit, and with a small, silver-hilted sword by his side, piloted about by some boy or more mature companion, partly for exercise, and partly for calls at favourite book shops. Blind though he was, it was only by his gait that you knew it, for his eyes were clear and without speck or blemish. Nor, though the face was sad and

MILTON IN HIS STUDY.

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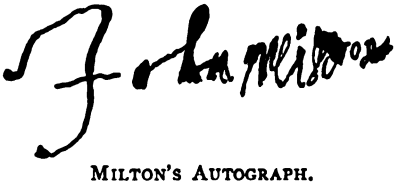
careworn, did it tell the age at which he had arrived. From the still lightish hair and a tinge of colour still in the fair complexion you would have judged him younger than he was.—PROF. DAVID MASSON.

MILTON'S INTRINSIC NOBILITY OF CHARACTER.

Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover, and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons, and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of pander in the style of a bellman, were now the favourite writers of the sovereign and of the public. It was a loathsome herd, which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of "Comus," grotesque monsters, half bestial, half human, dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amidst these that fair muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the masque, lofty, spotless, and serene, to be clattered at and pointed at and grinned at, by the whole rout of satyrs and goblins. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man they might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect had power to disturb his sedate

and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die.—LORD MACAULAY.



MILTON'S AUTOGRAPH.

(Reproduced from Milton's signature to his application for a marriage license, dated February 11, 1663. This facsimile is the only known piece of Milton's handwriting of later date than 1652, when his total blindness began. In his earlier years he wrote a peculiarly neat, strong hand.)

READINGS FROM MILTON.

I. FROM "PARADISE LOST."[1]

SATAN TO BEELZEBUB.

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for Heaven? this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so! since he,
Who now is Sovran, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor! one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be,—all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,

[1] Book I.

The associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more,
With rallied arms, to try what may be yet
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"

2. FROM "PARADISE LOST."[1]

THE ANGELS.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled
The eternal regions. Lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground,
With solemn adoration, down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold—
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To Heaven removed where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss, through midst of Heaven,
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with beams;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took—
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung; and, with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony, they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high:
No voice exempt—no voice but well could join
Melodious part,—such concord is in Heaven.

[1] Book III.

3. FROM "L'ALLEGRO."[1]

HASTE thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks,[2] and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathēd smiles.
Such as hang on Hebē's[3] cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty:
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovēd pleasures free: [*blameless*
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at thy window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine: [*honeysuckle*
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometimes walking not unseen
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,

[1] "L'Allegro," "Mirth"; literally, "The Cheerful Man."
[2] "Quips and cranks," "witty turns of thought."
[3] Hebe, the goddess of youth.

Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight; [*decked*
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,[1]
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

4. FROM "IL PENSEROSO."[2]

COME, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure, [*solemn*
All in a robe of darkest grain, [*purple*
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress-lawn, [*veil; crape*
Over thy decent shoulders drawn. [*comely*
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commércing with the skies, [*holding intercourse*
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till,
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee, calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retirēd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelēd throne,
The cherub Contemplation:

[1] "Tells his tale," "numbers his sheep."
[2] "Il Penseroso," "Melancholy"; literally, "The Melancholy Man."

And the mute Silence hist along, [*hushed*
'Less Philomel will deign a song, [*the nightingale*
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night;
While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke, [*the moon*
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song:
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still, removëd place will fit, [*distant*
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

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JOHN BUNYAN.

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THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By Edwin Mims, A.M.,

Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

Probably the most interesting section of Green's "History of England" is that devoted to an account of the Puritan movement. Beginning in the age of Elizabeth, Puritanism had slowly but surely made its way into the life of the English people, reaching the climax of its power between 1640 and 1650, and then declining in importance after the Restoration, to reappear with renewed force in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Speaking in general terms, it was an attempt on the part of an ever-increasing minority of people to reform and purify the life of England, the political, social, and religious life —in short, to bring about a real reformation where there had been only a pretended one.

It is only in recent years that the full significance of this movement has been realised. There was much that was unattractive in the Puritans, much that was crude, narrow, and intolerant, but, on the whole, the cause of liberty and righteousness—what Milton called the "good old cause"

—depended for success upon the heroic conduct of these strange people. Matthew Arnold said that in Puritanism the Hebrew theocracy was again realised in history. They, too, were the elect of Jehovah, and they read the Hebrew Bible as the only word of God. One of the first glimpses we get of Milton is that of the twelve-year-old boy reading at midnight his Old Testament in the original, and when in his old age he wrote his poems his subjects and many of his thoughts were from the same book.

Cromwell at the head of his Ironsides charged the hosts of the enemy uttering the words of the psalmist, and in the council chamber found nothing better to quote than Isaiah. Bunyan must have known the Bible by heart, for his books are so saturated with its language and thought that it is difficult to tell what is original and what borrowed. Verily, English people were then "the people of one book," and "the Lord saith" was their highest authority.

I have referred to Milton, Cromwell, and Bunyan. If one would understand the Puritan movement in all its phases he must study the lives and sayings of these men, for they are Puritanism incarnate—Milton, the pamphleteer and poet; Cromwell, the man of action and power; and Bunyan, the preacher and prophet. Milton, with all his enthusiasm for art and culture, was wandering amid the classic scenes of Italy, and contemplating a journey to the yet more classic scenes of Greece, when the still, small voice of Duty called him back to take part in the coming conflict between Puritanism and its opponents—with what splendid weapons did he wage war! Cromwell, a raw country lad, with a sense of his past sins and of his obligation to God, organises the Ironsides, and makes the royalists feel the might of those who fear the Lord, and causes the name of Jehovah to resound through

the world. Bunyan felt no interest in the civil and political conflict—we do not even know in which army he fought in the civil war—but when, with the Restoration, came the corruption of social life and the "loathsome opposite" of all the Puritans had dreamed, Bunyan reuttered the gospel of Puritanism, and in the forests his voice was heard preaching righteousness and justice, and from Bedford jail went forth words of power—"thoughts

"TRIPLE EPISCOPACIE."
(Satire of the Puritan party on Laud and the court bishops.)

that breathe and words that burn." Three more widely different men could scarcely be found. There were but few points of contact between the scholarly Milton and the almost illiterate tinker of Bedford; Cromwell was far removed from either; and yet they were all animated by the same sense of God's omnipotence and man's responsibility; sin and pardon, the eternal conflict between God and the devil, were living realities to them. The "Holy War" of Bunyan has often been compared with "Paradise Lost," and many parallel passages might be cited be-

tween "Pilgrim's Progress" and the speeches and letters of Cromwell.

It would be interesting to speak further of Puritanism, but we are to notice especially in this study the character and writings of Bunyan as reflecting this general movement. The principal events of his life are soon told. Born in 1628, he was the son of a tinker who lived not far from Bedford; at an early age he was sent to school, where he learned to read and write, though the evidence is that in later years he had to learn again the art of writing. He was a rollicking, mischievous boy, the ringleader in all sports and pastimes, although he was not altogether so depraved as in after years he represented himself to have been. In 1645 he went to the war, and for several months he served one side or the other. He was married soon after quitting the army, and became the father of several children, one of whom was blind. For the next few years he passed through the religious experiences of which we shall speak later. In 1660 he was imprisoned for preaching to dissenters; and, with the exception of a few intervals, he remained in jail twleve years, preaching to his fellow-prisoners and writing his sermons and books. In 1678 appeared the first part of "Pilgrim's Progress," in 1682 the "Holy War," and in 1680 "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman." After his release from prison he became a famous preacher, exercising a great influence over a large section of England, so much so that he was styled "Bishop Bunyan." He died in 1688 from a cold contracted on a trip made to reconcile a father and his son.

The chief interest in Bunyan's life is the development of his spiritual nature as depicted in the "Grace Abounding" and as implied in "Pilgrim's Progress." The first of these works should be read by every one who would know the real story of his life. Carlyle defines genius as

the capacity for taking infinite pains. Bunyan was a religious genius, for he took "infinite pains" to "get religion," and infinite pains to keep it when once he had it. It was said that Socrates was at ease in Zion. But Bunyan was not; for several years he was passing through the different phases of his religious experience. He has

ELSTON, BEDFORD.
(Bunyan's birthplace.)

given us every detail of his spiritual life; not more minutely does George Eliot trace the inner workings of a mind like Gwendolen Harleth's, or Browning the changing career of Paracelsus. Step by step Bunyan passes from one experience to another, from the time when playing at "cat" he sees the vision of Christ in the heavens, and hears a mysterious voice calling him to repentance,

till finally he attains to perfect peace and rest. It will do any man good to work out carefully and accurately the successive steps he makes. The incidents are all very vivid in his mind—the very hour of the day, the scene, all the circumstances, are given with the verisimilitude that reminds one of Defoe. I give only a few instances of his manner of relating his experiences:

"Now, therefore, I went on in sin with great greediness of mind, still grudging that I could not be satisfied with it as I would. This did continue with me about a month or more; but one day as I was standing at a neighbour's shop window, and there cursing and swearing and playing the madman, after my wonted manner, there sat within the woman of the house, and heard me; who, though she was a very loose and ungodly wretch, yet protested that I swore and cursed at the most ungodly rate; that she was made to tremble to hear me; and that I by thus doing was able to spoil all the youth in the whole town if they came but in my company. . . . Wherefore, while I stood there, and hanging down my head, I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again."

After this incident he becomes a moral man, but morality only does not satisfy him.

"Upon a day the good providence of God called me to Bedford to work on my calling, and in one of the streets of that town I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, talking about the things of God; and being now willing to hear their discourse I drew near to hear what they said, for I was now a brisk talker of myself in the matter of religion; but I may say *I heard but understood not;* for they were far above, out of my reach. Their talk was about a new birth."

He afterwards experiences the new birth, and finally, after doubts and trials, after many climbings up and fallings down, he is able to say: "Now was I got on high, I saw myself within the arms of grace and mercy."

The experience that I have indicated is found in "Grace Abounding"; it is made universal in "Pilgrim's Progress." Here all of his experience is taken into the realm of art. He no longer talks in terms of theology but of life; abstract terms give way to living persons (although, perchance, they are personifications) as real as any of the characters of fiction; the prosaic places round Bedford become typical of those that all mankind pass on their journey to the Celestial City. Suddenly, by the magic of genius, the experience of one man becomes that in which all men read their destiny.

"Pilgrim's Progress" is one of those books (classics) that every person is expected to read and nobody reads, and yet the characteristics that have made it live in the hearts of the English people are still there. I had not read it for several years until recently. It is a little hard to become interested in at first, for one has heard its story so often that it is almost hackneyed, but if one will but read on one becomes fascinated as by a novel. It is old, yet forever new. The book, notwithstanding the fact that it is an allegory, is full of dramatic scenes: the climbing of the Hill Difficulty, the battle with Apollyon, the passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the trials and persecution at Vanity Fair, the imprisonment at Doubting Castle, and, finally, the entrance into the Celestial City —these scenes will never lose their power. Bunyan had the gift of characterising people by a few touches, with something of Chaucer's felicity. Macaulay has suggested the contrast between Shelley's characters and Bunyan's —the former are represented as real persons, and yet are the mere abstractions of Shelley's mind; while Bunyan's characters, though abstractions, have all the vividness and reality of living people. Cases in point, aside from the principal characters, are Legality, Atheist, Bye-ends, and

Talkative, to mention only a few. All this is but to say over again that "Pilgrim's Progress" is the greatest allegory ever written. Aside from these points which he who runs may note, the careful reader feels the same touch of genius in some of the passages scattered here and there throughout the book that the casual reader might not notice. I give only two. After climbing the Hill Difficulty and passing the Lion, Christian arrives at the Palace Beautiful, where Miss Prudence, Miss Charity, and Miss Piety talk with him about "the Lord of the Hill." "Thus they discoursed till late at night, and after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection they betook themselves to rest. The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose windows opened toward the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then awoke and sang." In the fight with Apollyon Christian is severely wounded. "Then there came to him a hand with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which he took and applied to the wound that he had received in the battle."

Bunyan's success in literature is surprising for two reasons. One is that the people among whom he lived were never so opposed to literature. Their opposition to theatres and dramatic literature extended to all forms of literature; in the mind of the Puritans it was a frivolous thing—too frivolous for any man intent on his own soul. After Bunyan had written "Pilgrim's Progress" a good many of his friends pleaded with him not to publish it. He refers to the controversy or dispute in his good-humoured preface:

> "And some said, 'Let him live'; some, 'Let him die';
> Some said, 'John, print it'; others said, 'Not so';
> Some said it might do good; others, 'No.'"

Their objection was, they wanted "solidness"—"speak thy mind." They will have nothing to do with what is "feigned"—"metaphors make us blind." Bunyan's answer is a plea not only for his books but for all art. Using the figure of catching fish—

> "They must be groped for, and be tickled, too,
> Or they will not be catched whate'er you do."

A simple way of saying what Browning does—

> "Art may tell a truth
> Obliquely, so the thing shall breed the thought,
> Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word."

Another reason why we are surprised at Bunyan's astonishing success in literature is that he seems to have had no literary training whatever. He says he never went to school to Aristotle or Plato; he evidently forgot how to write, and had to learn again by himself. There is no evidence that he read any book besides the Bible. How, then, are we to account for the writing of "Pilgrim's Progress." It is the old story of the self-education of genius. He had as a child and as a man a strong imagination; the stories of the Bible and the teachings of his mother and father were deeply realised by him. Heaven and hell, the angels and devils and hobgoblins, were as real as his own life. This sensitive mind might have become morbid; indeed, so it was for a time, but his healthy, human sense triumphed. In his early life his contact with men was of inestimable value to him. From that contact came his knowledge of human nature and his home-bred common sense. There was nothing of the ascetic in Bunyan's nature; he had the sense of humour, and in everything that he wrote we feel the human interest—preëminently in

"Pilgrim's Progress." As Mr. Froude has pointed out, his confinement in Bedford jail was a good thing for him.

JOHN BUNYAN.

There he had time to reflect, to read, to dream; while if he had been at liberty to preach all the time he would have scattered his powers. His imagination, his knowledge of the world, his life of reflection in the prison, and,

more than all these, his constant reading of the Bible, contributed to the development of his artistic nature.

It is difficult for a man of the twentieth century to enter sympathetically into the life of the first half of the seventeenth. Our theology is many stages removed from Puritan theology; it is a long call from Milton to Browning, and from Bunyan to Phillips Brooks and Lyman Abbott. We don't hear much nowadays about repentance, and pardon for sin, and justification by faith, and hell fire. "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Grace Abounding" are written in a peculiar style. Bunyan's use of antique words has a tendency to keep people from reading his books, but more than by words readers are repelled by the archaic forms of thought—the seemingly primeval ideas. We have had so much of science, and science will have nothing to do with such superstitions; we have had still more of materialism, and that does not harmonise with the stern laws of the Puritan world. And so we almost laugh at the crude ideas of Christian and Faithful, and Bunyan is a "forgotten worthy." But are we not in danger here? Does wisdom abide with us when we get too far away from that which is permanent in Puritan literature?

Readers of "The Celestial Railroad" will recall the striking way in which Hawthorne deals with the modern substitutes for "The Pilgrim's Progress." Instead of the long and tiresome journey of weary pilgrims we have the through train from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. Mr. Smooth-It-Away is guide instead of the stern Evangelist. He has "square pieces of pasteboard" instead of the antique roll of parchment (the Bible); on board the train are "parties of the first gentry," and "flowers of fashionable society," with names such as "Take-It-Easy," Mr. "Live-in-the-World," Mr. "Hide-Sin-in-the-Heart," all from the town of "Shun-Repent-

ance." Their burdens are deposited in the baggage car and not on overladened backs. Apollyon is the conductor, having made peace with the pilgrims. Miss Prudence, Miss Piety, and Miss Charity, who kept the Palace Beautiful, have become "old maids," and Tophet has not even a metaphorical existence. Vanity Fair has churches, and nowhere are the reverend clergy held in higher respect. The burden of all this allegory of Hawthorne's is, "Hear ye, O ye enlightened nineteenth century! Read the old 'Pilgrim's Progress,' for, after all, the most attractive figures are those of the two dusty foot travellers in the pilgrim's guise, with cockle shell and staff, their mystic rolls of parchment in their hands and their intolerable burdens on their backs," for only they will have the angels to greet them as they come out of the River of Death.

SELECTED CRITICAL STUDIES.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" A BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.

WE might say that Puritanism said its last great words with Milton were it not that its spirit continued in English life; were it not also that four years after his death, in 1678, John Bunyan, who had previously written religious poems, and in 1665 "The Holy City," published "The Pilgrim's Progress." It is the journey of Christian, the pilgrim, from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. I class "The Pilgrim's Progress" here because in its imaginative fervour and imagery, and in its quality of naturalness, it belongs to the spirit of the Elizabethan times. Written by a man of the people, it is a people's book; and its simple form grew out of passionate feeling and not out of self-conscious art. The passionate feeling was religious; and in painting the pilgrim's progress toward heaven, and his battle with the world and temptation and sorrow, the book touched those deep and universal interests which belong to poor and rich. Its language, the language of the Bible, and its allegorical form, initiated a plentiful prose literature of a similar kind. But none have equalled it. Its form is almost epic; its dramatic dialogue, its clear types of character, its vivid descriptions, as of Vanity Fair, and

of places such as the Valley of the Shadow of Death and the Delectable Mountains, which represent states of the human soul, have given an equal but a different pleasure to children and men, to the villager and the scholar.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

BUNYAN'S MIND AND ART WIDE AND LIBERAL.

Bunyan's knowledge of human nature was more than experimental; it was introspective. And if a man who believed dancing and bell-ringing to be sinful pastimes could not be expected to have a very healthy creed, or a man who was in prison twelve years for the complicated crime of not attending church and of preaching in conventicles might have been excused for not having a very charitable one, there is no sign of either in "The Pilgrim's Progress." It is the work of a man whose self is wider than his creed and his art wider than himself.—WILLIAM RENTON.

BUNYAN'S WORLD-WIDE AND ENDURING POPULARITY.

Bunyan was universally esteemed for the beauty of his character and the liberality of his views, while the fame of his sufferings and the power of his discourse drew multitudes to hear him preach. In London let but a day's notice be given and the house would not contain the half. Says an eye-witness:

"I have seen, by my computation, about 1,200 persons to hear him at a morning lecture, on a working day in dark working time. I also computed about 3,000 that came to hear him at a town's end meeting house; so that half were fain to go back again for want of room; and there himself was fain at a back door to be pulled almost over people to get upstairs to the pulpit."

are pray you in the bowels of Christ.

Jo: Bunyan 1682

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But he has a larger audience now. It is by the "Pilgrim" that he affects the minds and hearts of survivors more and more widely as generations pass away. The historian will value it as an effect—a record, in part, of contemporary institutions and ideas, and an expression of the new imaginative force that had been given to common English life by the study of the Bible. The people will treasure it for its artless story of Christian experience—its perpetual narrative of their personal recollections. More than 100,000 copies circulated in England and America during his life. Since his death it has been rendered into every language of Europe and into more other languages than any book save the Scriptures.—A. H. WELSH.

READING FROM BUNYAN.

FROM "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

I SAW then in my dream, so far as this valley reached, there was, on the right hand, a very deep ditch; that ditch it is into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again, behold, on the left hand, there was a very dangerous quag, into which if even a good man falls, he finds no bottom for his feet to stand on: into that quag King David once did fall, and had no doubt therein been smothered, had not He that is able plucked him out. The pathway was here also exceeding narrow; and therefore good Christian was the more put to it: for when he sought, in the dark, to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tip over into the mire on the other; also, when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly; for besides the danger mentioned above, the pathway here was so dark, that oft-times when he lifted up his foot to set it forward, he knew not where, or upon what, he should set it next. About the midst of the valley I perceived the mouth of Hell to be; and it stood also hard

by the way-side. And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises, that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called *all-prayer*. So he cried, in my hearing, *O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.* Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him. Also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro; so that sometimes he thought he should be torn to pieces or trodden down like mire in the streets.

SWIFT AND ADDISON.

SWIFT AND ADDISON.

DIRECTNESS, EASE, AND GRACE IN ENGLISH PROSE.

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M.A.

The age of Queen Anne (1702-1714) is often called the "Golden Age" of English literature. It certainly was an age of remarkable literary activity and of notable literary products. Its greatest distinction is that it was the age in which prose composition first became an instrument of power in influencing the opinions of the masses of the people. Between the prose of the beginning and the middle part of the seventeenth century—the prose, say, of Bacon and of Milton—and the prose of the beginning of the eighteenth century—in freedom and ease of expression and in ready intelligibility to the reader—there is almost the difference of two dialects. The one—especially the prose of the age of Milton—is cumbrous, involved in construction, abounding in long sentences (Milton has sentences over three hundred words long—one is three hundred and thirty-six words long), abounding, too, in words of Latin origin which in conversation only pedants would use, and which few but pedants could understand; the other is bright, sharp,

crisp, and pointed, and its special glory is its perfect intelligibility to the ordinary reader. In the great work of thus developing the language in its prose use from prolixity, involved constructions, and the employment of words that were unknown to the common vernacular, and of bringing into vogue a prose style where crispness, simplicity of construction, and the use of words belonging to the speech of the people were the rule, the chief honour is to be given to four great writers—Defoe, Swift, Steele, and Addison. Of these four, judged, however, as producers of literature rather than as reformers of the language, the greatest names are those of Swift and Addison.

Swift and Addison are indeed two of the greatest names in literary history. Swift was certainly the greatest satirist of his age; perhaps he was the greatest prose satirist of any age. He had more force of character, greater skill in argument, infinitely greater skill in devising ways and means to carry on an argument other than by logical reasoning, and a shrewder insight into the drift and meaning of public events, than any of his contemporaries. He was, in short, a man of great and original genius, and of great power and influence in his age. But his character had a twist in it. Pride and ambition were his ruling passions; but as neither his pride nor his ambition was tempered by discretion he was constantly making tactical mistakes, incurring enmities and alienating friendships—which retarded his advancement and in the end made his life a failure. Addison, on the other hand, though a man of less genius, of less force of character, and of less real generosity of nature, was a man of infinitely greater discretion. He knew how to get on. As somebody once said of Macaulay, his life was a perpetual cascade of "fallings upon his feet." He scarcely made any enmities, and rarely lost any friendships—the

few he did lose being due to the fact that he was suspected of a want of sincerity from being too fond of remaining on the safe side of things. But despite this deficiency of character Addison was one of the most amiable men of the age; a man of pure morality and of noble sentiments. And despite the fact that his genius was neither great nor original, his wit, his humour, his fancy, were all so quaint, so genuinely real and true, and so perfectly manifested in a prose style, the perfection of ease, grace, and charm, that he is now, as he has been ever since he first began to write in the *Spectator*, one of the most readable writers in the whole of our literature.

Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin, November 30, 1667. Though born in Ireland he was not, strictly speaking, an Irishman, for his mother and father were both English. He was a posthumous child; and his mother, though both she and her husband were of good family, had no means wherewith to bring him up or to educate him. The expenses, therefore, of his upbringing and of his education were borne by relatives and friends, and this was one main cause of Swift's dissatisfaction with the world. His pride loathed to be dependent; and yet dependency was his portion for many years. For some time he was a member of the household of the celebrated Sir William Temple, at Moor Park, near London. Here he fell under the notice of King William, who offered to make him the captain of a troop of horse. Swift, however, was ambitious to make a career for himself in politics, and somewhat unwisely chose the Church for his profession. He had been educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and had received his degree of M.A. from Oxford; and while at Moor Park he had made capital use of Temple's library. His abilities and his learning were really worthy of the highest places that could be got for him. But, as a result of one

misadventure after another, Swift's hopes of getting a distinguished place in the church all failed, and his disappointments exceedingly chafed and fretted him. In 1703 he published his celebrated satire on the churches of Christianity, "The Tale of a Tub." This work, while it established his fame as a writer, made his chances of Church preferment worse than ever. Having found his strength, however, he determined to exercise it freely. He issued, in quick succession, one critical pamphlet after another, and soon was recognised as the most powerful writer in England. At first he had been a partisan of the Whigs, but in 1710 he took the part of the Tories. He now became the most influential man in the kingdom; the real arbiter of office and distinction, whose word was more potent than even that of the queen's ministers. But unfortunately for his hopes, the illness and death of the queen (Anne—1714) brought the Tories to ruin; and Swift had to be content—not with the English bishopric that he had hoped for, but with the deanery of St. Patrick's in Dublin. Thenceforward Swift's life was passed principally in Ireland. Though at first disliked by the Irish, he soon, by espousing their cause against the English, became their darling hero. His "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture," and his letters, signed "M. B. Drapier," against the farming out to an English capitalist the privilege of coining Irish copper farthings and half-pence, though tissues of special pleading rather than pieces of sound logic, took the hearts of Irishmen by storm and made him Ireland's uncrowned king. But his greatest success was won, not alone from the Irishmen and Englishmen of his day, but from all their posterity. In 1726 he published his "Gulliver's Travels," a work which, though intended to be a political satire, applicable only to conditions then existing and affairs then happening, has

JONATHAN SWIFT.

proved to be a mine of inexhaustible delight to all subsequent times, not to politicians merely but to people of all classes, and to the young as well as to the old. As with Bunyan's immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," so with "Gulliver"—the interest which the story itself creates absorbs the interest in the allegory, and the work is read not for

ESTHER JOHNSON (STELLA).
(From a picture in the possession of G. Villiers Briscoe, Esq.)

its satirical import but for its intrinsic merit as a narrative of adventure.

Swift's character was exceedingly complex. None understood it while he lived; and, though much studied, it has never been satisfactorily explained since his death. He was capable of winning and retaining the warmest

friendships, and men so unlike as Addison and Pope were among his strongest and sincerest admirers. He also won the interest and love of women as few men have ever done. The whole story of his life is connected with that of her whom he has immortalised as "Stella." Swift first met Stella at Moor Park when she was a little girl of six. She became even then the companion of his life. He taught her and educated her, and afterward, when she grew to womanhood, loved her as tenderly and devotedly as he could love any one. He always speaks of her as being of ideal personal beauty, and as being as faultless in her character and conduct as she was in face and figure. It has been supposed that he secretly married her, but the evidence in the matter is not clear. The sympathy and respect of the world, however, are all with Stella, and Swift has been much blamed for not more publicly and more honourably acknowledging his love for her, and requiting hers for him. Another woman who loved him utterly was the "Vanessa" of his poems. But Swift's interest in Vanessa was only a passing fancy. His love for Stella was an abiding passion; and when she died (1728), he was never happy after. In fact, he was very unhappy, and at last became so gloomy and morose that he was practically insane. He died in 1745, and left his property for the endowment of a hospital for lunatics and idiots. In a sort of poetic epitaph which he wrote for himself he ended with words that curiously and with characteristic satire expressed the sad mixture of philanthropy and misanthropy of which his nature was so strangely composed:

> "He gave the little wealth he had
> To build a home for fools and mad;
> To show by one satiric touch
> No nation wanted it so much."

Joseph Addison was born May 1, 1672. He was the son of a clergyman, and had the advantage of an education at the famous Charterhouse School of London and at Oxford; but he received no patrimony from his father, and his subsequent great success in life depended solely upon his own genius and ability, and upon his talent for making and keeping friends. He began his literary career as a poet, and his contemporary reputation was largely

BIRTHPLACE OF ADDISON.

founded upon his successes as a poet. But the verdict of all later times has been that Addison was not a great poet, not even a poet of the second class. An early poem of his, however, entitled "To the King," secured the interest of the king's ministers, and gained for him a pension of £300 a year—given, it was said, to enable him to pursue for some years a course of study abroad. Later, in 1704, he wrote a poem entitled "The Campaign," which celebrated the duke of Marlborough's great victory at Blenheim. A passage of this poem in which he likened Marlborough to an "angel" "riding a whirlwind" and "directing the storm," was so popular with readers, and so pleasing to the fancy of the government then in power,

that he was at once given a public office as commissioner of appeals. This appointment was followed by a series of rapid and extraordinary official preferments, so that, from 1704 until 1710, Addison was a busy government officer and had no time for literature. But in 1710 the Whig party (to which he belonged) fell from power, and for some years (1710-1717) Addison again devoted himself

RICHARD STEELE.
(From an old print.)

to literature almost wholly. It was in these years that he wrote those essays in the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and other periodicals, upon which his great fame as one of the most charming prose writers in the language now rests. These periodical papers, the progenitors of the modern literary magazine, owe their origin to the genius and shrewdness of Addison's friend Steele, whose name is usually associated with that of Addison in connection with them. But

though Steele originated the idea of the papers, and though also he conceived most of the characters whose doings and sayings formed so large a part of the interest which the papers had for contemporary readers and alike have had for the readers of all later times, yet Addison's was the genius that gave to the papers, and to the doings and sayings of the characters they embodied, the greater share of the humour, the grace, the fancy, and the quaint picturesqueness for which they are now so noted. Addison's wit was keen and searching. No foible could escape it. His satire also reached every vanity and hypocrisy that the men and women of his day were prone to. But though his temperament was cold, and though his wit often seemed to show a want of sympathy with everything but social success, yet his words were never bitter, nor were ever his shafts of satire so sharp and stinging as to arouse indignation or animosity. Besides, in his way, Addison was a real contributor to the morality and religion of his time. Indeed, the character of the English nation—for truth, honour, manliness, and courtesy in men, and also for purity, truth, gentleness, and sincerity in women—owes much of its solidity of structure to the teachings of Addison, though scarcely less, it must be confessed, to the teachings of his friend Steele.

In 1716 Addison married, and, like most events in his life, his marriage was a great social success. His wife was the dowager countess of Warwick, a noted beauty of the time. Three years before (in 1713) his tragedy "Cato" had been brought out upon the stage, and, through the efforts of friends (Steele among the number), had scored a tremendous hit. In 1717 he entered the government once more and was made one of the chief secretaries of state. It seemed as if every worldly honour and success were his. But his marriage was an unhappy one, his

Richd. Steele

From an engraving.

wife conceiving that she gave rather than received honour by the union. His acceptance of his high office was a mistake, for his health was frail, and in parliament he was so poor a speaker (though in the company of his intimate friends one of the most delightful talkers in all England)

HOLLAND HOUSE, WHERE ADDISON DIED.

that he never opened his mouth. Even his great success as a dramatist proved to be at best of only contemporary duration. "Cato" has long since been relegated to the limbo of the unread and forgotten. But Addison's instinct for taking care of himself which had attended him from the beginning never once deserted him. He resigned his secretaryship before his weakness as an administrator or as a speaker had been much commented upon, and he was able to retire from public life with a pension of £1,500 a year. His failing health, however, he

could not amend. On June 17, 1719, he died, at the comparatively youthful age of forty-seven. His body was interred in the poets' corner of Westminster Abbey; and even were all his failings weighed most scrupulously the world would deem no other Englishman more worthy of the honour.

TEN-MINUTE TALK.

By John Franklin Genung, LL.D.,

Professor of Literature, Amherst College.

ADDISON'S STYLE AND SWIFT'S STYLE: THEIR CHARACTERISTICS, QUALITIES, AND INFLUENCE.

Out of the morning of our modern English prose comes to us the work of a great and solitary genius, who to this day remains a good deal of a problem: men are uncertain whether to honour him as "the great Irish patriot" with an English heart, or to mistrust him as a Titanic satirist mocking at the weaknesses and shams of humanity. Of one thing, at least, there is no doubt: his style is a factor to be reckoned with; whether liked or not, it cannot be ignored. Swift's cousin, Dryden, had made himself the father of modern English prose by clearing the language of its clumsy Latinisms, and making it an instrument of vigour and directness; Swift himself did it a service scarcely less important by making it an instrument of precision. And this is the main impression that we get from his style. In fact, we hardly think of it as style at all, it is so inseparably identified with the thought. There is no elaboration of phrase, no piling up or curious felicity of words; figures he seems to shun, and he prefers

the plain homeliness of common speech to any turn of expression that suggests imagination or poetic beauty. Yet, when we give thought to it, we find that the author has chosen the one apt word for each idea, and has steered as directly to the point at which he was aiming; and if vigour of impression is needed to enforce the thought his vigour can almost take our breath away. Sufficingness—that is the word; his style is simply and practically adequate to the demands he makes upon it.

And the cause of it all seems, more than anything else, to be that he sees things with such fatal clearness. You cannot deceive him or hide your inner reservations from him: he penetrates to the lurking-places, especially of weakness and fatuity, not so surely to the better motives. Because he sees so clearly, and aims so singly at what he sees, his words are like steel; they glitter, they thrust, they do accurate and delicate work; but they are intended as working tools and instruments of deadly execution, not as soft and insinuating articles of luxury and leisure. And so, with the steely precision there is also the cold, metallic sheen; they light you, perhaps, but they never warm you.

For here is the great lack: the man is subduing you with a colossal intellect, with a marvellous power of clear-cut thought and indignation, but he is not bringing you a heart. You would doubt whether he had a heart, but that you learn by and by that he is eating it out alone there in Dublin, or occasionally revealing a little corner of it for Stella to see. So, while he imposes his personality upon you he does not sympathise with you, or let you come within arm's distance of him; your last wish would be to live with him, or even dine with him. Then, as you read his works further, a feeling of discomfort, almost of dread, comes over you. The man who sees so clearly has a drawing to the seamy side of things; nay, that would ap-

pear to be more in his thoughts than the honest and good. If he is working on the whole for righteousness, as the activities of his life prove he is, it is not by making righteousness alluring and sweet, but by tearing and goring and trampling some form of unrighteousness. He employs the coarse words of the vocabulary with far more gusto than the finer ones; he is perpetually suggesting low images and associations; a tendency that grows as years and his mental malady slowly creep on, until some of his later utterances wallow in filth. That clear-seeing eye of his has also a wonderful sense of keeping and consistency; he will revel in its power by postulating you an impossible or monstrous situation, like Liliput, or Brobdingnag, or using babies for food, and gravely build you a whole cosmos and *milieu* to fit it. It is his peculiar humour, but humour of what a sardonic, mocking kind! His approach to many subjects or discussions is like this: he will reason with all apparent seriousness against abolishing Christianity, as if that were proposed or were a living issue, when in fact his intended thrust is against making true Christianity impossible, as the hypocrisies and shams of his day seem in danger of doing. So while his style is full of play and humour—of Swift's grim sort—it is so compact of hidden sarcasm and mockery that simple minds are bewildered and estranged.

Swift's influence on literature may be described as mainly that of a pioneer. As we have intimated, he did much, living when he did, to give the language of prose practical capability and precision; this surely is a deep-reaching and inestimable service. Of the age of the essayists and pamphleteers, his "Tale of a Tub," and "Battle of the Books," and, not less, his Drapier letters, may be regarded as pioneer works; if he did not contribute to the charm and refinement of such writing he at least did

something to make the essayists value weight and substance. And, perhaps, most of all his "Gulliver's Travels" shares with "Robinson Crusoe" the distinction of being the progenitor of the modern realistic novel. Romance will never cease to feel the power of that cool verisimilitude which creates so self-consistent a world out of so impossible a postulate. This may suggest, perhaps, the summary of his general influence on the ages since his day; literature hangs better together, is a more logical and self-justifying tissue, has less patience with mere *Schwärmerei* and absurdity, because of his exacting genius working upon it.

As we come to Addison one fact in which he is the polar opposite of Swift is very evident. Addison's is one of the loved names of English literature, one of the names round which twines affection—we hardly know why, unless because we identify him with his own Sir Roger de Coverley. Yet here we must differentiate. Our love for Addison is not like that for Charles Lamb; he is not a trencher-companion or witty hail-fellow-well-met. We do not love him as we do sturdy old Sam Johnson, who is ready to knock us down with his disputatiousness, but whose big heart draws us to him nevertheless. We simply want to sit in the coffee-house where we can see Addison in his easy chair and hear him talk; we could listen indefinitely to his urbane, gentlemanly words, his kindly raillery without any sting in it, his good-humoured banter of the fads and small follies of his time, as well as that never-absent undertone of unobtrusive integrity and Christian faith. Simply to listen and enjoy, without any impulse to answer or argue; and, come to think of it, it is monologue we are hearing, not conversation. Nay, perhaps even the coffee-house is a delusion; Addison was not a conversationalist; they say he was very bashful,

Joseph Addison

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even awkwardly reticent. But when he has pen in hand, drawing from his stores of charming memories and reflections and observations for one of his *Spectator* papers, he produces all the effect of conversation in print; we feel that in that engaging form he is giving us of his best, and that of its kind it is very good indeed.

We can divine from that what is the characterising feature of Addison's style. Working as he did at the literary focus of a vigorous, matter-of-fact, not overrefined, age and nation, he added to the current utterance the note of urbanity, lightness, affability, sweet reasonableness. His *Spectator* papers are like bits of refined talk, with all the gayety and ease of spoken discourse, yet, if analysed, revealing the rigorous correctness and polish of careful composition; as it were, artistic artlessness. In his hands literature becomes a grace of life, a thing that attracts men for the innocent pleasure it gives, a welcome guest at the daily breakfast-table. Addison is not concerned to hit hard blows, or to crush monster evils; rather his delicately feathered words find their way between the joints of the armour, and make evils ridiculous as well as impolitic. Of course, this is not large warfare; and the foes it contemplates—if foes they may be called—are merely the follies that may be scared away with laughter, the society foibles that are becoming a little too absurd, or are having a sinister tendency.

But to say so much is to leave you with too light an opinion of Addison. Under all this graceful phrase and raillery there was a man, a very sound and genuine man, and much larger and sturdier than we realise from this distance of time. His moralisings seem to us now only commonplaces and truisms; Matthew Arnold thinks that, while his style is good, his thought is only provincial. But it was much in his day to have gained any hearing

for moral and serious subjects at all. Those little essays of his on the minor virtues, in which he aimed " to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality," were a new departure; they were means of winning readers, by the attraction of light phrase and good manners, to linger with many a subject until then regarded as fit only for sermons. There was much propriety in calling him " a parson in a tye-wig "; he was drawing his generation to make serious subjects a matter of everyday concern and interest; yet he made no parade of religion; he simply showed by a rounded, consistent life that purity of heart, gentle kindness, cheerful speech, respect for sacred things, have a charm of their own, even more truly than pride and swagger and sarcasm. His style may have been superior to his matter; but let us not conclude so until we are aware what a novelty the matter, too, was in his day.

If Swift was a pioneer of the realistic novel, Addison, in his Sir Roger de Coverley, was a pioneer of the novel of character, of that procession of living and breathing personages that march through our romance literature, from Parson Adams to Colonel Newcome, and are talking new recruits to their company all the while. Sir Roger is in the front rank of names that have become more real to us than the names of history. Nor does he stand by any means low in the list; in him we live over again a whole chapter of imagination; there is hardly another portrayal that so helps us realise what was most genuine and English in those coffee-house times.

Another influence of Addison we trace in our journalism in the light and playful yet trenchant editorial words that make such men as George William Curtis and Charles Dudley Warner worthy and congenial successors in the same company. The genealogy of such writing is easier to trace from the fact that the *Spectator* was really

a periodical; but in more ambitiously meant essays, too, its influence is felt, in the *Rambler* of Johnson's time, in Charles Lamb (in so far as he was not *sui generis*), in Washington Irving, and, hardly less, perhaps, in the prevalent custom of discussing the weightiest subjects with the lightness and conversational freedom of the periodical. Thus an important family branch of our literature, with its genial agency to cheer and charm, traces its lineage mainly to those little *Spectator* essays which Addison elaborated with such care, and fashionable people read with such zest as they took their morning rolls and coffee.

SELECTED CRITICAL STUDIES.

WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO ADDISON.

It is no small thing to make morality fashionable. Addison did it and it remained in fashion. Formerly honest men were not polished and polished men were not honest; piety was fanatical and urbanity depraved; in manners, as in letters, one could meet only puritans or libertines. For the first time Addison reconciled virtue with elegance, taught duty in an accomplished style, and made pleasure subservient to reason.—H. A. Taine.

ADDISON'S INFLUENCE UPON LITERARY STYLE.

What an art it is to please! First, the art of making one's self understood, at once, always, completely, without difficulty to the reader, without reflection, without attention. Figure to yourself men of the world reading a page between two mouthfuls of "bohea-rolls"; ladies interrupting a phrase to ask when the ball begins—three special or learned words would make them throw the paper down. They only desire clear terms, in common use, into which wit enters all at once, as it enters ordinary converse; in fact, for them reading is only a conversation and a better one than usual. For the select world refines

language. It does not suffer the risks and approximations of extempore and inexperienced speaking. It requires a knowledge of style like a knowledge of external forms. It will have exact words to express the fine shades of thought, and measured words to preclude shocking or extreme impressions. It wishes for developed phrases which, presenting the same idea under several aspects, may impress it easily upon its desultory mind. It demands harmonies of words which, presenting a known idea in a smart form, may introduce it in a lively manner to its desultory imagination. Addison gives it all that it desires; his writings are the pure source of classical style; men never spoke in England better. Ornaments abound, and rhetoric has no part in them. Throughout we have just contrasts which serve only for clearness and are not too much prolonged; happy expressions, easily discovered, which give things a new and ingenious turn; harmonious periods, in which the sounds flow into one another with the diversity and sweetness of a quiet stream; a fertile vein of inventions and images through which runs the most amiable irony.—H. A. TAINE.

ADDISON'S PROSE STYLE.

Addison's prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour. It was apparently his principal endeavour to

avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is, therefore, sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet, if his language had been less idiomatical it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.—DR. JOHNSON.

ADDISON'S CHARACTER.

To the influence which Addison derived from his literary talents was added all the influence which arises from character. The world, always ready to think the worst of needy political adventurers, was forced to make one exception. Restlessness, violence, audacity, laxity of principle, are the vices ordinarily attributed to that class of men. But faction itself could not deny that Addison had, through all changes of fortune, been strictly faithful to his early opinions and to his early friends; that his integrity was without stain; that his whole deportment indicated a fine sense of the becoming; that, in the utmost heat of controversy, his zeal was tempered by a regard for truth, humanity, and social decorum; that no outrage could ever provoke him to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman, and that his only faults were a too sensitive delicacy and a modesty which amounted to bashfulness.—LORD MACAULAY.

SWIFT'S CHARACTER AND PERSONALITY.

Had Swift been born in such a position as to give him an independent fortune, his life might have been a happy one. Nay, if he had not entered the Church, but had risen (an event quite within the range of possibility), like Addison, to high office in the State, it is very probable that we should never have heard of so much of his misanthropy and cynicism. Impatient of control, proud, contemptuous of inferiority, and intolerant of stupidity, he never found a proper field wherein to exercise his vast and daring genius. For literary fame, except as a stepping-stone to what he considered higher ends, he cared little or nothing. The finest fruits of his mind, "Gulliver" and the "Tale of a Tub," were flung carelessly, unacknowledged, upon the world. That there were noble and generous tendencies in Swift's nature can scarcely be doubted by any one who has studied him with impartiality. Strictly economical in his personal expenses, he could, when occasion required, give largely. Like many who take care of the pence, he sometimes dispensed the pounds with a bounteousness which put to shame the charity of his apparently more freehanded contemporaries. That he was often sullen, rude, insolent, and disdainful cannot be denied. But some of his fugitive pieces, and especially the "Journal to Stella," show that beneath his outward misanthropy and harshness lay a vein of playfulness, tenderness, and affection. The fact that he was a general favourite with women is a further proof in the same direction. In spite of the large literature which has accumulated round Swift's name, the key which shall enable us to solve the many enigmas about his life and character, which have baffled so many inquirers, still remains to be

found. He stands alone, a unique and portentous figure, to whom the eyes of men will long be directed, some with pity and even affection, some with aversion and distrust, all with wonder and great admiration. Swift's outward appearance corresponded to the character of him which we gather from his writings and from other sources. "He was," says Scott, "in person tall, strong, and well made, of a dark complexion, but with blue eyes, black and bushy eyebrows, nose somewhat aquiline, and features which remarkably express the stern, haughty, and dauntless turn of his mind."—HENRY J. NICOLL.

SWIFT AND ADDISON COMPARED—SWIFT AND ADDISON'S RELATIONS.

George the First took possession of his kingdom without opposition. A new ministry was formed and a new parliament favourable to the Whigs chosen. Sunderland was appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and Addison again went to Dublin as chief secretary.

At Dublin Swift resided, and there was much speculation about the way in which the dean and the secretary would behave toward each other. The relations which existed between these remarkable men form an interesting and pleasing portion of literary history. They had early attached themselves to the same political party and to the same patrons. While Anne's Whig ministry was in power, the visits of Swift to London and the official residence of Addison in Ireland had given them opportunities of knowing each other. They were the two shrewdest observers of their age. But their observations on each other had led them to favourable conclusions. Swift did full justice to the rare powers of conversation which were la-

tent under the bashful deportment of Addison. Addison, on the other hand, discerned much good nature under the severe look and manner of Swift, and, indeed, the Swift of 1708 and the Swift of 1738 were two very different men.

But the paths of the two friends diverged widely. The Whig statesmen loaded Addison with solid benefits. They praised Swift, asked him to dinner, and did nothing more for him. His profession laid them under a difficulty. In the State they could not promote him; and they had reason to fear that, by bestowing preferment in the Church on the author of the "Tale of a Tub," they might give scandal to the public, which had no high opinion of their orthodoxy. Swift did not make fair allowance for the difficulties which prevented Halifax and Somers from serving him, thought himself an ill-used man, sacrificed honour and consistency to revenge, joined the Tories, and became their most formidable champion. He soon found, however, that his old friends were less to blame than he had supposed. The dislike with which the queen and the heads of the Church regarded him was insurmountable, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he obtained an ecclesiastical dignity of no great value on condition of fixing his residence in a country which he detested.

Difference of political opinion had produced, not indeed a quarrel, but a coolness between Swift and Addison. They at length ceased altogether to see each other.

It is not strange that Addison, who calumniated and insulted nobody, should not have calumniated or insulted Swift. But it is remarkable that Swift, to whom neither genius nor virtue was sacred, and who generally seemed to find, like most other renegades, a peculiar pleasure in attacking old friends, should have shown so much respect and tenderness to Addison.

Fortune had now changed. The accession of the house

of Hanover had secured in England the liberties of the people, and in Ireland the dominion of the Protestant caste. To that caste Swift was more odious than any other man. He was hooted and even pelted in the streets of Dublin, and could not venture to ride along the Strand for his health without the attendance of armed servants. Many whom he had formerly served now libelled and insulted him. At this time Addison arrived. He had been advised not to show the smallest civility to the dean of St. Patrick's. He had answered, with admirable spirit, that it might be necessary for men whose fidelity to their party was suspected to hold no intercourse with political opponents, but that one who had been a steady Whig in the worst times might venture, when the good cause was triumphant, to shake hands with an old friend who was one of the vanquished Tories. His kindness was soothing to the proud and cruelly wounded spirit of Swift, and the two great satirists resumed their habits of friendly intercourse.—LORD MACAULAY.

READINGS FROM SWIFT.

I. FROM "A LETTER TO A VERY YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE."

SWIFT'S ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.

If you are in company with men of learning, though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences out of your compass, yet you will gather more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex; but if they be men of breeding, as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your part. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of your own country, or of the great men and actions of Greece and Rome; if they give their judgment upon English and French writers either in verse or prose, of the nature and limits of virtue and vice—it is a shame for an English lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour by reading and information to have her share in those entertainments, rather than turn aside, as it is the usual custom, and consult with the woman who sits next her about a new cargo of fans.

It is a little hard, that not one gentleman's daughter in

a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural tongue, or to be judge of the easiest books that are written in it; as any one may find, who can have the patience to hear them, when they are disposed to mangle a play or novel, where the least word out of the common road is sure to disconcert them; and it is no wonder, when they are not so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives. I advise you therefore to read aloud, more or less, every day to your husband, if he will permit you, or to any other friend (but not a female one) who is able to set you right; and as for spelling, you may compass it in time by making collections from the books you read.

I know very well, that those who are commonly called learned women have lost all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit of themselves; but there is an easy remedy for this, if you once consider, that after all the pains you may be at, you never can arrive in point of learning to the perfection of a schoolboy. The reading I would advise you to, is only for improvement of your own good sense, which will never fail of being mended by discretion. It is a wrong method, and ill choice of books, that makes those learned ladies just so much the worse for what they have read; and therefore it shall be my care to direct you better, a task for which I take myself to be not ill-qualified; because I have spent more time, and have had more opportunities, than many others, to observe and discover from what source the various follies of women are derived.

Pray observe, how insignificant things are the common race of ladies, when they have passed their youth and beauty; how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own sex; and have no relief, but in passing their afternoons in

visits, where they are never acceptable; and their evenings at cards among each other; while the former part of the day is spent in spleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair by art and dress the ruins of time. Whereas I have known ladies at sixty, to whom all the polite part of the court and town paid their addresses, without any farther view than that of enjoying the pleasure of their conversation.

I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man, which is not equally so in a woman: I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature. Nor do I know one vice or folly, which is not equally detestable in both. There is indeed one infirmity which is generally allowed you, I mean that of cowardice; yet there should seem to be something very capricious, that when women profess their admiration for a colonel or a captain, on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful and becoming quality in themselves, to be afraid of their own shadows; to scream in a barge when the weather is calmest, or in a coach at a ring: to run from a cow at a hundred yards' distance; to fall into fits at the sight of a spider, an earwig, or a frog. At least, if cowardice be a sign of cruelty (as it is generally granted), I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable, as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

And as the same virtues equally become both sexes, so there is no quality whereby women endeavour to distinguish themselves from men, for which they are not just so much the worse, except that only of reservedness; which, however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation or hypocrisy. For, as you cannot too much discountenance those of our sex who presume to take unbecoming liberties before you; so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the company of deserving men,

when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion. . . .

I will add one thing, although it be a little out of place, which is to desire, that you will learn to value and esteem your husband for those good qualities which he really possesses, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly has not. For, although this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affectation or ill judgment. It is true, he wants so very few accomplishments, that you are in no great danger of erring on this side; but my caution is occasioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable person, whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those perfections to which he can least pretend.

2. FROM THE "TATLER."

ON MISTAKEN HOSPITALITY.

THOSE inferior duties of life, which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observes amongst them when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances it is odd to consider, that, for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to

make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return soon after dinner. In the meantime the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand; the girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gillyflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for, but madam vowed I should drink it off; for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr. Bickerstaff [says the lady], you must eat a wing, to oblige me;" and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal; as often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses; but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, What would I have for supper? I

said I never eat anything at night: but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, "That this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss;" the lady went, and left me to her husband; for they took special care I should never be alone. As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards every moment, and constantly as they came in, or went out, made a courtesy directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow and Your humble servant, pretty miss. Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered, by the redness of her face, that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and, upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo* as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and, after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats' tongues, venison pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of the way, and carry me a short cut through his own ground, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This past piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in

danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt, when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again. It is evident that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication of the rules of it.

READINGS FROM ADDISON.

I. FROM THE "SPECTATOR."

THE SPECTATOR'S SKETCH OF WILL WIMBLE.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

"SIR ROGER,

"I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black river. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"WILL WIMBLE."

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and

quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follow:—Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his eldest brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed on account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends, that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the country. These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the darling of the country.

2. FROM THE "SPECTATOR."

A GLIMPSE OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door; and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice, and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden, in case it proved a good even-

ing. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the staircase; but told me that if I was speculating, he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who was a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy on the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of anybody to row me that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

3. FROM THE "SPECTATOR."

THE DEATH OF SIR ROGER.

It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us have grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. . . . Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall house, and the whole estate. . . . The captain, truly, seems a cour-

teous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire.—*From "A letter from Edward Biscuit to Sir Andrew Freeport."*

4. FROM THE "TATLER.'

A VISION OF THE PALACE OF FAME.

THERE are two kinds of immortality: that which the soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary existence by which men live in their fame and reputation. The best and greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter, as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my Tables of Fame all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reason also, that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for, since fame was the only end of all their enterprises and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing

them with each other; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable vision, which I shall beg leave to describe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure, that no creature which was not made in a human figure could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear or relish this music with pleasure: but my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three Syrens, clothed like Goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and grovelling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were listening to these delusive deities, those of a more erect aspect, and exalted spirit, separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter, the more they listened to it.

On a sudden methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the

call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their swords drawn, some carried rolls of paper in their hands, some had compasses, others quadrants, others telescopes, and others pencils. Some had laurels on their heads, and others buskins on their legs; in short, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanic art, or liberal science, which was not made use of on this occasion. My good demon, who stood at my right hand during this course of the whole vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, "he highly approved that generous ardour with which I seemed transported; but at the same time advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent." I took his counsel, without inquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended, and led no further; and I observed, that most of the artisans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some that by one false step fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment than they had gained for

many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed that all the different paths which ran about the sides of the mountain began to meet in two great roads: which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road there stood a hideous phantom, that opposed our further passage. One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way. Crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out "Death." The spectre that guarded the other road was Envy. She was not armed with weapons of destruction, like the former; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than Death itself, insomuch, that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any further, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess, my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances; but, on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and, in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their looks, went forward, in a more composed manner, up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of ether, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them re-

flect with satisfaction on their past toils; and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which showed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields there stood a palace of a very glorious structure. It had four great folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the Goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions: a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden, the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or a point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation. The whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward, was a beautiful and blooming hero, and, as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a crowd of historians. The person who immediately walked before him was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who, not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good demon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen myself. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer,

stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the Nine Sisters that attended on the Goddess of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and though most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself.

The next who advanced was a man of a homely but cheerful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master Socrates: but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher, with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer, brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took his place. He had inquired at the door for Lucceius to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other writers, who all, except Sallust, appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of historians, whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of

Carthage. The person thus conducted, who was Hannibal, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board, of the affronts he had met with among the Roman historians, "who attempted," says he, "to carry me into the subterraneous apartment; and perhaps, would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this gentleman," pointing to Polybius, "who was the only person, except, my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither."

The Carthaginian took his seat, and Pompey entered, with great dignity in his own person, and preceded by several historians. Lucan the poet was at the head of them, who observing Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him, that whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the historians. Lucan was so exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself; and was heard to say, "that since he could not have a seat among them himself he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole assembly:" upon which he went to the door and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with such an air, that showed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to Cæsar was vacant, he took possession of it, and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of precedency, which, according to him, consisted not in place, but in intrinsic merit: to which he added, "that the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table." Socrates, who had a great spirit of raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at a virtue which took so little pains to make itself agreeable. Cicero took the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of Cato, which he

uttered with much vehemence. Cæsar answered him with a great deal of seeming temper; but, as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, that, in all the discourse which passed at the table, a word or nod from Homer decided the controversy.

After a short pause, Augustus appeared, looking round him, with a serene and affable countenance, upon all the writers of his age, who strove among themselves which of them should show him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect. Virgil rose from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more such to the learned than the military worthies.

The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance. He was slow, solemn, and silent, in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and, therefore desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious existence. At his going out, he told them, "that they did not know whom they dismissed; that he was now Pythagoras the first of philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of Troy."—"That may be very true," said Socrates; "but you forget that you have likewise been a very great harlot in your time." This exclusion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of mathematical figures in his hand; among which I observed a cone and a cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide, for variety, to lead me to the fabulous apartment, the roof of which was

painted with Gorgons, Chimeras, and Centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first table was almost full; at the upper end sat Hercules, leaning an arm upon his club; on his right hand were Achilles and Ulysses, and between them Æneas; on his left were Hector, Theseus, and Jason: the lower end had Orpheus, Æsop, Phalaris, and Musæus. The ushers seemed at a loss for a twelfth man, when, methought, to my great joy and surprise, I heard some at the lower end of the table mention Isaac Bickerstaff; but those of the upper end received it with disdain, and said, "if they must have a British worthy, they would have Robin Hood."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDENTS.

1. Addison is more widely and more definitely made the subject of study as a "stylist" than any other English author. His essays for this purpose form a part of the literary course of almost every school and college in English speaking countries. But they are also almost equally widely read for the delight they afford as literature. No one, however, nowadays, except a professed literary student, would think of reading all of Addison's essays. But a knowledge of some of them is essential to every one who pretends to any acquaintance with literature, no matter how small. Good selections of the essays may be obtained easily. Perhaps one of the best selections is that made by the late J. R. Green, published by The Macmillan Co. in the "Golden Treasury Series." (New York: price $1.00.)

2. "Sir Roger de Coverley" is the immortal creation of Steele and Addison, and most readers are content when they have become acquainted with the essays from the "Tatler" and the "Spectator," which are devoted to his quaint doings and kind benevolences. A very beautiful selection of the "Sir Roger" essays is that illustrated by Hugh Thomson in the "Cranford Series," also published by The Macmillan Co. (New York: price

$1.50.) The student should be sure that he gets the right edition of this work, for there are some spurious ones in the market. The real "Cranford" edition is a beautiful one.

3. Thackeray's "English Humorists" is the one book relating to this period that the student should absolutely have. Various cheap editions are published. Harper's edition is $1.25.

4. Good biographies are W. J. Courthope's "Addison" (Harper: 75 cents) and Leslie Stephen's "Swift" (Harper: 75 cents), both in the "English Men of Letters" series. Austin Dobson's "Steele" should also be read if possible. (Appleton & Co.: 75 cents.) An excellent biography of Swift, one containing a number of portraits and many illustrative extracts from Swift's writings, is that by Mr. Gerald P. Moriarty, Oxford, published by Scribners. (New York: $2.50.)

5. One of the most consummate masters of eighteenth century literature is Austin Dobson. His "Eighteenth Century Essays," "the best essays of the century" (Scribner & Co.: $1.75), and his "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," two volumes (Dodd, Mead & Co.: $2 per volume), should be added to one's library as choice works to represent this period, if one can afford them.

6. Finally, the student should not fail to read Macaulay's Essay on Addison. It will be found in any edition of Macaulay's Essays. Also, if he can find time for it, Macaulay's essay on Sir William Temple—at least those parts of it that describe Temple's life at Moor Park.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ART AND ARTIFICE IN ENGLISH POETRY.

By John Ebenezer Bryant.

Pope is the greatest poet of the "Augustan age" of English literature. He, was, indeed, with the possible exception of Dryden, the greatest poet from the time of Milton onward to the time of Goldsmith and Cowper. But though Pope is the most incisive, the most epigrammatic, of verse writers, the aptest coiner of terse and pointed phrases and couplets that our language has ever known, yet his art lies in his rhetoric rather than in that most necessary part of a poet's faculty, his imagination, and many critics would deny him the title of poet altogether. What Pope did do when at his best no other poet, indeed, has ever been able to rival. Short, detached pieces of his poems show a power of condensation, a power of expressing a truism, a sentiment, a personal opinion, a proverbial judgment, neatly, felicitously, captivatingly, memorably, wholly unequalled in literature. But except in this one province Pope's originality cannot be said to be great or striking in any respect. He was, however, a consummate artist in his own field. The heroic

couplet, as it is called, has never in other hands had such magnificent employment. He could give it, at his pleasure, every quality except imaginative grandeur and

ALEXANDER POPE.

(From the painting by Richardson, in possession of Lord Lyttelton at Hagley.)

strength. But as he lacked ideality, as he lacked also nobility of sentiment, greatness of conception, loftiness of aim and purpose, and as he further lacked the poet's in-

stinct for the beautiful, the true, and the real, and the poet's prescience of that which would be abidingly beautiful, true, and real, a great portion of his work has now come to be interesting for its history rather than interesting in itself. Even in those portions of his work which are, indeed, intrinsically of great merit—his satires and characterisations of contemporary life and manners—he is of little interest to present-day readers. He dealt with the temporary and evanescent phases of life, and even with them only superficially; and, as they are gone forever, the interest in his poetry is now gone, too. In short, Pope is read to-day principally in his epigrammatic passages, in which, though the thoughts are not original with him, the expression of them is so condensed, and so consummately striking and happy, that they will remain a part of our literature forever.

Alexander Pope was born in London, May 22, 1688, the year of the so-called "Revolution." His father was a linen draper, who, having made a considerable fortune in his business, retired, soon after the poet's birth, to a village near London on the edge of Windsor Forest. He was a Catholic, and his son was brought up to that religion also. This fact had much to do with the poet's future life. Not only did it occasion that his instruction should be wholly private—he never went to school or college; his education was obtained from private tutors, priests, and others—but it cut him off from all chance of obtaining official patronage, at that time almost the only means by which an author could hope to get on. On the other hand, Pope's Catholicism no doubt made his position in literary circles somewhat unique, and gained for him, perhaps, more readily than he otherwise would have got it, the good will and interest of the chief men among the Tories. Although in his earlier years Pope tried to hold himself

aloof from party connections, and to win the favour of leading men in both of the two great factions into which London society was then divided, yet as time went on his personal relationships became more and more partisan, and his permanent friends,—the men he did not quarrel with, or alienate by his vanity and insatiate desire for praise—Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, etc.—were all strongly Tory.

Pope's education, as we have said, was privately obtained, but the best of it was, indeed, that which he obtained for himself. He was a precocious child and an omnivorous reader, but his reading was for sentiment rather than for fact, and he never became a scholar in any department of scholarship. He acquired a little knowledge of Greek and some knowledge of Latin, but when he afterward came to translate Homer, Horace, Ovid, and other classical writers, it is suspected that he translated from previous English translations of them rather than from the originals. He was a precocious child, it is true, but almost all the information we have of his childhood and youth has been obtained from himself; and, unfortunately, in any such manner, his testimony is wholly unreliable. Pope's vanity and desire for praise so affected his character that he has the unenviable reputation of being almost the only eminent writer in literature whose word about himself cannot be believed. But, nevertheless, when all allowances have been made for his exaggeration, it is still undoubtedly true that Pope was not only precocious, but that his precocity showed itself in a remarkable way in versification. As he himself said, he "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." And he determined at a very early age to make poetry-writing his profession. He obtained an acquaintance with the principal literary frequenters of the coffee-houses, the

popular clubs of the day; and poems of his, written when he was but sixteen years of age, and shown around in manuscript, soon acquired for him—even among the best writers of the age—the reputation of a prodigy. He was not only precociously clever—he was precociously industrious; and for years he took every pains that was possible in the way of reading, study, and practice to acquire a perfect poetic art. And so far as his ideal went he succeeded to the utmost. No other poet, before or since his time, has ever been able to do so much with the twenty-syllable rhymed couplet as he. And he arrived at a high degree of perfection in his art at a very early age. Some of his early boyish verses, entitled "Pastorals," were solicited for publication even before he was twenty-one. And when he was only twenty-three his famous "Essay on Criticism" was published. Not only did this work instantly establish his reputation as a poet among his contemporaries, but even to-day it stands a monument to his genius working at what now is considered its best. Scarcely a line in the poem expresses a thought that was original with Pope. Nor are many of the thoughts in it more than commonplace ones. Nor, again, has it any orderly plan of development or procedure. But, nevertheless, it exemplifies from beginning to end all those graces of composition—his neatness and deftness of expression, his skill in balanced antithesis, his power of compression, his lucidity—in which, as we have said, he excels all other writers. At twenty-three, therefore, Pope's reputation as a poet was firmly established, not merely with that circle of literary men who had praised his manuscripts, but with the great general public.

In 1712 appeared that poem of Pope's which most critics of all periods—both in his lifetime and since—have united in praising as being his best and greatest—his celebrated

mock-heroic, "The Rape of the Lock." This poem is a burlesque epic—a narrative, in an amusingly grandiose style, of the theft by a lover from the head of a fashionable beauty of the day of a tress of her hair—and of all the consequences thereof. The poem, besides exemplifying in a special degree Pope's rhetorical excellences of style, sparkles with wit, humour, and fancy. But it has one grand defect—a defect which Pope in no way made good in any other poem of his—its want of sympathy with woman's character; its assumption that frivolity, vanity, petulance, love of idleness, fondness for display, delight in intrigue, etc., are the normal constituents of a woman's moral and mental make-up. The cynicism of the author in the matter is not so much expressed as constantly implied. The real character of woman—her gentleness, her tenderness, her fidelity, her capacity for endurance, her capacity for deep and abiding love—is not so much as hinted at. The conception that is taken is of a wholly artificial being; and despite all that has been said in praise of the poem, its popularity, as must sooner or later be with everything so utterly fictitious, is even now almost ended.

A more solidly enduring piece of work, but one that many critics have not praised so highly, is his celebrated translation of Homer's "Iliad." This undertaking—begun in 1713, when he was only twenty-five years of age, and finished in 1720, when he was only thirty-two, thanks partly to the exertions of his friends (Swift, for example, was very helpful in the matter), but partly also to the intrinsic merit of the performance itself—netted Pope between £5,000 and £6,000, made him independent for life, and gave him such prestige and renown as an author as no Englishman before him, not even Bacon or Milton or Addison, ever came at all near possessing. The great scholar Bentley's criticism, "It is a pretty enough poem,

Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer," is no doubt a just and true one. But, nevertheless, the translation, despite all its unfaithfulness to the original, and all its artificiality, has still great merit of its own. Granting (for

FRONTISPIECE TO THE "ESSAY ON MAN."
(Designed by Pope to represent the vanity of human glory.)

the moment) Pope's ideal of the poetic art to be a sound one, its literary workmanship is almost faultless. In literary history Pope's "Iliad," too, has the interest of having been for over one hundred and fifty years almost the

only means by which Englishmen who were not classical scholars got any idea whatever, even a partial one, of the beauty and grandeur of the immortal epic of Greek antiquity. By 1725 he had completed also his translation of the "Odyssey," but in this work he had the assistance of coadjutors. The money which Pope received from his "Iliad" and his "Odyssey" made him, as we have said, independent for life. He bought a villa at Twickenham, on the Thames, surrounded it with a lovely garden, and built in it a grotto fancifully adorned with mirrors, curious minerals, coloured marbles, etc. Here he lived for twenty-five years, until he died. Twickenham became a sort of literary court, frequented by all the principal literary personages in the kingdom. And Pope was justly enough regarded by every one as their true leader and chief.

Pope wrote two other great works. One of these, "The Dunciad," "an epic of dunces," as it may be described, published in 1728, was a satire—personal, malignant, and waspish, but also full of wit, humour, and fun—directed against a great number of his contemporaries whom for one reason or another he wished to hold up to the ridicule of the world. Pope has been universally praised for the skill he displayed in this satire. But it makes dry reading nowadays, and it is a pity it ever was written. He descended into the gutter, and, though he threw his mud effectively, he showed that the element unfortunately was natural to him. An infinitely nobler undertaking was his "Essay on Man," published in 1732-1734. This work, like his "Essay on Criticism," was not in its ideas at all original with him. In fact, the general idea of it was suggested to him by his friend Bolingbroke, who also supplied to him in the rough a great part of its matter. The rest of it he obtained from the popular

philosophical writers of the day. But only Pope, either then or at any other time in the world's history, could have worked up this rough matter into the faultless epigrammatic style in which so much of it finally appeared. Its plan, like that of the earlier essay, is wholly inconsequential. As some one has said, if it were shattered into a thousand fragments the separated pieces would still be as valuable as the whole. And it is by these fragments, at least by many of them, that Pope will live in literature. They may lack the real poet's play of imagination, and the real poet's insight into the hearts of things, but they have what much real poetry has not—consummate art, and consummate lucidity in their embodiment. They constitute a series of gems of "purest ray serene."

Pope as a child was puny and sickly, and he was weak and sickly all through life. He was somewhat deformed, his stature was diminutive, his constitution was rickety, and his life, as he himself expressed it, was "one long disease." In disposition—though he was kind and faithful to his friends (Bolingbroke said of him at his deathbed that he never knew a man who had so tender a heart for those whom he loved)—he was malicious and even treacherous to those to whom he did not feel himself bound by some tie of consideration. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who knew him well—whom, indeed, Pope once affected to love—used to call him "the wicked wasp of Twickenham," and after his death even Bolingbroke accused him of something like treachery. Much is to be excused to him because of his constitutional frailty. Throughout all his life he was doing things in an underhand, secret manner, that men of stronger build would scorn to do, or would do openly and above-board. But amid all his weaknesses he had one merit which has endeared him to many—he was unfailingly kind and tender

to his parents, and especially to his mother. He even wished that his love for them might be commemorated after his death; and he composed for his epitaph a sentence which had for its only sentiment the fact that as a son he had been good to them. In later years he was much troubled with asthma. His last illness was a somewhat long one, and his bedside was constantly attended by a crowd of admirers and friends; Bolingbroke, his constant friend for thirty years, the one whom he admired and loved most, and the one who in turn most admired and loved him, being there till the very end. He died May 30, 1744, having just completed his fifty-sixth year. His strength was so spent by his long illness that the watchers who attended him were quite uncertain as to the time when the end really did come. One of his last conscious acts was to receive the last sacraments of his church.

TEN-MINUTE TALK.

By John Millar, M.A.,
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POPE'S STYLE AS A POET: ITS CONTEMPORARY INFLUENCE AND ITS SUBSEQUENT INFLUENCE COMPARED.

With the artificial school of poetry the name of Pope will always be associated. He is the ablest representative of that polished style of writing which for nearly two hundred years pervaded the productions of English poets. He was a pupil of Dryden, but like many other disciples he surpassed his master in the acquisition of fame. Dryden has been called the greatest writer of a little age. That age had not yet become sufficiently removed from that greater age to which Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton belong. It is not to his discredit that Dryden was influenced by the genius of Milton. It would be unjust to regard either Dryden or Pope as an imitator, however applicable the term may be used with reference to some of their contemporaries, and to the hosts of writers of verse who have since their time used the same style.

Pope was the foremost literary figure of the brilliant age in which he lived. The brilliancy of that period was due

to causes that cannot be described in a few words. The Restoration had come, and in its train had arrived influences which affected politics, morals, and religion. The Puritans had their day, and the church had "rest" until at a later date the revival under the Wesleys and Whitfield awakened England from its state of religious lethargy. The memory of the Commonwealth was sufficient to repress any serious attempts toward political reforms. The conditions of the poor had not yet aroused any agitation for the amelioration of the masses. The house of Hanover was reasonably secure. Stability in matters affecting both church and state was at a premium. Progress was not ardently sought, and to make the best use of what was already known was considered the part of wisdom. The great aim in literature, from the time of the Restoration to that of the French Revolution, was the attainment of the perfection of form. The beauty of literary composition was the object sought by writers of the period of the Renaissance. The influence of the French has often been mentioned as the main cause of the development of the artificial style of poetry in England. Pope himself spoke of the "manner" as being the outcome of the prevalent imitation of French fashions introduced into England at the Restoration, but it is improbable that the court of Louis XIV. extended its ascendency in literary matters after its political power was broken by the war of the Spanish succession. The literary period of Pope and his contemporaries is most correctly designated by the term "classical." It is not simply meant that Latin and Greek writers were the models, as they had largely been during the early years of the Renaissance. The art of writing had begun to receive much prominence. It was recognised that the form in which composition is expressed has its importance, and that, while the main

object of poetry is to give pleasure, that pleasure can be much enhanced by a proper modulation of sounds —this depending upon the choice and arrangement of words. The demand for the expression of truth was not sufficient. It was not enough that picturesqueness and high flights of imagery should characterise a poem. Something more was needed. A critical age called for symmetry, and all the known words of the vocabulary were searched to ascertain what was most harmonious. To excel required much condensation, terseness, neatness, and polish. Exquisite finish had to be studied as much as nobility of thought. The age was a fastidious one, no slipshod work was tolerated, and to reach fame was only possible to great artists. A high standard was set up. Few could hope to carry off a prize. Those unwilling to work had no chance in the race. Pope had the opportunity as well as the ability. He made use of both and he came out ahead. He took the lead more on account of his industry than of his natural ability. He aimed to take first place as a writer of finished verse. Any knowledge he gained of the world, or any suggestion that came to him from his intercourse with society, was utilised to accomplish his main purpose. To put his thoughts in choice language was not enough. Each idea had to be put in its neatest and most epigrammatic form. By his skill and perseverance he became eminently successful in giving to the world—not by any means the finest kind of poetry—but the finest kind which the age in which he lived admired and demanded.

The power of a great writer of either poetry or prose is apparent to any student of literature. This power is especially noticeable on the masses in the case of a writer whose highest claims to excellence are harmony of language and beauty of expression. Form often has a

readier influence than meaning. There are more admirers of style than of intense thought, and it is not strange that the artist has more imitators than the man of grand ideas. It is not surprising that the style of Pope had its charms for a people who were dominated by the romantic reaction of the early part of the eighteenth century. Indeed, it is only by courtesy that the numerous versifiers of the time can be called poets. There was wanting that element of inspired feeling which is present in the feeblest of the Elizabethans, and which in the early Stuart period gave fame to our greatest epic poet. It is not to be inferred that the writers of the period produced nothing of value. This is a critical age and the worth of the poetry of the artificial school is properly estimated. The verse of Pope's time had no great depth of meaning. It was lacking in lofty sentiment, nobleness of soul, and that sympathy which characterises poetry of the highest order. Pope's followers aimed to become artists, but, as was inevitable, the great majority of them failed to acquire any great distinction. Their leader had most consummate skill, but very few of those who imitated his style produced anything of literary value. Indeed, were it not for the record of their names in the "Dunciad," and in a few other poems, a knowledge of their existence might be placed in doubt. Too many writers of poetry came to believe that the "trick of versification" was common property to which every person might lay claim. The effect was that "every warbler had his tune by heart," and ignored the higher value of deep meaning and ardent love of the beautiful in nature in his effort to exhibit epigrammatic force and a musical flow of language.

The poetry of the artificial school, and especially that of Pope, has had a permanent influence on the literature of subsequent periods. The revival of the natural school

of poetry was inevitable if the love of truth and the power of "heroic souls" were not to depart forever. The twentieth century cannot afford to ignore the precious heirlooms which it received from the eighteenth. The reaction against mere form intensified the admiration for true poetic genius. The cry "back to nature" was even heard before Cowper proved to the literary world that a brighter day of spontaneous, romantic poetry had begun. Burns and Wordsworth were soon to follow and to manifest the artist's powers without the artist's weaknesses. The study of Pope's poetry will ever have its charms and will never cease to impart its lessons. Neither Southey nor Coleridge underestimated the choice of words in the expression of poetic thought. Every true poet is an artist, and this is quite evident to those who appreciate the works of Byron and Scott as well as those of Longfellow and Whittier. The greatest poets of our own time are artists of a high order, but their skill has originality. The mission of a great poet puts in the background the mere selection of words and the arrangement of phrases. When we think of Browning, and especially of Tennyson, forms of expression have little prominence as compared with lofty thoughts and deep yearnings of the human heart.

SELECTED CRITICAL STUDIES.

POPE'S WORK AND ART AND SPIRIT OF WORK EXAMINED.

THE masterly form into which Pope threw the philosophical principles he condensed into didactic poetry make them more impressive than they have a right to be. The "Essay on Man," though its philosophy is poor and not his own, is crowded with lines that have passed into daily use. The "Essay on Criticism" is equally full of critical precepts put with exquisite skill. The "Satires" and "Epistles" are didactic, but their excellence is in the terse and finished types of character, in the almost creative drawing of which Pope remains unrivalled, even by Dryden. His translation of Homer resembles Homer as much as London resembles Troy; or Marlborough, Achilles; or Queen Anne, Hecuba. It is done with great literary art, but for that very reason it does not make us feel the simplicity and directness of his original. It has neither the manner nor the spirit of the Greek, just as Pope's descriptions of nature have neither the manner nor the spirit of nature. The "heroic couplet," in which he wrote nearly all his work, he used with a correctness that has never been surpassed, but its smooth perfection, at length, wearies the ear. It wants the breaks that pas-

sion and imagination naturally make. Finally, he had the spirit of an artist, hating those who degraded his art, and at a time when men followed it for money and place and the applause of the club and of the town, he loved it faithfully to the end for its own sake.—STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

POPE'S HOMER.

It was to the translation of Homer, undertaken as a commercial speculation, that Pope owed, more than to anything else he produced, the great reputation he attained in his lifetime. The verdict of later times has reversed the decision of an age little versed in Greek, and whose artificial manners were alien to the primeval simplicity and savagery of Homer. Pope translated from the Latin version, from the French of Dacier, from the English of Chapman. But it was less his ignorance of Greek than his theory of poetical expression which led him astray. His solicitude is entirely spent upon the words he is using, and not upon the thing he is describing. He introduced ornaments which are not only foreign, but false and out of keeping. He reproduced neither the *naïveté* nor the dignity of the original. Pope's moonlight scene provoked Wordsworth's remark that "the eye of the poet had never been steadily fixed upon its object," and that "it shows to what a low state knowledge of the most obvious and important phenomena had sunk." Yet no selection from Pope would be complete which did not offer a specimen of the Homer.—MARK PATTISON.

ANDREW LANG ON POPE'S HOMER.

[The following extract is from an amusing and clever "skit" by Mr. Andrew Lang, the well-known English scholar and critic

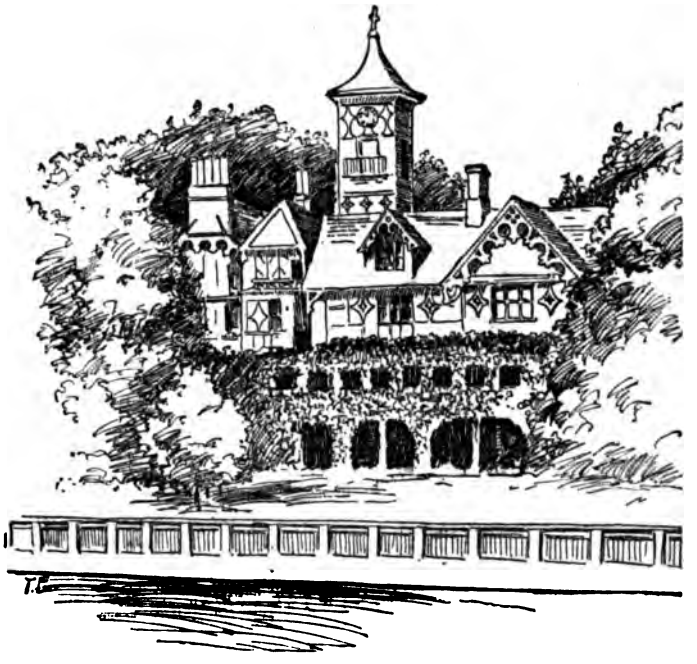
—"Letters to Dead Authors." In the letter to Pope, the particular letter from which this extract is taken, Mr. Lang imitates Pope's style and manner almost perfectly. The allusions in the extract will be all the better appreciated when it is remembered that Mr. Lang has himself published a translation of Homer, which is considered by critics to be perhaps the best prose translation of Homer ever made. Of course, the free use of capitals is also an imitation of a fashion in vogue in Pope's time.]

"The Pity of it! And the changing Taste
Of changing Time leaves half your Work a Waste!
My Childhood fled your couplet's clarion tone,
And sought for Homer in the Prose of Bohn,
Still through the Dust of that dim Prose appears
The Flight of Arrows and the Sheen of Spears;
Still we may trace what Hearts heroic feel,
And hear the Bronze that hurtles on the Steel!
But, ah, your Iliad seems a half-pretence,
Where Wits, not Heroes, prove their Skill in Fence,
And great Achilles' Eloquence doth show
As if no Centaur trained him, but Boileau!
Again, your Verse is orderly—and more—
'The Waves behind impel the Waves before';
Monotonously musical they glide,
Till Couplet unto Couplet hath replied.
But turn to Homer! How his Verses sweep!
Surge answers Surge and Deep doth call on Deep;
This Line in Foam and Thunder issues forth,
Spurred by the West or smitten by the North,
Sombre in all its sullen Deeps, and all
Clear at the Crest, and foaming to the Fall,
The next with silver Murmur dies away,
Like Tides that falter to Calypso's Bay!"

POPE'S CHARACTER, PHYSICAL CONSTITUTION, AND MANNER OF LIFE.

Through all this poet's life of fifty-six years he was delicate and frail. The wonder is that soul and body kept

together so long. When the poor little man got up in the morning he had to be sewed into stiff canvas stays, without which he could not stand erect; his thin body was



POPE'S VILLA AT TWICKENHAM.

Early in 1718 Pope left Chiswick and removed with his mother to Twickenham, about twelve miles from the centre of London proper and on the banks of the Thames.

wrapped in fur and flannel, and his meagre legs required three pairs of stockings to give them a respectable look. After he grew bald, which happened early in life, a velvet cap became his favourite head-dress. On company days he wore a black velvet coat, a tie-wig, and a little sword. When he stayed with a friend all the servants were kept

in a bustle to answer Mr. Pope's never-ceasing calls. The house was roused up at night to make him coffee, or bring him paper, lest he might lose a happy thought. Poor fellow! His fussiness was a foible easily pardoned; and as to his temper, when we remember that his life, to use his own sad words, was "one long disease," we can overlook the acid and the sting in remembrance of the pain. The little spider—so he describes his own meagre figure—that could spin webs of verse so brilliant and so deadly, lived with simple elegance upon £800 a year, paring his housekeeping with perhaps too close a hand, but cherishing to the last beneath his kindly roof the good old mother whom he loved so well.—WILLIAM FRANCIS COLLIER.

POPE AT HIS BEST—IN CONVERSATION AND IN AUTHORSHIP.

To imagine Pope at his best we must place ourselves in Twickenham on some fine day, when the long disease has relaxed its grasp for a moment; when he has taken a turn through his garden, and comforted his poor frame with potted lampreys and a glass or two from his frugal pint. Suppose two or three friends to be sitting with him—the stately Bolingbroke, or the mercurial Bathurst, with one of the patriotic hopes of mankind, Marchmont, or Lyttelton, to stimulate his ardour, and the amiable Spence, or Mrs. Patty Blount, to listen reverentially to his morality. Let the conversation kindle unto vivacity, and host and guests fall into a friendly rivalry, whetting each other's wits by lively repartee, and airing the little fragments of worldly wisdom which pass muster for profound observation at court. For a time they talk platitudes, though striking out now and then brilliant flashes, as from

the collision of polished rapiers. They diverge, perhaps, into literature, and Pope shines in discussing the secrets of the art to which his whole life has been devoted with untiring fidelity. Suddenly the mention of some noted name provokes a startling outburst of personal invective from Pope. His friends judiciously divert the current of wrath into a new channel, and he becomes for the moment a generous patriot declaiming against the growth of luxury. The mention of some sympathising friend brings out a compliment so exquisitely turned as to be a permanent title of honour, conferred by genius instead of power; or the thought of his parents makes his voice tremble, and his eyes shine with pathetic softness; and you forgive the occasional affectation which you can never quite forget, or even the occasional grossness or harshness of sentiment which contrasts so strongly with the superficial polish. A genuine report of even the best conversation would be intolerably prosy and unimaginative. But imagine the very pith and essence of such talk brought to a focus, concentrated into the smallest possible space with the infinite dexterity of a thoroughly trained hand, and you have the kind of writing in which Pope is unrivalled; polished prose, with occasional gleams of genuine poetry—the epistle to Arbuthnot and the epilogue to the "Satires."—LESLIE STEPHEN.

POPE AND MISS BLOUNT.

Poets have a bad reputation as husbands. Strong passions and keen sensibilities may easily disqualify a man for domestic tranquillity, and prompt a revolt against rules essential to social welfare. Pope, like other poets from Shakespeare to Shelley, was unfortunate in his love affairs,

but his ill-fortune took a characteristic shape. He was not carried away, like Byron and Burns, by overpowering passions. Rather, the emotional power which lay in his nature was prevented from displaying itself by his physical infirmities and his strange trickiness and morbid irritability. A man who could not make tea without a stratagem could hardly be a downright lover. We may imagine that he would at once make advances and retract them; that he would be intolerably touchy and suspicious; that every coolness would be interpreted as a deliberate insult; and that the slightest hint would be enough to set his jealousy in a flame. A woman would feel that, whatever his genius and his genuine kindliness, one thing was impossible with him—that is, a real confidence in his sincerity; and therefore, on the whole, it may perhaps be reckoned as a piece of good fortune for the most wayward and excitable of sane mankind that if he never fully gained the most essential condition of all human happiness he yet formed a deep and lasting attachment to a woman who more or less returned his feeling. In a life so full of bitterness, so harassed by physical pain, one is glad to think, even while admitting that the suffering was in great part foolish self-torture, and in part inflicted as a retribution for injuries to others, that some glow of feminine kindliness might enlighten the dreary stages of his progress through life. The years left to him after the death of his mother were few and evil, and it would be hard to grudge him such consolation as he could receive from the glances of Patty Blount's blue eyes—the eyes which, on Walpole's testimony, were the last remains of her beauty.—LESLIE STEPHEN.

POPE.
Engraved by Caroline Watson, 1809.

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READINGS FROM POPE.

I. FROM "THE RAPE OF THE LOCK."

THE TOILET.

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears;
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears.
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.

The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown,
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

2. FROM "THE RAPE OF THE LOCK."

THE FATAL SEVERANCE.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide;
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band:
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems the radiant lock to gain.
Ah! cease, rash youth; desist ere 'tis too late;
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly paid for Nisus' injured hair!
  But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edged weapon from her shining case;
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bent her head.

Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair!
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.
  The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide
To enclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again),
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

3. ODE ON SOLITUDE.[1]

Happy the man whose wish and care
  A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
        In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
  Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
        In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
  Hours, days, and years glide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
        Quiet by day,

[1] Written when Pope was twelve years old.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
  Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence which most does please
  With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
  Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
  Tell where I lie.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES

NOVELS AND ROMANCES

THE FIRST GREAT NOVELISTS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D.,

Catholic University of America.

Let us begin by making a distinction between the romance and the novel, and adopt this working definition of the two forms of fictitious narrative: A romance concerns itself with incident, a novel with character; a romance may deal with the supernatural and the preternatural to any extent; a novel may deal with these only so far as they affect the development of character. Sir Walter Scott's "Monastery," Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," and Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Elsie Venner," are romances; Sir Walter Scott's "The Heart of Midlothian," Thackeray's "Newcomes," and W. D. Howells' "A Modern Instance," are novels.

Sir Thomas More, John Lyly, and Sir Philip Sidney wrote romances which had some things in common with our modern novels, but which were, nevertheless, romances. Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," written in Latin (1516), John Lyly's "Euphues" (1579), and Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" (1590), cannot be overlooked in the

history of the novel, yet their influence on the modern novel is very slight, because they were not novels according to the term as used at the end of the nineteenth century. Thomas Nash (1567-1600) wrote stories which had a realistic character, and which were full of those pedantic plays upon words which the real Cyrano de Bergerac, Rabelais, and Shakespeare used so frequently for the amusement of the people. Mrs. Aphra Behn (1698), the precursor of "Émile" and "Paul and Virginia," was romantic to the last degree.

However important these works of fiction were, none of them can be called great novels. That they showed germs of the various kinds of novels which the demands of our times have developed, is true; but that they are in any way responsible for the splendid flowering of the novel in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is not true. The novel, as we know it, is the outcome of certain social changes and conditions; it is the literary expression of our time, as the drama was that of Shakespeare and the satire that of Pope. Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" (1726) can scarcely be put among the novels; it was intended to be a satire, and it was a brutal and pessimistic arraignment of the human race. The realistic narratives of Daniel Defoe "form," as Stopford Brooke says, "the transition from the slight tale and romance of the Elizabethan time to the finished novel of Richardson and Fielding." But there is one exception to this, and that is "Robinson Crusoe" (1719). This great book is a novel of character. Defoe's "Moll Flanders," "Colonel Jack," "Captain Singleton," "Duncan Campbell," "History of the Great Plague in London," "Memoirs of a Cavalier," and the rest, do not reach the fulness and roundness, and have not the philosophical character, of the perennially interesting "Robinson Crusoe." It is not mere arrange-

From an Old Engraving.

Daniel De Foe

ment of episodes cunningly made to appear logical and true; it is a study of a mind and of the results of a human will exerted upon the things of earth lesser than itself. Taine is partly right when he says that "it was by chance Defoe, like Cervantes, lighted on a novel of character." It was by that chance that makes genius—the chance which strikes both the man and the hour, which is not chance at all, but the same impelling force that caused Shakespeare to strike at the right time on the heated imaginations of the Elizabethans. Defoe was the first of the great English novelists. It is not necessary that a novel should have an intricate plot; his had not; but it is necessary that it should show psychological development. Nothing could more plainly manifest the exotic character of the obscenities of the Restoration time than the high and reverent tone of "Robinson Crusoe"; it reflected the spirit of a nation which can never long remain unmindful of God. Defoe's life was an unhappy one; at fifty-five he turned to fiction; he was rewarded with a fame that will live as long as hearts capable of enjoying the triumphs of will over matter and the workings of a sane mind exist. Defoe was without doubt chief of the realists. It would be as false, however, to say that he founded a school, as to say that the artistic realism of Edgar Poe was the consequence of his marvellous power of making even the impossible seem probable. In "Robinson Crusoe," in the "Memoirs of a Cavalier," in the "Great Plague," he obliges us to see things as he sees them, and his simplicity of style adds to the effect of an art which carefully conceals art. When we compare his manner and that of Goldsmith, in "The Vicar of Wakefield" (1766), with the style of Miss Burney—which in her later novels reached an unendurable condition of bombast—we are grateful that Goldsmith's popularity

helped to neutralise the influence of Dr. Johnson, whose "little fishes always talked like whales."

Richardson's "Pamela" (1740), Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" (1742), and Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" (1759) chronologically precede Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"; so, too, do Richardson's masterpiece, "Clarissa Harlowe" (1748), and Fielding's greatest novel, "Tom Jones" (1749). Logically, in the line of progress, they ought to, for the moral tone and refinement of "The

RICHARDSON'S HOUSE, PARSON'S GREEN.

Vicar of Wakefield" showed a great leap toward the higher purity and delicacy of our own time. Samuel Richardson is always moral, but often very coarse, judged by our conventions. He was loved by the ladies of his time. Like John Lyly and Sir Philip Sidney, he wrote for the women, and they wept many tears over his persecuted and patient Pamela, and the sentimental and preaching Clarissa. Richardson was the rage, the fashion, the "fad." I have one volume of "Clarissa Harlowe" that belonged to a fair Virginian of a past century. It is full of marginal notes. "How prudent! How sweet!" stand

From an Engraving.

Samuel Richardson

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in dim handwriting beside passages which describe Clarissa as almost sickly with sentimentality. But the wonder is that the wickedness of the rake Lovelace excites no written reprobation; it seems to be an accepted fact, worthy of no surprise, that the hero should endeavour with the whole force of his will to degrade a woman who at last accepts him gratefully as a husband. The need of Pamela's struggles to save herself, and the reward of her virtuous resistance, seem equally terrible to the changed sense of this century. The hero is a brute, and will doubtless remain very much of a brute until his death; but the heroine, who is very much below him in the social scale, endures his insults to have the honour at last of being grateful that heaven had "made her such a man!"

In "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe" there is vitality; they are not of our times; and, without being pharisaical, we may be very thankful that they are not. The movement and growth of character are in them. "Pamela" was published in four volumes, "Clarissa Harlowe" in seven, and "Sir Charles Grandison" in seven, but of all tiresome, unreal, and falsely sentimental novels, the last is the most tiresome, unreal, and falsely sentimental. The change in the position of women, as well as the improvement in manners, is shown in the novels of Richardson and Fielding; Smollett and Sterne count for less, both as artists and representatives of their time. The Elizabethan time, when, as Lowell says, maids of honour drank beer for breakfast, and princesses and ladies of quality swore volubly, was not far off. It would take a very courageous mother to read aloud the most touching parts of "Clarissa Harlowe," or "Pamela," to a circle of young persons of an evening, and a still more courageous one to recommend the "rewards" of those heroines as suitable for the self-respecting women of our time. But, as the

first of its kind, as the best of its time, as a novel which inspired higher sentiments in a society which seems, at a distance, to have been somewhat "barbaric," to use Taine's adjective, "Clarissa Harlowe" is a classic.

Samuel Richardson was a very honest and sincere man, a printer by trade, and what Matthew Arnold calls a "Philistine" by temperament. He lived a contented

HENRY FIELDING.

man; he was famous and he knew it; he was good and he knew it, because all the best and most beautiful ladies of his day united in telling him so, and their utterances were corroborated by his own consciousness. The note of democracy sounds in "Pamela" as in "Tom Jones," for the reign of the common people had begun. Shakespeare did not dream of making a hero or heroine who was not of noble blood—Richardson chooses a servant, and Fielding the son of nobody, as the pivots of "Pamela" and "Tom Jones."

"Tom Jones" is a gross book, written apparently in the highest spirits; but it is not morbid; it has no odour of the dissecting room; good and bad, as the author sees them, are good and bad in it. So much stress has been laid on its sensuality that the prurient reader will be terribly disappointed to find this much overrated. The

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

youth who can be corrupted by "Tom Jones" should have died in childhood; he will fall utterly at the first temptation, so worm-eaten must be his powers of resistance. According to the conventions of the eighteenth century, "Tom Jones" was not immoral, or even very coarse. Tom Jones is an animal with, at times, good instincts, and the passion of love in Fielding's novels is without idealism or refinement. All agree that the fable in "Tom Jones" is well managed, and there can be no ques-

tion that the characters are real flesh and blood. Fielding, too, is a preacher and a moralist. He has the easy views of his time; wild oats must be sown; "divine philosophy" must "be procuress to the lords of hell." The squire drinks himself stupid every day to his daughter's music, while the dutiful Sophy takes it as a matter of course, as she will forgive docilely the infidelities of Tom Jones, who is destined to marry her. Fielding is great as a novelist because he is natural; he is fed on underdone beef, but it is the beef of old England; scratch him just a little, and, in spite of his preachments, you find a satyr; he holds the mirror up to nature; he is a realist, but he is an artist. He is without idealism, and so thoroughly does he believe everything natural to be reasonable that, when he wants to shock us, he appeals to the unnatural. He is great, too, because he makes us see men and women grow and live as they really developed and lived. Like "Clarissa Harlowe"—whose author Fielding despised—like "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Tom Jones" made an epoch in English literature: it, too, is a classic. Had it never been written we might have had Thackeray's "Pendennis," but, if the conditions of life which Fielding so marvellously pictured had not existed, English society later could have produced neither "Pendennis" nor "Vanity Fair."

Smollett's "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphrey Clinker," are lesser novels than "Tom Jones," or even "Joseph Andrews." Smollett is a realist in the sense that he paints life as he sees it; and life is, in his eyes, wretched and sordid, relieved only by coarse humour, although in "Humphrey Clinker" he created characters which live beside some of those of Fielding and Dickens; that of Tabitha Bramble is one of these. He is generally named among the great novelists, but the

better taste of succeeding years will revise this dictum. He wrote good English, though it is at times almost as coarse as that of Swift.

Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" ranks with "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Tom Jones." The Rev. Laurence Sterne knew his art, but he was as unfaithful to the professions of his calling as was Dean Swift. Thackeray's characterisation of Sterne in the "English Humourists"

LAURENCE STERNE.

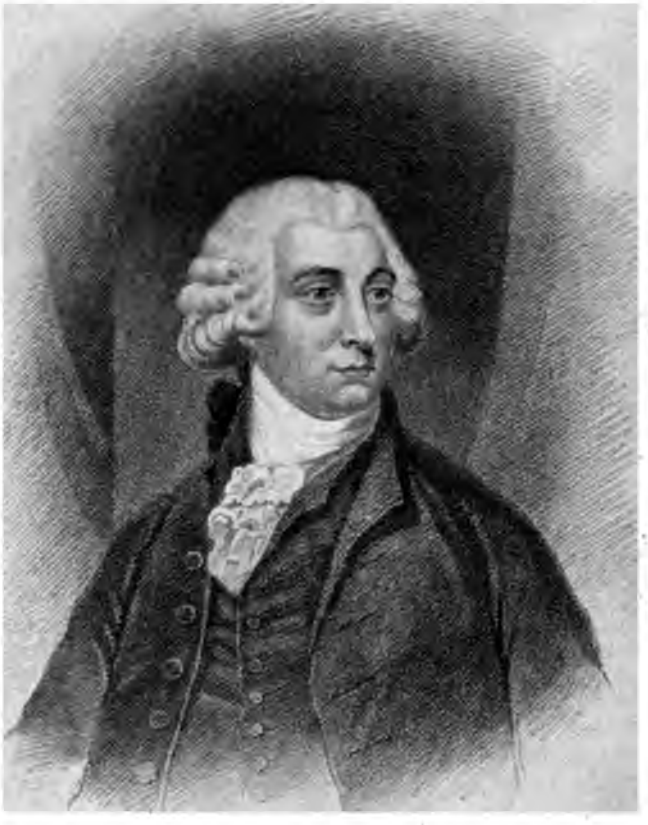
is famous, and if we may judge from Sterne's own letters, not too severe. He certainly did not put his ideals—and he no doubt had some—into his "Tristram Shandy" and "A Sentimental Journey." It is hard for many of us to read "Tristram Shandy" to-day; but there are some who delight in its wit, humour, and even its touches of sentimentalism. "My Uncle Toby" and the "Widow Wadman" are from life; the quips and jests and turns of wit, which are often after the manner of Rabelais—the borrowed learning, taken sometimes from that magazine

of erudition, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy"—delighted the contemporaries of this very secularised clergyman; but the glow seems to have departed; the coarseness remains, and some of the really humorous passages in this

MADAM D'ARBLAY.

writer's "Tristram Shandy" are unquotable because of what some of the critics delicately call their "breadth."

Miss Burney, afterward Madam d'Arblay, was put among the great novelists for a time. Her "Evelina" (1778) made a sensation. Dr. Johnson raved over it; it is deadly serious; the stilted language which the author writes is relieved by the frankness of an exceedingly rude



From an Engraving.

Tobias Smollett

Englishman and an equally rude old Frenchwoman. In spite of the defects of the plot, "Evelina" has fine qualities as a novel. It can be read with interest, and even more than once. Miss Burney repeats her episodes, but so much was not expected of the novelist then as now. She is as moral as Richardson; but in "Evelina" never so tiresome. There is that vital quality in her persons which makes us think of them as living. "Evelina" is the work of a very young woman, who describes life without knowing anything about it, and does this well. Surely this showed that she had a touch of genius. "Cecilia" (1782) was more pretentious than "Evelina," but not so good. There was a great falling off in "Camilla" (1796). It is in style one of the worst examples of what an imitator of Dr. Johnson could come to. The manner in which the personages address one another on the most ordinary occasions would afford conversations for a burlesque in our day. Taine says of Johnson's rolling periods that "art cannot be more finished or nature more forced"; but in "Camilla" both art and nature are distorted. Johnson's "Rasselas" cannot be called a novel. The influence of the "great lexicographer" was not exerted toward the development of fiction, except in the case of Miss Burney, where it certainly did not tend to simplicity or directness.

Sir Walter Scott, who began to publish novels in 1816, and Miss Austen (1811-17), may possibly, as we are at the start of the twentieth century, be called almost "early" novelists. But whether they wrote too near our day to deserve that term or not, they can surely be called "great." Sir Walter had been preceded by Mrs. Radcliffe, who was the author of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and "The Romance of the Forest," which Horace Walpole caricatured in "The Castle of Otranto."

READINGS FROM RICHARDSON AND SMOLLETT.

I. FROM "PAMELA."

PAMELA AT CHURCH.

YESTERDAY we set out, attended by John, Abraham, Benjamin, and Isaac, in fine new liveries, in the best chariot, which had been cleaned, lined, and new harnessed, so that it looked like a quite new one; but I had no arms to quarter with my dear lord and master's, though he jocularly, upon my noticing my obscurity, said that he had a good mind to have the olive branch quartered for mine. I was dressed in the suit of white, flowered with silver, a rich headdress, and the diamond necklace, earrings, etc., I mentioned before; and my dear sir in a fine laced silk waistcoat of blue Paduasoy, and his coat a pearl-coloured fine cloth, with gold buttons and buttonholes, and lined with white silk; and he looked charmingly, indeed. I said I was too fine, and would have laid aside some of the jewels, but he said it would be thought a slight to me from him, as his wife, and though I apprehended that people might talk as it was, yet he had rather they should say anything than that I was not upon an

JANE AUSTEN.

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equal foot, as his wife, with any lady he might have married.

It seems the neighbouring gentry had expected us and there was a great congregation, for (against my wish) we were a little late, so that, as we walked up the church to his seat we had many gazers and whisperers, but my dear master behaved with so intrepid an air, and was so cheerful and complaisant to me, that he did credit to his kind choice, instead of showing as if he was ashamed of it; and I was resolved to busy my mind entirely with the duties of the day; my intentness on that occasion, and my thankfulness to God for His unspeakable mercies to me, so took up my thoughts I was much less concerned than I should otherwise have been at the gazings and whisperings of the congregation, whose eyes were all turned to our seat. When the sermon was ended we stayed the longer for the church to be pretty empty, but we found great numbers at the doors and in the porch, and I had the pleasure of hearing many commendations, as well of my person as my dress and behaviour, and not one reflection or mark of disrespect.

2. FROM "RODERICK RANDOM."

AN UNEXPECTED REUNION.

As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison a person arrived on horseback, genteelly though plainly dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alighting and giving his horse to the landlord he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street and accosted him in these words: "This is hard work for such an old man as you." So saying he took the instrument

out of his hand and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes: "Have you never a son," said he, "to ease you of this labour?" "Yes, an' please your honour," replied the senior, "I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way." "Honour not me," cried the stranger; "it more becomes me to honour your gray hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?" The ancient paver said his oldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman, desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps toward the jail; then, turning short, "Tell me," said he, "has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distress?" "Call him not unnatural," replied the other; "God's blessing be upon him! He sent me a great deal of money, but I made bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had in the world besides." At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison window, exclaimed: "Father! Father! If my brother William is in life that's he." "I am! I am!" cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms and shedding a flood of tears. "I am your son Willy, sure enough!" Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried: "Where is my bairn? Where is my dear Willy?" The captain no sooner beheld her than he quitted his father and ran into her embrace.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

1. What was Macaulay's celebrated panegyric on "Clarissa," as told by Thackeray? Where was it got off?

2. "Fielding thought Richardson a solemn prig; Richardson perpetually expressed contempt for Fielding's lowness." What great critic said this? In what pretty well known work of literary criticism is it said? What similar want of mutual appreciation was there on the part of Johnson and Gray?

3. What great French philosopher and writer (a younger contemporary of Richardson's) predicted for Richardson all the honour the world gives to Homer? What other great French philosopher and writer (also a younger contemporary of Richardson's) said of Richardson, "There never has been in any language nor in any age a romance equal to 'Clarissa,' or even approaching it"?

WIT AND HUMOUR.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

THE WITS AND HUMOURISTS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By Theodore W. Hunt, Ph.D., L.H.D.

By common consent we use the terms wit and humour conjointly, as we use the terms beauty and sublimity, light and heat, and yet the difference in their respective meanings is an important one. Sydney Smith, himself a fine example of an English humourist, indicates such a difference when he says: "The character of a mere wit it is impossible to consider as very safe." By this he means that the wit has little, if any, regard for the feelings of others; never stops to count the cost of his words; is devoid of that "kindly pleasantry" which should always characterise the writer and speaker. Hence the higher quality of humour, "the best humour," according to Thackeray, "being that which contains the most humanity." "It is the product," says Carlyle, "of a warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence," although with Carlyle, the serious-minded sage of Chelsea, such a conception of it was confined to the region of theory. When our American critic, Whipple, tells us that "wit laughs at things, humour with them," we get the clew

to their essential difference, the one being unsympathetic, the other genial, warm-hearted, and cordial. Hence it is that wit often descends to the level of mere verbal trickery; to a play on phrases; the use of terms in double and ambiguous senses; to the art of punning with no

SYDNEY SMITH.

higher end than to display the elasticity of language, and show how, in English, especially, we may say one thing and mean another. We can scarcely conceive of Goldsmith, or Lamb, or Dickens, or Addison, or Irving, or Holmes, as thus indulging in mere witticisms as a kind of verbal fencing, as we cannot conceive of Jonathan Swift, and Carlyle, and Lord Byron, and our American Poe, as carefully avoiding the wounding of the feelings of others, when they find it to their convenience, for the time

being, to ignore them. Here and there are instances where an author is so discreet and temperate as to illustrate each of these forms of pleasantry in unison. Such a man was Douglas Jerrold; and such was Sydney Smith; while wit, humour, and satire, were all conjoined in their best forms in the pages of Chaucer and Samuel Butler, Thomas Hood and Mr. Lowell.

Shakespeare's Falstaff and Dickens' Pickwick are the inimitable characters they are in the sphere of pleasantry because at times they make themselves the object of their pleasantry, and leave the reader, as we say in current phrase, "in the best of humour." In the present paper, however, we need not emphasise the differences between these two terms, but use the words wit and humour as practically one, denoting the expression of pleasantry, whatever the form of its expression—epigram, burlesque, the serio-comic, gentle sarcasm, or innuendo—anything by which what Emerson calls "a taste for fun" may be gratified.

The object of humour is entertainment. It seeks to express, as Milton tells us, in L'Allegro,"

> Jest and youthful jollity, heart-easing Mirth,
> Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides."

And yet it has a distinctive literary quality and function. This is all important to distinguish it from the common language of the barroom and the street. We are dealing with the humourists of English literature, with our best poets and prose writers, and not with the utterances of the clown at the circus, or with the professional scribbler who is paid so much a line to make his readers laugh. The end-men of a minstrel troupe, cracking jokes every

evening for so much an hour, are one class; representative authors, such as Hood and Sterne, De Quincey and Thackeray, in the sphere of a high order of pleasantry, alike entertaining and ennobling, are quite another class, and this class we are discussing.

The first thing to be said with regard to wit and humour, as thus described, is, that we cannot get on in this week-day and work-day world without them, and he is indeed to be pitied who cannot appreciate them or does not feel the need of them. Man, according to Emerson, "is the only joker in nature." He must have entertainment and plenty of it. Human nature is so made that it craves it; the environment in which we live is well adapted to the production of it; and such are the struggles and vicissitudes of life that we must have variety, something to call us from ourselves, our work, and our worries, and satisfy the lighter side of our being. The "all work and no play" theory might have done in the middle ages for monks and nuns, or for the severe restrictions of early Puritanism, but it does not meet the needs of modern times and the high-pressure life of the twentieth century. It is questionable whether a man may be said to be fully and thoroughly a man, natural and normal, who does not enjoy a good joke or a good laugh, and cannot, as we say, see the point. This is just the fault that the great humourist, Lamb, finds with Scotchmen. "I have been trying all my life," he says, "to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist in despair. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. I was present at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns was expected, and happened to drop a silly expression that I wished it were the father instead of the son, when four of them started up at once to inform me 'that that was impossible,

because he was dead.'" Imagine Lamb's disgust! No wonder that he calls himself essentially "anti-Caledonian." He cannot fraternise with people who must confine themselves to the multiplication table and the Westminster Confession, and never condescend to the ludicrous just for the love of it. Just so our own inimitable Irving could not have been on good terms with any man who always took life seriously and had no taste or tact for fun. Thus, in his "Knickerbocker" he speaks of Governor Van Twiller, one of the old Dutch burgomasters, who never saw the point of a joke till next day, and after careful explanation, and was not pleased when he did see it. Irving describes him as a man "five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference, his face unfurrowed by any of those lines which disfigure the countenance with what is termed expression. If a joke were uttered in his presence it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. When it was made as plain as a pikestaff he would exclaim: 'Well, I see nothing in all that to laugh about.'" To this day the Dutch are as dull as a hammer, and, were they not so satisfied with themselves as a people, would not and could not be happy. Even the English are a little slow, as compared with us Americans, or with their Celtic neighbours, the Irish. The humorous element in the Irish character is the one thing that has been its salvation. In all his sorrows, personal and national, the Hibernian sees the funny side of things, and makes others laugh with him. Poor Oliver Goldsmith, the deeper he was in debt and the gloomier the outlook, the more he fell back on the inborn hopefulness of his Irish nature, and joked away his grief.

This leads us to state that individuality is one of the necessary elements of humour. English humour, as seen in Dickens and Lamb, is one thing; Irish humour, in

Goldsmith and Swift, is another; and in Holmes and Lowell, as Americans, is still another. No one would mistake the humour of Dr. Johnson, or De Quincey, or Hawthorne. Who would confound that of Addison, in the light and chatty gossiping of *The Spectator*, with that of Carlyle, in the graver pleasantry of "Sartor Resartus" and "Past and Present"? "All the world knows," says Bryce, speaking of the Americans, "that they are a humorous people, as conspicuously the purveyors of humour to the present century as the French were of wit to the eighteenth." The type of wit that we have in such modern Americans as "Artemus Ward," "Mark Twain," "Mrs. Partington," and "Josh Billings," is absolutely impossible to the British and Continental mind. "Artemus Ward" in his "At the Tomb of Shakespeare" is a signal illustration of this modern American order, as he writes to Mr. Punch:

"I've been lingerin' by the tomb of the lamented Shakespeare. It is a success. Mr. S. is now no more. The people of his native town . . . . cherish his mem'ry, and them as sell pictures of his birthplace make it profitable cherishin' it. Almost everybody buys a picture to put into their Albion." And so the wit and humour run on, in genuine American fashion, reminding us of "Mark Twain's" equally successful "Tomb of Adam." Mr. Lowell in such a paper as "Democracy" exhibits this national type in its best form. Thus he tersely writes concerning Truth: "She is said to lie at the bottom of a well, for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the goddess, but that she is far better looking than he had imagined."

In the same paper he says to the Englishmen, "I hear America sometimes playfully accused of sending you all

your storms, and am in the habit of parrying the charge by alleging that we are able to do this because, in virtue of our protective system, we can afford to make better bad weather than anybody else."

If we should trace the historical course of English literary humour we must begin with Chaucer, our first national poet and author, as he entertains us in the inimitable descriptions of "The Canterbury Tales," wherein satire, wit, humour, and serious instruction, are so deftly mingled that we care not to attempt sharply to distinguish them. His portraiture of Harry Bailey, the genial and jolly innkeeper; of the Wife of Bath; of Cook, and Reeve, and Squire, and Miller—is apt enough to entitle him to the honour of being our first English humourist, opening the way and setting the form for all who were to follow. Coming to Shakespeare, it is enough to say that all his comedies without exception fall under this category, although he is at his best only when he rises from the plane of mere verbal witticism to the higher plane of genuine English pleasantry. Thus, in Trinculo, the jester of "The Tempest"; in Sir John Falstaff, Shallow, the Justice, and Bardolph and Pistol, of "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; in Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek, and Malvolio, of "Twelfth Night"; in Benedick and Dogberry, of "Much Ado About Nothing"; in Bottom, the weaver, and Smug, the joiner, of "Midsummer Night's Dream"; in Armado and Holofernes, of "Love's Labour's Lost"; in Touchstone, the clown of "As You Like It"; and on through the comedies,—wit and humour flash out and irradiate the page, the quick transitions from the gay to the grave being one of the marks of the Shakespearean method. Even the minor dramatists of the time, such as Lyly, Peele, Kyd, Lodge, and Greene, were known as "the university wits," all phases and forms

of wit being illustrated in their pages. When we come to the Augustan age, and take up *The Spectator* of Addison, what a wealth of English prose comedy is seen in Sir Roger de Coverley; in Freeport, the merchant; in Captain Sartoy, Will Honeycomb, and Wimble! Charles Lamb, in his papers "On the Inconvenience of Being Hanged," "On the Melancholy of Tailors," "On Burial Societies and Undertakers," and "On the Convalescent," is at his best as a humourist, as is De Quincey in his "Murder as One of the Fine Arts." So Dickens, and Hood, and Sydney Smith, and Moore, each in his way is inimitable, as the personality of the humourist appears.

Strange indeed that the element of sadness is sometimes found in these light-hearted comedians of their time—in Lamb, and Goldsmith, and Sterne, and De Quincey, and Hood,—laughter and tears alternating and ever mingling. Some standard English authors have little humour in their natures or writings—as Bacon, who, if for no other reason, could never have written the Shakespearean comedy; Milton, who but once in his poetry—in his lines to Hobson, the university carrier—ever condescended to wit; Burke, and Coleridge, and Lamb, and Carlyle, and Matthew Arnold, each of whom would have wielded a wider influence if a larger element of "kindly pleasantry" were found in the serious prose.

There is a kind of humour involved in what we call pithy sayings, in pointed, pertinent utterance, as we find it in some of the early preachers and authors, as in Hugh Latimer of the time of Henry VIII.; in Knox, and Fox, and Burton, and Browne; in Thomas Fuller and Izaak Walton; and, above all, in John Bunyan. "Pilgrim's Progress" owes as much to its humorous pith and point as to any other one literary quality, the Bedford dreamer, as we call him, being wide-awake to all that was passing.

In his metrical introduction to the prose allegory this happy vein is everywhere evident. After jotting down some random thoughts he tells us how he came to print them:

> "Well! When I had thus put my ends together,
> I showed them others, that I might see whether
> They would condemn them or them justify;
> And some said, 'Let them live'; some, 'Let them die';
> Some said, 'John, print it'; others said, 'Not so';
> Some said, 'It might do good'; others said, 'No.'
> Now was I in a strait, and did not see
> Which was the best thing to be done by me.
> At last I thought, since you are thus divided,
> I print it will; and thus the case decided."

This is wit, humour, satire, good sense, and point, all in one, and Froude is right when he says of Bunyan that "his natural humour perhaps saved him." So it did. It saved him and saved his writings. "His healthy seriousness," adds Froude, "often best expresses itself in playful quaintness." Even in his most sober work, "The Holy War," his sense of the essential quaintness of things stands him in good stead, and he encourages the Christian warriors to sing and be glad even when the fight is the fiercest.

Hence we revert to the position assumed at the outset, the absolute necessity of the element of pleasantry in the world as it is, and as it goes on from day to day. Pessimism cannot flourish in its presence. Even a narrow and repressive theology cannot live in the light of it; much less the spirit of repining and restlessness and sour-minded misanthropy. According to the old etymological and medical meaning, the humours were the moistures and fluids of the body—blood, choler, phlegm, and melan-

choly (black bile). When these were in proper adjustment the system was normal; the man was in good humour. Even so it is yet in the higher sphere of mind and soul, a man in good humour being in mental and moral equilibrium, well balanced or poised, natural, normal—a sound, healthy, and healthful man, hearty and happy himself, and diffusing life and good will and blessing wherever his lot is cast.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SIMPLICITY AND NATURALNESS IN PROSE AND POETRY.

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M.A.

Goldsmith occupies a place in literature wholly unique. He cannot be called one of the world's great writers, nor, in his literary output—the work he did that still keeps fresh and green, the work that he himself called literature—either large in bulk or weighty in importance. And yet, while every other writer of his age now held in esteem owes his present fame to the historical interest of a reputation that once was famous, rather than to the world's actual familiarity with the works on which that reputation is based, Goldsmith is to-day as much read as ever he was. "The Vicar of Wakefield" is still one of our most highly prized prose classics; "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village" are still two of our most warmly loved poems; and the two plays, "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," with scarcely a line of amendment, are still the delight of play-goers, still furnish parts which it is the fond ambition of the most gifted players to excel in. In short, Goldsmith,

despite the small extent and the comparative unimportance of his literary achievement—in the charm of his humour, the simplicity and tenderness of his pathos, the easy naturalness of his characterisation, the easy elegance of his diction, and the wholesomeness of his moral sentiment—is even to-day, as he has been now for over a century and a half, wholly unrivalled.

Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, in the county of Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728. His family, though long settled in Ireland, was wholly of English descent, and Goldsmith, who left Ireland when quite young, and who lived most of his mature life in England, might easily have forgotten his native land. But he remained constant in his affection for both Ireland and the Irish people until the very last, and his two principal works, "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village," were both reminiscences of his early Irish life. His father was a clergyman of the established church at Pallas; but when Oliver was a child he was appointed to a larger living in Lissoy, in the adjoining county of Westmeath. It was in Lissoy, therefore—"loveliest village of the plain"—that Oliver's childhood and youth were principally spent. It was there that his warmest affections all through life were centred. It was there that he became familiar with those rural scenes of "innocence and ease" which afterward he depicted with so much grace and charm in his two immortal poems and his immortal story. It was there, too, that he received from "the village schoolmaster" (an ex-quartermaster on half pay) the best part of all the education he was ever destined to receive; for the old soldier, who was an Irishman of the true Irish race, poured with genuine Irish fervour into the willing ears of his young pupil an incessant stream of tales of battle and adventure, and of ghosts, fairies, banshees, and

goblins, with ballads, love lyrics, and unpremeditated Irish verse without end, which, sinking into the young poet's heart, no doubt became a fructifying influence upon his imagination and fancy for all after years.

Goldsmith, who was of ungainly appearance and awkward manners, with a face that had been badly marked by smallpox, was always, even from his earliest years, the frequent butt of the humour and wit of his companions; and his awkwardness, together with his shyness, constantly gained for him, among the undiscerning, the character of being dull and stupid. But even in his very earliest years his inborn genius, though slow in its ultimate development, gave to those who knew him intimately unmistakable signs of existence; and his father, though his means were straitened, determined that he should have the very best education that the country and time afforded. But Goldsmith, unfortunately, all through life, was the victim of a feeble will and of an unbalanced judgment, and of course no less so in childhood and youth than in mature age. The chances for education, therefore, that were provided for him, he threw away. Though his father placed him in one academy after another, he made but little progress in them in anything save idle mischief. Afterward he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin; but even there his career was disgraceful and disappointing. Idleness, foolish extravagance, and gambling were his worst faults. These, however, were not all. He seems to have been a ne'er-do-well at all points. But his kindness of heart, his affectionate demeanour toward his benefactors, his unfailing good humour, his buoyancy of spirits, kept his friends steadily devoted to him despite all his misdoings. His father having died, his father's place was taken (with more than a father's kindness and disposition to forgive) by his Uncle Con-

tarine. But when at last he did secure his degree, he had spent five years in getting it instead of three; and even so his standing at graduation was the lowest possible. He was twenty-one years of age, and the means of earning a livelihood was still wanting to him. His Uncle Contarine wished him to enter the Church; but when he applied to a bishop for ordination his gorgeous apparel (his breeches were of bright scarlet) secured the bishop's most amused refusal. Then he tried teaching, and then he tried law, and after these he even tried to emigrate to America. But whenever money was entrusted to him for any purpose—whether for professional education or for travelling—it was certain to be wasted in gambling and other foolish expenditures, so that his mother, and all his friends save his Uncle Contarine, at last despaired of him. After awhile, however, he determined to study medicine, and by his uncle's kindness he was enabled to pursue medical studies in Edinburgh and in Leyden. But foolish and extravagant living, gambling, and idleness, continued still to be his characteristics, and his study of his profession was the merest shamming. Finally he left Leyden, and pursued a wandering course of travel on foot through Flanders, France, Switzerland, and (it is thought) Italy, supporting himself, it is said, by playing on his flute, but in reality (there is but little doubt) vagabonding it—or, in plain words, begging. In Italy, so he claimed, he obtained a doctor's degree from the University of Padua; but it is sad to say that this claim is doubted, though perhaps unjustly so. But now, his Uncle Contarine having died, and further money from his friends at home being absolutely impossible to get, it was necessary to make a great change. He returned to England, and (February, 1756) took up his abode in London, homeless, friendless, and almost characterless, but having that within him

which would redeem all if he would but use it wisely—the unquenchable spark of genius.

Of Goldsmith's earlier life in London little that is certain is known. For some years he must have had a hard time of it. He taught as an usher in a boarding school. He became an assistant to an apothecary. He is said even to have tried playing upon the stage. But whatever his employments were they must have been of the meanest sort. He was poorly paid for them, and it is said that for a long time he lived half-starved. On the other hand, it must be remembered that Goldsmith was scarcely fit for any employment, however humble. He had no gift for teaching. Though he professed to hold a doctor's degree, he knew neither chemistry nor drugs, and could not be trusted to put up even the simplest prescription. His awkwardness and ungainly appearance certainly disqualified him for the stage. After a while, however, he obtained from some publishers employment as a writer. This was the turning point of his life, for writing was the one thing he could do, and do well. As Johnson afterward said of him, whatever might be the sort of writing Goldsmith undertook to do he would do it better than any one else living. It mattered nothing that he did not understand the subject he was writing upon. Whether it were history, philosophy, science, biography, narration, or description, Goldsmith's genius enabled him to present it so, that while it was as clear as a sunbeam to the reader's understanding, it also had for the reader's fancy a charm and grace that fascinated him.

It is sad to think how this golden gift of Goldsmith's was misused—or, rather, how the fruits of it were misused, for, to do Goldsmith justice, he did a lot of work in his lifetime. Besides his earlier writings, most of which are now lost (few or none of them having been put before

the world with his name attached)—besides, that is to say, his reviews and criticisms of books, his prefaces and introductions to publishers' new editions, his essays, his magazine and newspaper articles, his children's books, and so on—he produced several larger works, which, compilations though they were, had great merit of their own, and which cost him much time and labour, and for which, also, it is pleasing to say, his publishers paid him well. His "History of Rome" brought him £300; his "History of England," £600; his "History of Greece," £250; his "History of the Earth and Animated Nature," 800 guineas. He projected also "A Popular Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences," which, however, he did not live to accomplish. His friends who knew him intimately laughed at his hardihood in undertaking these historical and scientific tasks. Johnson, who rarely spoke of him without respect, who believed that in ease and elegance of writing he excelled all his contemporaries, who publicly adjudged him to be "one of the first authors of the time," still could not help being amused at his boldness in attempting to write on these subjects. "If he can tell a horse from a cow," he said, "that is the extent of his knowledge of zoölogy." But despite the popularity of his writing, and the munificent way in which, as we have seen, he was in time rewarded for it by the publishers, Goldsmith's extravagant and irregular ways of living were such as no earnings could satisfy, and (what was worse) such as no stock of health and strength could stand the ravages of. He occupied the most expensive suites of rooms. He wore the most gorgeous and costly clothes. He drank the choicest and most costly wines. He gave the most elaborate and expensive entertainments. His earnings, however, might have satisfied all these expenses. But his losses by gaming and by foolish benevolences no

income could satisfy, no matter how large. And in his manner of working his judgment was equally ill balanced. For weeks and months he would lie in hiding (oftentimes in a secluded suburb), and devote himself without cessation to his task, living poorly, sleeping little, never taking any exercise; and then, when the task was done, and the money due for it obtained, he would return to his usual haunts and give himself up once more to a constant round of high living, fashionable dissipation, and gaming, until all his money was spent again. In this way health and strength were soon spent also.

Goldsmith's earlier years in London were passed in obscurity. But he had not long been writing for the periodicals before the inimitable charm of his style attracted the attention of critics and literary people generally. Among such of these as were of the lower order of character, his speedily gained success and popularity as a writer excited only malice and ill-will; and it is sad to reflect that thenceforward throughout his whole life, though he himself was one who would injure no one by a single unkind or ungracious word, he was the object of a constant stream of condemnatory criticism and scurrilous abuse, poured upon him by a crowd of envious would-be competitors. But Goldsmith had his recompense for this by being equally the object throughout his life, from the time he became known to them, of the friendship and esteem —sincere, whole-hearted, unqualified—of almost all the most distinguished men in literature and art that were his contemporaries. Johnson certainly thought more of Goldsmith than of any other human being. Burke, the greatest orator of his time; Reynolds, the greatest painter; Garrick, the greatest actor,—were all equally fond of him, all equally the admirers of his genius. He was one of the original founders, and throughout life remained a most

Oliver Goldsmith

valued member, of that famous "club" whose doings constitute the literary and art history of the latter half of the eighteenth century. However, both in the club and out of it, his friends used to laugh at his extravagances, to ridicule his fine clothes, to make sport of his awkwardness, to find amusement in the witlessness of his conversation. Garrick, in his well-known humorous impromptu epitaph, wrote:

> "Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel but talked like poor Poll."

Johnson said of him that "no man was more foolish when he had not a pen in hand, or more wise when he had." Yet none the less they loved him, none the less they recognised his genius. They applauded his plays; they praised his poems; they admired his essays; and even his compilations they openly declared (and with justice, too) to be the most pleasing and most readable ever written in the world. They even went further, and tried to reform his character. Johnson reproved him for his spendthrift habits, and would cork up his bottles of wine. Burke and Reynolds endeavoured to keep him from gaming. But this achievement, it is sad to say, was beyond all their loving effort. Goldsmith continued to live as he had begun, till finally having, as Johnson said, "exhausted every means of raising more money," he sank into despair and died.

Goldsmith's real contributions to literature—the things he did that he took pride in, the things he thought the world would not let die—were produced at intervals along with his other work; but unhastingly, and, as it were, privately and in secret, lest the world should see them before they were perfected. His ordinary writing he turned out

with consummate ease, inditing it page after page, and quire after quire, with scarcely a single erasure or interpolation. But his greater works—his story, his plays, and his poems, especially his poems—were wrought with such loving care that when finished they scarcely pre-

GOLDSMITH'S HOUSE, GREEN ARBOUR COURT.

served a single word that the original drafts embodied. The first of his greater works that was put before the world was "The Traveller," published in 1764, when Goldsmith was thirty-six years old. It was at once received with favour, and four editions of it were issued within a few months. Then, early in 1765, appeared "The Vicar of Wakefield." The "Vicar" had been written some time before "The Traveller," and Johnson, to relieve Goldsmith from an imprisonment for

debt, had sold it to a bookseller for £60; but it was not until "The Traveller" had been published that the bookseller would venture to print it and issue it. Its immediate success, however, not only justified Johnson's faith in it and in its author, but made the doubting bookseller desirous of more writing of the same sort. But Goldsmith correctly judged that, successful though "The Traveller" and the "Vicar" had been, it was not by literature of such high merit as these works were that he could hope to support himself. So, in 1768, he tried his hand at another sort of thing. He wrote a comedy—"The Good-Natured Man." It was produced in due time at Covent Garden; but compared with the highly wrought sentimental comedies then in vogue its style was so simple and natural that its reception, though good, was neither hearty nor encouraging. However, it netted Goldsmith £500, and in 1773 he ventured upon another play, "She Stoops to Conquer." By this time the public taste had become prepared for Goldsmith's simple naturalism, and "She Stoops to Conquer" was an immediate and decisive success. Its humour kept the town in laughter as long as it remained upon the boards, and it gained for its prosperous author another £500. In the meantime (1770) had appeared "The Deserted Village," Goldsmith's finest poem, his finest work of any sort. For this his publishers paid him a hundred guineas, and, what was better, the public took it to their hearts at once.

These five years (1768-1773) were the crowning epoch of Goldsmith's life. He was the most popular, the most highly paid author of his day—the finest and most approved poet, the most successful dramatist, the writer most sought for by publishers for works that the public would buy. His hold on both present and future fame was wholly secure. But the load of debt that he had built

up for himself was now bearing him down like a millstone. He could not cast it off. Every resource by which he could hope to reduce it he had either already availed himself of or destroyed. His publishers, it must be said, would willingly have advanced him more money, but they saw that it would be useless. Any money that he could get hold of would immediately be sunk in foolish and wasteful extravagances. So they kept aloof from him. He saw, too, that the fountains of his fancy, and of his hitherto unfailing wit and humour, were fast drying up. Then the spirit, that so long had been buoyant in spite of every dejecting care, at last succumbed. Despair took complete possession of him. He fled from his friends; he hid himself none knew where. And while thus hiding he took a fever, of which he died—April 3, 1774—being little more than forty-five years of age. He was buried in the churchyard of the Temple (where long he had lived), but his grave was not marked by any memorial stone, and its exact place was soon forgotten. His friends, however—Reynolds, Burke, and others—commemorated his genius both nobly and enduringly. In the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey a marble monument was erected, designed by the sculptor Nollekens, and on a marble slab beneath it were engraved these words by Johnson (in Latin):

"There was scarcely any sort of authorship that he did not attempt.
He attempted nothing in which he did not consummately succeed."

TEN-MINUTE TALK.

By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D.,
Professor of Literature, Catholic University of America.

The debt which English prose owes to Oliver Goldsmith has never yet been fully acknowledged. Edmund Clarence Stedman tells us of the effect that Tennyson's earlier poems had upon his youthful contemporaries. They were revelations. "Claribel," and "Airy Fairy Lillian," trite to us, were new things, formed according to a new philosophy, to a generation which as yet knew neither Rossetti nor Swinburne—to whom the pre-Raphaelite movement was not an outworn tradition.

Similarly, after the long feast of classicism the personal quality of Goldsmith's style was a revelation. It is a truism to assert that there are hundreds of men who to-day can write as well as Oliver Goldsmith. But it must be remembered that he taught us the art—he scattered the seed. It it difficult to say how much he owed to the admirable prose of Dryden and Congreve—both men whose almost perfect prose has been dwarfed by their essays in other directions; it is more difficult to define finally where he learned his lesson, that simplicity and directness are the main sources of power in literary expression. The atmosphere of his time was impregnated with poison—the poison of artificiality, of self-conscious-

ness. When he told Dr. Johnson that the autocrat would make his little fishes talk like whales he expressed a protest against the classicism of the eighteenth century.

Addison and Pope were the prophets of that classicism, and Johnson was the acolyte of these prophets. The classicist was the expresser of the conventional. Nature to Pope was sweetest when viewed from the drawing-room. Like Samuel Pepys, and like Dr. Johnson himself, he loved the Strand better than all the primeval forests in existence. His English yeomen became swains, and his rustic maids—their resemblance to Shakespeare's Audrey was overlooked by him—were changed into nymphs. If you will recall the pictures by Watteau of shepherdesses in hoops and powdered hair keeping sheep whose tails are tied with blue ribbon—all this done to please an age which was artificially simple—you can realise the prejudices against which Oliver Goldsmith had to fight.

Pope in poetry had set the fashion. The couplet, formed from the constant iteration of the French form of Racine and Corneille, was classic. It had become the mode to express platitudes in jingling rhymes. Serenity and common sense reigned.

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

Thus Pope sang. Each couplet was cut and dried. The rude Homer—the robust Homer—the natural Homer—was forced by Pope to take a three-cornered hat under his arm and to dance the minuet. It is not recorded that Oliver Goldsmith made any conscious protest against the artificiality of his time. He was not a reformer—at least not consciously a reformer. Driven into a corner by the magnificent and arrogant Dr. John-

son, he retorted: "And you would make little fishes talk like whales."

But that speech is the keynote of the unconscious reformation in English style which he began. It was a protest, but the protest of a gentle soul. The demands of the time—and no man of genius, not even Shakespeare, is above the demands of his time—obliged him to put both his great poems in the form of which Pope would have approved, and of which Pope set the example. "The Deserted Village" and "The Traveller" are in that form of verse which we call "classic." It is smooth, and monotonous, and mannered, and exact, to the last degree. It is in verse what the dulcet and monotonous melodies of Bellini are to the harmonies of Wagner. But the heart of Goldsmith triumphed over the arbitrary form which Pope the polished had set for his generation, and we read to-day "The Deserted Village" for the qualities which no amount of mere literary finish could conceal. Similarly, it is not the exquisite finish of Gray's "Elegy" which makes it immortal for us; it is the eternal truths that lie beneath the most carefully modulated poem in the English language—the mystery of life and death and remembrance.

Although Goldsmith imitated Pope in his poems, he set himself free from the classic traditions in his prose. The appearance of his periodical called *The Bee* (October 6, 1759) was an epoch in the history of the development of English prose style. It struck the note of personality and the note of simplicity—both rare in the prose of Addison, of Lady Wortley Montagu, of Dr. Johnson.

The English philologer owes a debt of gratitude, first to Goldsmith, and then to Newman and Tennyson. Bunyan should be included, and those exquisite but unconscious artists who translated the King James Bible. But

neither Bunyan nor the translators of the King James version had the methods of their time to struggle against. Newman in prose and Tennyson in poetry only followed the example of Goldsmith by restoring so far as possible the older English idiom. If it is fashionable to be Teutonic in expression rather than Latin, we owe it rather to Goldsmith than to his later apostles, Newman and Tennyson.

In the first place, he struck the personal note, which is the essential of literature. Pope posed—he even tried deliberately to show the world that he was the person he wanted the world to believe him to be. Addison was in all places what the French call a *poseur;* and Dr. Johnson was never free from the consciousness that he was created to be both the czar and the high-priest of æsthetics and ethics. When one has finished Dr. Johnson's life by Boswell one cannot help thinking that when the "great lexicographer" got into bed he must have thanked heaven with all his might for the relief of not having to pose any more!

Goldsmith never "poses." Notice the personal note in the introduction to *The Bee:* "There is not," he says, "a more whimsically dismal figure in nature than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence—who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease and affects good humour."

In the inimitable "She Stoops to Conquer," in "The Vicar of Wakefield," in all that delightful series of "pieces," edited lovingly by James Prior, we find always, not the professional writer bursting his skin in an attempt to be Johnsonese, but the man—always the man—and let us thank God for it!—a true, honest, and direct man.

It is easy to be simple and direct now. The high gods of literature have announced that the best literature is

personal. Stevenson, and Pater, and Howells, and Newman, have sent forth the edict that simplicity is the most difficult quality to acquire, and the one thing worth acquiring.

We all have the seed. But let us not forget that it was Goldsmith who made this seed obtainable. Public opinion was against the honesty of "She Stoops to Conquer." It was vulgar—actually plain and direct. The fine ladies of the time wanted Johnsonese, and artificial flowers; Goldsmith boldly planted the English primrose in London, and the exotics were neglected. In comedy he showed that the false sentimentalism of the remnant of the Restoration play was unworthy. He opened a window, and let the pure air into rooms scented with musk and the perfumes imported from Versailles. In an artificial age he stood for simplicity and honest realism. In our time he might have followed the fashion and invented a theory for his practice. In his he simply set an example. Without claiming to be a realist, without asserting that he was a democrat or a philosopher, he gave us in "The Vicar of Wakefield" the story of common lives done into English so simple, so clear, so exact, that no man can surpass it. He was personal in style, while submitting this style to the canons of art—simplicity and grace. Who can do more than this?

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

1. What is Goldsmith's place in literature and what is the basis of it?
2. What were Goldsmith's contributions to the enduring literature of the world, and what were some of his principal contributions to the transient literature of the time in which he lived?
3. What were Goldsmith's chief characteristics as a writer (1) of prose; (2) of poetry?
4. What were Goldsmith's relations to other writers of his time?
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READINGS FROM GOLDSMITH.

I. THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

[This delightful and touching picture of a decayed village, and of the recollections which it recalls, is not wholly fanciful. The village, "Sweet Auburn," was the little hamlet of Lissoy in West Meath, in Ireland, where Goldsmith spent his boyhood; but the description of the village life is more applicable to an English than to an Irish village. The decay, according to the poet, was caused by the whole of the land falling into the hands of one landlord—

"One only master grasps the whole domain."

The "village preacher" is a portrait of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, the poet's father, whose income was actually "forty pounds a year" at the time of the poet's birth. The village schoolmaster also has all the appearance of being a portrait "from the life."]

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw.
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep;
Nor surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the blooming flush of life is fled,—

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions innocence and health,
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw.
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
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And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
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For all the blooming flush of life is fled,—

All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain!

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild—
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;

And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned with venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay—
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view,—
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;

Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame; the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour-splendours of that festive place—
The white-washed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel, gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;

Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad, shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's power increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a place that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds;
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth

Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary spots are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure, all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed:
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave!

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe;
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;

Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy;
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies, . . .
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn! thine the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore—
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,

The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last—
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main—
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;

Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the noble arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

2. "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

[The "Vicar of Wakefield," though still one of the most popular classics English literature possesses, labors under the disadvantage common to all classics, that people talk about it rather than read it. The present reading is a synopsis of the story. Of course, most of the charm which Goldsmith gives to his immortal production is lost in this synopsis. Nevertheless, the reader will gain from it some little idea of his charm; also some idea of the story as a whole, both as to its plot and in its characterisation. The parts taken from the original are indicated by quotation marks.]

DR. CHARLES PRIMROSE, a simple-minded, earnest clergyman, was vicar of Wakefield. He lived in the vicarage with his wife Deborah, and his family of two daughters, Olivia and Sophia, and four sons, George, Moses, Dick, and Bill. As he had a private fortune of some fourteen thousand pounds, he made over the proceeds of his living (forty pounds a year) to the orphans and widows of the clergy of the diocese.

George Primrose, the vicar's eldest son, was engaged to be married to Arabella Wilmot, the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was in circumstances to give her a large fortune. The vicar's great hobby was the Whistonian controversy as to whether a priest of the Church of England may marry oftener than once. He prided himself on being a strict monogamist. His friend Mr. Wilmot took the opposite side, and with good reason, as he had already buried three wives and was courting a fourth. During the preparations for his son's wedding Dr. Primrose engaged in a discussion with Mr. Wilmot on his favourite topic. Discussion passed into recrimination, and recrimination into a violent quarrel. Just then, the vicar was informed that his fortune was gone, the merchant in whose hands it was lodged having ab-

sconded. The result was that the engagement was broken off.

The vicar removed with his family to another cure at some distance, which yielded only fifteen pounds a year; but there was attached to it a small farm, by managing which, with the help of his family, he hoped to increase his income. On their way to their new home they met with a Mr. Burchell, who began by borrowing money from the vicar, and who afterwards became a great friend of the family. George, having been bred a scholar, was sent to London, in the hope that he might be able to help the family by his wits.

Dr. Primrose had some difficulty in getting his wife and daughters to realise their reduced circumstances. They expected to indulge their love of finery as much as formerly. The good vicar thus described their first appearance in the new parish:

"The first Sunday in particular their behaviour served to mortify me. I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day, for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and my daughters dressed out in all their former splendour, their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command, but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. 'Surely, my dear, you jest,' cried

my wife; 'we can walk it perfectly well. We want no coach to carry us now.'—'You mistake, child,' returned I, 'we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us.' —'Indeed,' replied my wife, 'I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him.'—'You may be as neat as you please,' interrupted I, 'and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness but frippery. These rufflings, and pinkings, and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children,' continued I more gravely, 'these gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut, for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.'

"This remonstrance had the proper effect. They went with great composure that very instant to change their dress, and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing."

In course of time they became acquainted with Squire Thornhill, the owner of the surrounding estate, which he had received from his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, during his life-time. The gay and jovial squire became a great friend of the family, and won the affections of Olivia, the eldest daughter. The efforts of the Primroses to make an appearance before the squire led to a great deal of pinching. The honest vicar distrusted him, and dis-

approved of the court paid to him; but his wife had resolved to secure him as a son-in-law. Mr. Burchell was also a frequent visitor, and for him Sophia showed a great liking—to her father's surprise, for he regarded Burchell as a man of broken fortunes, to whom the squire's chaplain was in his opinion much preferable.

Mrs. Primrose was now bent on schemes of future conquest. In the words of the vicar,—

"As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife suggested that it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry us single, or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

"As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. 'No,' my dear,' said she; 'our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage. You know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.'

"As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in.

"He had on a coat made of that cloth they call 'thunder-and-lightning,' which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, 'Good luck! good luck!' till we could see him no longer.

"He was scarce gone when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation." Then came a note from two ladies who were visiting the squire, holding out hopes of finding situations for Olivia and Sophia in London.

"This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye.

"We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. 'I never doubted, sir,' cried she, 'your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy, when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves.'—'Whatever my own

conduct may have been, madam,' replied he, 'is not the present question, though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will.'

"As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall.

"'Never mind our son,' cried my wife; 'depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing.—But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box on his back.'

"As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedler. 'Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?' —'I have brought you myself,' cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.—'Ay, Moses,' cried my wife, 'that we know; but where is the horse?'

"'I have sold him,' cried Moses, 'for three pounds five shillings and twopence.'—'Well done, my good boy,' returned she; 'I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then.'— I have brought back no money,' cried Moses again. 'I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is,' pulling out a bundle from his breast; 'here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases.'

"'A gross of green spectacles!' repeated my wife in a faint voice. 'And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spec-

tacles!'—'Dear mother,' cried the boy, 'why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have brought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money.'—'A fig for the silver rims!' cried my wife in a passion: 'I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.'

"'You need be under no uneasiness,' cried I, 'about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over.'—'What!' cried my wife; 'not silver! the rims not silver!'—'No,' cried I; 'no more silver than your saucepan.'—'And so,' returned she, 'we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better.'

"'There, my dear,' cried I, 'you are wrong; he should not have known them at all.'—'Marry, hang the idiot!' returned she, 'to bring me such stuff. If I had them, I would throw them in the fire.'—'There again you are wrong, my dear,' cried I; 'for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing.'

"By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell.

"'Here,' continued Moses, 'we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon

these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us.' "

There followed a quarrel with Mr. Burchell, whose interference had spoiled the scheme already referred to for sending the vicar's daughters to London with the squire's friends.

" Whatever might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family was easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of.

" He usually came in the morning, and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the playhouses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote long before they made their way into the jest-books.

" The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet, or sometimes in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it; but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be

owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering; it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and, in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the squire that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was tallest.

"These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which everybody saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after put it beyond a doubt that he designed to become one of our family; my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

"My wife and daughters happening to return a visit at neighbour Flamborough's, found that the family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a-head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us; and, notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too.

"Having, therefore, engaged the limner,—for what could I do?—our next deliberation was to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neigh-

bour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges—a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style; and, after many debates, at length came to a unanimous resolution of being drawn together in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all; and it would be infinitely more genteel, for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner.

"As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was desired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side; while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feathers.

"Our taste so much pleased the squire that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family; nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and, as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large; and it must be owned he did not spare his colours, for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance, which had not occurred till the picture was fin-

ished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but, certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss.

"The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors. It was the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in."

Mrs. Primrose being a great schemer, now thought to force the squire to declare himself by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of a husband for Olivia. In the hope of arousing his jealousy, she suggested their neighbour farmer Williams as a suitable match. The squire warmly condemned the proposal, for reasons which, he said, laying his hand on his bosom, "lay too deep for discovery." Olivia, by her mother's advice, played off the one suitor against the other. While the family were speculating as to which would be successful, they were startled with the news that Olivia had eloped—"gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise." Mr. Burchell was suspected; but the real culprit was Squire Thornhill, though that was not known at the time.

Having got a clue to the whereabouts of the runaways, the vicar set off to search for his lost child. In the midst of his strange adventures, he met Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was now engaged to be married to Squire Thornhill. He went with her to see a company of strolling players, being attracted by the announcement of the first appear-

ance of a young gentleman. The young gentleman turned out to be the vicar's son George, of whom he had heard nothing for three years. At sight of his father and his lover, George broke down and left the stage. He accompanied them to the house at which they were staying, and there met by-and-by his rival Squire Thornhill. Under the pretence of doing a service to George, the squire procured for him a commission in the army. But his real design was to send George out of the country, as the regiment to which he was appointed was under orders for the West Indies.

On his way home, the vicar found his lost daughter in a wayside inn, wretched and penniless. From her he learned the truth about Squire Thornhill's villany, and about Mr. Burchell's good intentions. He was relieved to hear that she was married by a priest in orders, though there was reason to suspect that it was only a mock marriage. He resolved to take Olivia home. When they were within five miles of their house, he left Olivia at an inn for the night, while he went on to prepare the family for her reception.

"And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frighted from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance. I ap-

proached my little abode of pleasure, and, before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

"It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door: all was still and silent. My heart dilated with unutterable happiness, when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration. I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had, till this, been asleep; and he, perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughter; and all running out naked and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror; for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood, with silent agony, looking on as if they enjoyed the blaze.

"I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. Oh misery! 'Where,' cried I, 'where are my little ones?'—'They are burnt to death in the flames,' said my wife, calmly, 'and I will die with them.' That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. 'Where, where are my children?' cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined, 'Where are my little ones?'—'Here, dear papa, here we are,' cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while, just as I was got out, the roof sank in. 'Now,' cried I, holding up my children, 'now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are; I have saved

my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy.' We kissed our little darlings a thousand times; they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

"I now stood a calm spectator of the flames; and, after some time, began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was, therefore, out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand like us, spectators of the calamity.

"My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughter's fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our outhouses with kitchen utensils; so that by daylight we had another, though a wretched dwelling, to retire to. My honest next neighbour and his children were not the least assiduous in providing us with everything necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest."

To this miserable abode Olivia was brought home the next day by her brother and sister. Her mother received her with coldness and severity. The poor girl's distress was deepened by the certain news which reached her of Squire Thornhill's approaching marriage with Miss Wilmot. Mr. Thornhill called next day and made light of his late excursion with Olivia. In great wrath, the vicar

denounced him as a wretch, a liar, and a reptile, and ordered him to leave the house. The squire retaliated by sending his steward to demand the rent of his house and farm. As the vicar was unable to pay it, he was sent to gaol.

There he met an old acquaintance.

"As I was sitting in a corner of the gaol, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and sitting by me entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it; for if good, I might profit by his instruction, and if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong, unlettered sense, but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, or, more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

" 'That's unfortunate,' cried he, 'as you are allowed here nothing but straw, and your apartment is very large and cold. However, you seem to be something of a gentleman, and as I have been one myself in my time, part of my bed-clothes are heartily at your service.'

"I thanked him, professing my surprise at finding such humanity in a gaol in misfortunes; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar, 'that the sage ancient seemed to understand the value of company in affliction when he said, *Ton kosmon aire, ei dos ton etairon;*[1] and, in fact,' continued I, 'what is the world if it affords only solitude?'

" 'You talk of the world, sir,' returned my fellow-prisoner; 'the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled the philosophers of

[1] "You may put up the world if it gives you a companion."

every age. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*,[1] which implies——"—'I ask pardon, sir,' cried I, 'for interrupting so much learning, but I think I have heard all this before. Have I not had the pleasure of once seeing you at Wellbridge fair, and is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson?' At this demand he only sighed. 'I suppose you must recollect,' resumed I, 'one Doctor Primrose, from whom you bought a horse?'

"He now at once recollected me, for the gloominess of the place and the approaching night had prevented his distinguishing my features before. 'Yes, sir,' returned Mr. Jenkinson, 'I remember you perfectly well. I bought a horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flamborough is the only prosecutor I am any way afraid of at the next assizes, for he intends to swear positively against me as a coiner. I am heartily sorry, sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed any man; for you see,' continued he, showing his shackles, 'what my tricks have brought me to.'

"'Well, sir,' replied I, 'your kindness in offering me assistance when you could expect no return shall be repaid with my endeavours to soften, or totally suppress, Mr. Flamborough's evidence, and I will send my son to him for that purpose the first opportunity; nor do I in the least doubt but he will comply with my request; and as to my own evidence, you need be under no uneasiness about that.'

"'Well, sir,' cried he, 'all the return I can make shall be yours. You shall have more than half my bed-clothes

[1] "For everything is without beginning and without end."

to-night, and I'll take care to stand your friend in the prison, where I think I have some influence.'

"I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect, for at the time I had seen him before he appeared at least sixty. 'Sir,' answered he, 'you are little acquainted with the world. I had at that time false hair, and have learnt the art of counterfeiting every age from seventeen to seventy. Ah, sir! had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But, rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that perhaps when you least expect it."

This turned out to be true, for it was by Jenkinson that the squire's villainies were discovered; but the good vicar's calamities are not yet at an end. News was brought to him that his daughter Olivia had died of a broken heart, and that his daughter Sophia had been carried off by villains. His son George was brought into the gaol in irons, charged with having challenged the squire to fight a duel, and with having wounded one of his servants sent to arrest him.

The first break in the cloud was the arrival of Sophia, along with Mr. Burchell, who had rescued her from the villains who carried her off. Mr. Burchell presently discovered himself as Sir William Thornhill, to the confusion of Mrs. Primrose, who remembered her former familiarity toward so great a man, and of Sophia, who perceived that in gaining a friend she had lost a lover. From sundry hints given, Jenkinson identified the man who carried off Sophia as Thomas Baxter, an old confederate of the squire's, and two turnkeys were at once despatched to fetch him. Meantime Squire Thornhill made his appear-

ance, desiring to see his uncle, "in order to vindicate his innocence and honour."

The squire defended himself with great boldness and effrontery, until he was confronted with Jenkinson and Baxter. Then he shrank back abashed; and well he might, for their evidence convicted him of many villanies, and especially of the carrying off of Olivia and Sophia. The next to arrive on the scene was Miss Arabella Wilmot, who rejected the squire's hand, and thanked Heaven for her escape from ruin and misery. The squire consoled himself with the reflection that her fortune was his, since the contracts had been signed. At this point Jenkinson proved that the marriage with Olivia Primrose was not a mock marriage, but genuine. She was not dead, but, to the old vicar's surprise and delight, presently walked into the room. The squire's contract was illegal, as he was already married.

Squire Thornhill's discomfiture was now complete. He fell on his knees and asked his uncle's forgiveness. Sir William agreed to allow him "a bare competence," and settled one-third of the fortune which once was his on his wife, Olivia. George married Miss Wilmot, and Sir William married Sophia. The vicar learned that a considerable part of his fortune, which he believed had been wholly lost, had been saved. Thus the vicar, like Job, recovered honour and prosperity, and ended his days in comfort.

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